Three Playes

Written by

Sir *William Killigrew*,

Vice-Chamberlain to Her

Majesty the Queen Consort.

1664.

Viz. *Selindra.*
Pandora.
Ormasdes.

LONDON,

Printed by *T. Mabb*; for *John Playfere*, at the *White Lion*, in the Upper Walk of the *New Exchange*; And *Thomas Horsman*, at the three *Kings* in the *Strand*, 1665.

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LONDON,

WIT (like the World) is so decrepid grown,
It wants some Crutch, or Hint to lean upon.
Onely you work alone, it may be said,
Your Poems are created, and not made.
You frame the stuff too, we but shapes and features;
Our Poems are our Children, yours, your Creatures.
Just as Gods Poem, Earth; So vast, so fair,
Suspended in, not built upon the Ayre.
Poys'd by it's self, (like Archimede's Dove,)
Your Fancy's made t' exist, as ours to move.
We vex the Subject that we write upon,
Whil'st all you write is Emanation.
Thus you retrive Old Time; for just as then
The Golden Age, was but the Iron Men;
So to Posterity it may be told
Our Age is Iron, but our Wits are Gold.
For tell me why, the Golden Age mayn't hence
Be stil'd from Wit, as then from Innocence?
He that will chuse your Fancy, let him dread
To wish for all your Wit, without your Head.
What fan's the Ship, the Cock-boat would o're-turn,
And what in you's but bright, would elsewhere burn.
For Marcyas to be Pan were pretty fair,
Too much for Pan t' usurp Apollo's Chair.

T. P.

Scholers your Studies, and your Books lay by,
Unless you could with Art and Industry
Something produce, beyond what here is shown,
By one to whom your Learning is unknown;
Nature in him th' Effect of Art supplies
With stories full of such varieties,
And proper Language, for all Humours fit,
So wonderful, for Judgement, and for Wit;
That onely he, so aptly could Relate,
What his high Fancy could alone Create.

R. T.

On Pandora.

For me to praise your Play, were to dispraise
So weak a Bays, can no great Trophy raise;
Yet my Respect commands me fix a Name,
To you no Glory; Yet may prove my Shame.
Prose, though indifferent, yet passes still,
Verse, if not Excellent! most Men count ill:
Foyls set off Jewells, such my Lines must be,
Then to be short, is no ill pollicy.
I think, there is Rich Sence, and Language fit,
I think, there's many turns of spritely wit,
I'me sure, you reach what was your highest end,
To shew her power, on whom you now depend,
Whose Virtue hath, so blest an influence,
To make him Spiritual; that more loud sence;
You like Clearcus *were; some thought too gay,*
Now chang'd; witness this Recantation Play.

Lodowick Carlisle.

In Honoratiſſimi Domini Gulielmi Killigræi, & Regiæ Catharinæ Majeſtatis Vi-Camerarii Præclarum, & Inculpatiſſimum Drama Selindra Præconium.

QUòd prudens tua, quòd modeſta Muſa
Vitavit petulantiora Scenæ,
Nec Lenocinium joci procacis
(Quod falſò ingenium ſtudent vocari)
Dum riſum movet exuit Pudorem;
Inculpata tua at ſonant Theatra
Quod virgo proba, quod ſtolata mater
Quod purus poſitâ ſeveritate
Jàm poſt pulpita perlegat Sacerdos;
Quòd jurat tibi nullus hiſtrionum, aut
Læſo numine quæritur venuſtas,
Nec conſtat populo tuum Poema
Impenſis animæ ſuæ ut crumenæ;
Quòd (ſermone humili urbium relicto
Vernis ſordidulis & inſtitori)
Venam Nobilis Auxiliumque ſpiras
Dignum Cæſaris aure cum requirens
Summas Imperii levare curas;
Vult ut deſipiat duabus horis;
Has dotes reputo tuas ſecundas:
Sed, quòd cum veniunt ad implicata,
Cum Scena hæreat, & quòd impeditæ

Desperant animi exitum Fabellæ,
Quâ vates veteres Jovem vocabant
Ad partes, poterit throno ut crepante
Narrare ambigui dolos Theatri,
Atque (ut vincula Gordiana quondam
Pellæus juvenis) molesta tollunt
Insulso gladio nudique plagâ,
Tu per nescio quam modo citatam
Ex notâ tibi plebe Passionum
Ut quodam noviter reflante vento
Convertes alió novisque tota
Compages operis rotis movetur;
Neglectis superisque & inferisque
Per curam facilem domesticamque
Affectum proprio è sinu petitum
Salvas attonitos & hæsitantes.
Hanc Artem tibi, Killigræi, solus
Tu posces, dubii hanc Strophen Theatri.

T. L.

The

The Latine Verſes Tranſlated.

THat thy wiſe, and modeſt Muſe,
Flies the Stages Looſer-Uſe;
Not Baudry Wit, does falſely Name,
And to move Laughter, puts off Shame.
That thy Theatres Loud Noyſe,
May be Virgins Chaſt Applauſe;
And the ſtol'd Matron, Grave Divine,
Their Lectures done, may tend to thine!
That no Actor's made profane,
To debaſe God, to raiſe thy ſtrain;
And People forc'd that hear thy Play,
Their Money, and their Souls to pay.
That thou leav'ſt Affected Phraſe,
To the Shops to Uſe, and Praiſe;
And breath'ſt a Noble Courtly Vain,
Such as may Cæſar entertain,
When he weari'd would lay down,
The Burdens that attend a Crown,
Diſband his Souls ſeverer Powers,
In Mirth and Eaſe diſſolve Two Hours!
Theſe are thy Inferiour Arts,
Theſe I call thy ſecond Parts!
But when thou carrieſt on the Plot,
And all are loſt i'th' ſubtle Knot,
When the Scene ſticks to ev'ry thought,
And can to no Event be brought,

Where

When thus of Old, the Scene betray'd,
Poets, call'd Gods unto their Aid;
Who by Power might do the thing,
Art could to no Iſſue bring.
As the Pellæan *Prince that broke,*
With a Rude and Down-right ſtroke.
The Perplext and Fatall Nooſe,
Which his skill could not Unlooſe!
Thou do'ſt a Nobler Art profeſſe,
And the Coyl'd Serpent can'ſt no leſſe
Stretch out from every Twiſted Fold,
In which he lay inwove and roul'd.
Induce a Night, and then a Day,
Wrap all in Clouds, and then diſplay
Th' Eaſie, and the Even Deſigne,
A Plot, without a God, Divine!
Let others bold pretending Penns,
Write Acts of Gods, that know not Mens.
In This to Thee, all muſt reſigne
Th' ſurprize o'th' Scene is wholly Thine!

Of

Of *Pandoras* not being Approved upon the Stage as a Tragedy.

SIr, you ſhould rather teach our Age the way
Of judging well, then thus have chang'd your Play;
You had oblig'd us by imploying wit,
Not to reform Pandora, *but the* Pit:
For as the Nightingale, *without the Throng*
Of other Birds, alone attends her Song,
While the loud Daw, *his throat diſplaying, drowns*
The whole Aſſembly of his fellow Daws;
So muſt the VVriter, whoſe productions ſhould
Take with the Vulgar, be of vulgar Mould;
While Nobler Fancies make a flight too high,
For Common view, and leſſen as they fly.

Edmund Waller.

To

To Envy.

THou Snake that lurk'ſt under the Poets Bayes,
Envy, confeſſe thy Malice to theſe Playes,
Art thou not vext to ſee the Plotts well lay'd,
The Language pure, and every Sentence weigh'd?
New Humours? Paſſion wrought up to that height,
Men weep, and yet their grief begets Delight?
All this by Nature done, which ſhows, the Arts
Infuſe themſelves, where they finde Wit and Parts.
Out of theſe Premiſes we may infer
Here will be no work for the Cenſurer;
The wiſer Critick will do better firſt:
And for the Fooliſh, let him do his worſt.

R. Stapylton.

A Catalogue of Books printed by John Playfere, *at the White* Lion, *in the Upper Walk of the* New Exchange.

Enderbie's History of *Wales.* Folio.
Diggs of Unlawfullness of taking up Armes, *&c.* 8°
Birinthea, A Romance. 8°
May's Lucan Compleat. 8°
Accademical Discourses. 8°
Court of *Rome.* 8°
Luellin's Poems. 8°
Juvenilia Sacra. 8°
Overburie's Characters. 8°
Sleidan's Key of History. 12°
Abbotts Geography. 12°

Court-

Mr. *Hobby's* Answer to Mr. *Boyle*. 4°

Court-ship a la Mode. 12°

Countess of *Kents* Receits. 24°

Dr. *Walmsley*, on the Sacrament. 24°

Earl's Characters. 24°

Playes.

Wit without Money.

Night-Walkers.

Cunning Lovers. in *Quarto.*

Virgin Martyrs.

Filida Seiro, a Pastoral.

The Prisoners and *Claracilla*, 8°

By *Thomas Killigrew.*

SELINDRA;

A

Tragy-Comedy.

Written by Sir *William Killigrew*.

Imprimatur,

Aug. 23. 1664.

Roger L' Strange.

LONDON,
Printed by *T. Mabb*; for *John Playfere* at the *White Lion*, in the Upper Walk of the *New Exchange*; And *Thomas Horſman*, at the three *Kings* in the *Strand*, 1665.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

The Actors Names of Selindra.

Lascares, Emperour of *Greece*.
Phillocles, *Lascares* his Son.
Ordella, *Lascares* his Daughter.
Secropius, *Lascares* his Favourite.
Cleonel, *Secropius* his Son.
Selindra, A great Lady Attending *Ordella*, and supposed Daughter of *Periander*; but is *Astella*, Princess of *Hungary*.
Periander, A great Lord of *Ciprus*.
Three Ladies Attending *Ordella*.
Antillaeus, General of *Greece*.
Armanthus, General of the Horse.
Antenor, *Gillon*. } Great Lords of *Greece*.
Officers.
Guards.
Servants.
Pages.

Trebello,

Trebello, King of *Hungary* } These appear not.
Barzanes, his eldest son. }
Pollinesso, *Trebello's* youngest son.
Astella, His onely Daughter.
Orsanes, General of *Hungary*.
Lords.
Officers.
Pollidor, }
Tennedor, }
Tecknor, } Hungarians.
Titius, }
Servants. }

The

THE

SCENE

Is the *Emperours Palace* at *Bizantium.*

THE FIRST ACT.

Enter Lascares *Emperour of* Greece Secropius, Cleonel, *and Attendants.*

Las. HAve you yet Learnt *Secropius*, from whence this Rumour comes concerning *Hungary?*

Secro. I can by no means find the Author Sir; yet the whole Town is full of it, 'tis in all mens mouths that Prince *Phillocles* is Crown'd King of *Hungary*, yet none know why they say it?

Laſ. It cannot be, theſe Letters are but three dayes old, in which *Antillacus* onely mentions *Phillocles* return'd to *Belgrade*, having chaſed the *Germanes* home: ——

{*Enter the* Princeſs Ordella, Selindra, *and Ladies to them*}

Laſ. Daughter I ſent for you to partake the Newes theſe Letters brings; they ſpeak *Phillocles* his Victories over the bold *Germanes*, by which we gather, he will be ſhortly here; —— We will welcome his return *Ordella*, with a Solemn Triumph, to raiſe his great thoughts to Higher Actions; —— To this end I ſent for you, to think of ſome new way to Entertain the Princeſs *Aſtella*, who no doubt your Brother will bring with him.

Or. Sir, I am ſo pleas'd to hear my Brother's well; I cannot yet enjoy his Conqueſt.

Laſ. Secropius, be it your care to ſee theſe Triumphs ordered for *Phillocles*, as they were for me when I return'd Victorious out of *Aſia*; And *Cleonel* thy charge is to Summon all our Young Nobility unto a Royal Turnament, and be thy ſelf the Glory of our Court.

Cle. You make me bluſh Sir.

Secro. It ſhall be as you direct Sir; but how ſoon does the Prince write his motion will be this way?

Empe. My Letters are from our General *Antillacus* in haſt; who by the next, doth promiſe a full Relation.

Cr. Have you no Letters from my Brother Sir?

La

Laſ. Not yet *Ordella*; —— What Newes *Armanthus*?

{*Enter* Armanthus *in Mourning*, *he kiſſes the Emperours hand.*}

Arman. Sir, the Prince ſent me before, to give you notice of his approach.

Laſ. His approach! how near?

Arman. He is about a League behind Sir.

Laſ. Is this habit, and thy ſad looks, the ſignes of Victory? are *Phillocles* and you alone return'd? Is all loſt *Armanthus*.

Arman. Your Army is ſafe Sir, the *Germanes* have quitted *Hungary* as you have heard, and that Crown alſo has been offred unto *Phillocles*.

Laſ. And by him received I hope; why then is this ſad ſhew? why ſuch ſorrows in thy face? while we were ordering Triumphs to receive *Phillocles*, thou haſt ſurpriz'd us with ſuch ſadneſs, as becomes ruined States onely.

Arman. 'Tis for no leſs a loſſe I mourn Sir, for by your Victories, ſo ſad a fate is befallen *Hungary*, that all Noble hearts will feele ſome ſorrow for it, though they merrited no leſs.

Laſ. Make me know it.

Arman. When we had freed *Hungary* from the *Germane* War, and while the brave Prince *Polline ſſo*, with *Phillocles* was Conquering, and returning from the *Germane* Confines back to *Belgrade*, the old King *Trebellio*, and his Eldeſt Son *Barzanes*, repented the Conditions made with your Majeſty, for the re-delivery of *Moldavia*; they forgot

the benefit received by our *Grecian* Swords, and prepare to send home *Phillocles*, loaden with Scorns, instead of Trophies.

Laf. Strange Insolence! and as high a perjury as ever provok'd Heaven! what followed? how did *Pollineſſo* bear himself?

Arman. The Young Prince *Pollineſſo* was a firm Friend to *Phillocles*, and Endeavour'd what he could, to divert his Fathers, and his Brothers wicked purpoſes.

Laf. I'le make the whole Nation ſhrink under my Juſt Anger.

Arman. It will not need Sir, for as they ſecurely ſought to ſeize on Prince *Phillocles* (who lodged in the ſame Caſtle with them) it ſo pleas'd the gods, that he by a quick ſecuring of himſelf, the ſame night the Plot was laid, did accidentally occaſion all their ruines, though he intended no harm unto their perſons.

Laf. Their ruines! are they dead? all dead.

Ar. They are Sir, and their crimes, not worthy of that ſorrow the Prince has for them, had not the innocent *Pollineſſo* fallen with them.

Laf By what accident fell he?

Arman. *Pollineſſo* to do *Phillocles* Service, was that fatall night conceal'd, where he in a by-room might diſcover his Fathers wicked Councells, unto which he was never call'd, by reaſon of his avowed love to *Phillocles*; So that when we from the Princes Lodgings ſurpriz'd the Caſtle Gate, the Alarum rouz'd the *Hungarians* from their cloſe Council, and diſcovered *Pollineſſo* where he ſtood hid, who being in that amaze, compell'd

compell'd by his Father and *Barzanes*, to fly with them unto a little Postern Gate, (to us unknown) that led unto the River, where all entering a small Fisher Boat, they hasted down the stream to their own Camp, which they found newly destroy'd by our Army: (a mischief they designed that night on us;) frighted by this ruine, they all return into their Boat, and by a suddain wind that rise, were all drown'd in the rough *Danube*.

Las. Why had not *Pollinesso* notice of your purpose?

Arman We had no time, nor could we come where he stood Conceal'd, if *Phillocles* had delay'd he had been lost; and then our design being only to Seize on *Trebellico*, and *Barzanes* persons; we could apprehend no danger towards *Pollinesso*.

Ordel Where is *Astella*? how did she escape? how does she bear her Father and her Brothers losse? how does she look on *Phillocles*? and how become the Crown, and Throne, now they are her own?

Arman After this sad accident, *Phillocles* was inform'd that *Astella* was convey'd away before the War, on purpose to abuse him; but where conceal'd, none knew but those who were with *Lascares* drown'd.

Las But how has *Phillocles* despos'd the Affairs of *Hungary*?

Arman. The *Hungarians* much amaz'd at *Astellas* absence; did urge *Phillocles* to accept the Crown, as by the hand of heaven thrown on him, but he without delay, delivered up the sole power and trust unto *Orsanes*, and five more, untill *Astella* might be found; and then by the consent of all,

he did Command *Antillacus* in his return with the Army, to take poſſeſſion of *Moldavia*, which by a double right is now again rejoyn'd unto your Empire Sir.

Enter Prince Phillocles, *and Lords in mourning; with Servants he kneeles and Riſes.*

Laſ. Phillocles the gods are juſt, they have bleſt thy undertakings, which thou ſhouldſt not grieve, but thank them for, they have ſaved me a labour too, in puniſhing thoſe ingratefull perjur'd Princes.

Phil. Had not *Pollineſſo* fallen, I had not caſt away a ſigh for all the reſt, for him, my whole Life ſpent in ſorrow is not enough, He was as Noble, as the others were unworthy; he and I, contracted ſuch a Frindſhip, you would have thought but one heart had given Life to both.

Laſ. Thou haſt done ill *Phillocles*, ſo raſhly to deſpoſe ſo great Affairs without my Councel; I hear you have given away a Kingdom, in a Complement.

Phil. Sir, what I have done will not abate my intereſt there; I have alſo made a promiſe to ſearch for *Aſtella* in our Neighbour Iſlands, where tis moſt like ſhe is concealed.

Laſ. That will be near as great a folly as the other, to what purpoſe will you run ſuch a hazzard? rather meet our Army, and return with it to *Belgrade*, there let *Aſtella* find you ſecuring her intereſt, in her abſence.

Phil.

Phil. I cannot with my Honour do it Sir, *Astella* may then believe, I sought the Ruine of her Family, to gain the Crown unto my self.

Las. What if she do? you may at leisure inform her of the Truth; —— I do Command you to lay by your further thought of this fond Journey, to search for *Astella*; is this a time to Act *Romances* in? when the whole World is in Combustion round us; think better on it *Phillocles*.

Or. I hope my Brother will not throw himself on dangers, without a good Argument to justifie his Actions; this new Journey, gives me new fears for you.

Phil. I shall consider ere I go *Ordella*, and at your Lodgings this night, express my joyes to see you.

{Phillocles *Embraces his Sister* Ordella *and leads her out after* Lascares.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

{*Onely* Selindra *stayes and sits in a Chair.*}

Sel. Oh! Oh!

< Cleonel *Returns* >

Cle. *Selindra* weeping, —— has the sad tale of *Hungary* drawn these tears from your faire eyes Madam?

Sel. Good my Lord, spare me a while, I am not fit for Courtship now.

Cle. I cannot with Honour leave you in the power of such an Enemy, as your sorrow is.

Sel. You cannot deliver me from a greater then your self, at this time.

Cle. That is not kindly said *Selindra*, scarce Civil, if you consider my long Love, and my Respects.

Sel. My Lord, you know I ever shun'd your Love, and as much as in me lay avoided those Respects, you now upbraid me with.

Cle. I do confess you have, tis therefore I now come, to pres you to declare if I may ever hope to gain more favour from you; my Sute is present Marriage, may I hope for such happiness at last?

Sel. As I never have, so I shall never give you cause to think it.

Cle So Fair, so Innocent, so Gentle, and so Severe, I never saw before; But I shall hope to find you in a better humour at some other time *Selindra*; your Father interrupts me now.

Exit Cleonel.

Enter Periander to Selindra.

Sel. Unhappy day that I was born, and more unhappy this, that I have liv'd to hear such mischief on: Oh *Periander*! my Father, and my Brothers are all Dead, Murther'd by *Thillocles*, Betray'd, and Slain by *Thillocles*; *Pollinesso*'s dead, my onely comfort is for ever gone, and yet I live to tell it.

[*She Weepes.*

Peri.

Peri. Madam the Crown of *Hungary* is now yours, and *Phillocles* but the Inſtrument ſent by the gods to puniſh your parents crimes, their perjury pull'd this Judgment on their own heads.

Sel. It does not become you my Lord to tell me ſo, nor yet to think it, if you conſider *Laſcare*'s covetous nature, and *Phillocles* ambitious ſpirit, you might with me ſee all this was deſign'd to ruine my Family, and ſo to get the Crown unto themſelves; but I ſhall ſoon revenge it on diſſembling *Phillocles* and bring ſuch a Ruine into *Greece*, as no time ſhall parrallel;—here to *Polineſſo*'s Ghoſt,

< She Kneeles. >

I vow *Phillocles* his Life, if ever I can ſafely reach it.

Peri Madam take heed, leaſt you like them do pull a ſecond miſchief on your ſelf; *Phillocles* you ſee is Noble, he leaves the Crown to you, when offer'd him by all your Subjects; he Lov'd *Polineſſo* you have no Argument againſt *Phillocles*, he Laments him as much as you can.

Sel. I *Periander*, and in ſorrow ſeeks me too; no doubt but he would gladly have me in his power to murther.

Peri. I cannot think ſo; but Madam you ſhould now conſider where you are, and in whoſe power; in my opinion you muſt keep this diſguiſe, with all the Art you can; and lay by your ſorrow for a while, not practice any thing towards revenge, nor by a look diſcover ſuch a thought, until I can go to *Belgrade*, there make *Orſanes* and the reſt, know that you live, that we may finde ſome way to fetch you home with ſafty, where you

you may with ſecurity proſecute your revenge.

Sel. I ſhall take your adviſe my Lord, now that you comply in my revenge, and ſtudy to diſguiſe my grief till your return, but can admit no thoughts, but my revenge on *Phillocles*; *Pollineſſo* my dear Brother, I will Celebrate thy Funerals in ſuch a manner, as ſhall ſpeak my Love to thee; and hate to him that murther'd thee;

No Roman *Pile e're made ſo great a flame*;
I'le Sacrifice this Empire to thy Name.

Weepes.

Per. Madam, this paſſion will diſcover, and deſtroy you in ſpight of my Endeavours.

Sel. I have now done my Lord, indeed I have.

Peri. I can have no Faith Madam, unleſs you will now promiſe in preſence of our gods, to hide this anger, and not to diſcover your ſelf till my return, unleſs ſome Eminent neceſſity require, for you will be loſt, when known unto *Laſcares*.

Sel. I do ingage as you deſire, and ſhall ——

{*Enter* Ordella *to them with Ladies.*}

Or. In tears *Selindra*! what cauſe haſt thou to weep?

Per. My preſent departure for *Ciprus*, makes her thus Childiſh.

Or. Will your ſtay there belong my Lord?

Per. Not many dayes Madam.

Or. Come *Selindra*, thou ſhalt go with me, I'le divert thy tears, by ſhewing thee my griefes which thou wilt be Concern'd for, if thou doſt love me.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*] *Re-*

Re-enter
Ordella, *and* Selindra,
in Ordella's *Chamber.*

Sel. Truly Madam, I am very ſenſible of your Grief, and do not approve of the Prince his journey, to ſearch for *Aſtella.*

Or. You muſt not only not approve it *Selindra*, but with me condemn it, as a raſh and hazzardous undertaking; beſides the folly of ſeeking one he never ſaw, one that he hath no ingagement to! What madneſs will it be for *Phillocles*, to put himſelf within her power, before he knows how ſhe recants her Friends deaths? for if there were ſuch affection between *Aſtella* and *Pollineſſo* (as is ſaid) the ſight of *Phillocles*, muſt needs raiſe a paſſion in her, ſuch as may deſtroy my Brother, be-

< Selindra Weepes. >

fore his innocence can appear; —— (How's this? can theſe tears fall for her Fathers abſence a few dayes? or is it for what I utter? I hope ſhe

< Ordella ſpeaks (aſide) >

is not ſo much concern'd for *Phillocles*;) —— *Selindra* I do take it ill, that you thus lament your Fathers abſence, who runs no hazzard above my ſorrow, for my Brothers dangerous Journey, in ſearch of *Aſtella.*

Sel. Madam my tears were re-call'd by your Highneſs ſighes, by your trouble for the Prince his Journey, your favours have been ſuch to me, that I were unworthy, if I ſhould not weep, as well as ſmile with you. *Ordella.*

Or. Tis handſomly put off, — I thank thee

[Ordella *aſide.*

Selindra, and doe ſo little doubt thy Love, that I do begg thy beſt Arguments to aſſiſt me, that we together may convince my Brother, and prevail with him to ſtay.

Sel. Madam, I ſhall obey your commands: and obſerve your directions as farr as will become me: But I doe fear the Prince will condemn me of much rudeneſſe, If I ſhall interpoſe my vain opinions againſt his purpoſes; good Madam doe not put me to doe, what hereafter you will blame me for.

Or. Fear it not *Selindra*, I love thee better, then to throw away thy credit ſo! — ſee where my brother comes.

Enter Phil'ocles, Ordella *meets him kindly, yet ſadly too.*

Sel. I have a hard taske on me! (to complement the man I hate to death

Selindra, [*Aſide*

Phil. Why ſo ſad my Deer Siſter; your looks ſpeak a ſorrow through your ſmiles!

Or. Can you aske? and know your ſelf to be the cauſe of it, can *Phillocles* be in danger? and *Ordella*, not be ſad! can you think ſmiles would become my face? when my heart ſhrinks to think of your raſh journey, to ſeek *Aſtella* you know

know not where; I can no more put off my fears, then my affection for you.

Phil. Dearest *Cordelia*, let not a mistaken cause of fear for me, beget such a trouble in you; there is no danger in my purpos'd Journey, I shall onely search the *Grecian Isles*, where none dares doe me harme, you know I am engag'd in honour to perform, what I have so publiquely declar'd, and I am sure you love my Honour, equall with my Person.

Cor. I do so, and could I see the necessity you urge, to search for *Astella*, my passion should submit to your reason, and that I may not flatter my own affection, I shall now submit unto *Selindra's* opinion, who has no reason to be partial to either of our arguments; I prethee good *Selindra*, speak freely what thou thinks't of my brothers Journey.

Sel. Truly Sir, if I may judge! the Princesse tells you what you should better consider of, then I think you yet have; not that I doe apprehend any dangerous hazzards in the Journey as she does, nor can I finde any arguments fit to perswade you from attempting dangers, when your Honour calls you to them; give me leave Sir, only to aske, how your Honour is concerned to make this search? why do you entend so great a trouble to your self; from whence is this value of *Astella*? who you never saw; why does your Highness seek a Woman that has never oblidged you? nor you her, but by the ruine of her Family, insenc'd her.

Phil. Tis true that I have never seen, nor oblidg'd

blidg'd *Aſtella* in perticular; but I have by many hazards of my Life endeavour'd both; the Fame of her Excelling Beauty, and greater Vertue, begot in me a deſire to ſerve her, and her whole Family, which I did faithfully, in freeing *Hungarie* from the *Germain* Yoak: 'twas an unhappy Fate befel her Parents, by themſelves pull'd on them, not by me intended; in which ſad loſſe, I beare ſo great a ſhare, that I have no peace within, untill I have made my Innocence unto *Aſtellas* ſelf appear, that ſhe may ſee, that I had no deſign to hurt the Princes perſons, nor to Conquer *Hungarie.*

Sel. What you have bravely done in that War, deſerves a Trophie, and from *Aſtella* no leſs value, when ſhe ſhall be well enformed of all that paſt there; till then Sir, the Princeſs thinks it not fit for you to Viſit, *Aſtella*, for we often ſee Great Princes Vertues, does not anſwer the Report Fame gives them.

Or. Moſt true *Selindra*, my heart preſages a Ruine if you goe; could I lay by my affection to you, and put on *Aſtellas* cauſe, I would undertake to confute thoſe Arguments, you ſo much truſt in: Methinks I ſee you kneeling, and the inraged *Aſtella*, deafe to all you ſay, ſwelling with anger, for brave *Pollineſſo*'s loſs, and ready to ſacrifice you.—— come *Selindra* if ever I have deſerved

<Ordella weeps,>

Love from thee! ſhew it now by aſſiſting me my own way, by thy beſt Language: doe thou ſtand forth, and as *Aſtella*, receives my over-confident

Brother

She pulls Selindra *to Act* Astella: *She stands before the Chaire of State.*

Brother, spare him not *Selindra*, but suppose you had a Brother as dear to you, as *Pollinesso* was to her, and that beloved Brother, by *Phillocles* his rash attempt, sent to his untimely grave; let loose some tears, to accompany those I have shed, and for my sake, put on a look so mixt with Majesty, Grief, and Anger, as may present her Part thou play'st: (I, that look will do it.)

Sel. Madam, You see my ready Obedience to your Commands; but will the Prince permit such boldness?

Phil. Yes *Selindra*, since nothing else will satisfie my Sister, I am content for once to bear a part in this Childs play, —— on condition *Ordella* that you put off your sadnesse if I prevaile.

Or. I shall, so you will stay at home, if she doe get the better of you.

Phil. Content: —— can *Selindra* frown in jest?

He turns to Selindra *and sees her looks angry*—

methinks she looks as if she would doe it to the life *Ordella*.

Sel. Yes *Phillocles*, I can frown when I have just, cause! and will make thee repent this rash attempt to visit me, thou hast beyond my hope, put thy self into my power to punish;

Phil. How that angry Cloud spreads! Can those bright Lights suffer an Eclips, and not portend

tend ſome fatall Ruine? what if they doe! ſhall I ſhake at Thunder, that cannot reach me? be concern'd for an unjuſt anger! no, not though the gods did threat: —— But *Aſtella* will not nouriſh a thought miſ-be-coming her Vertue, nor ſo much leſſen her great name, by a miſtaken paſſion, to harm a man, whoſe Endeavours were to ſerve her.

Sel. A miſtaken Paſſion *Philocles*! are not my Father and my Brothers dead? though not by thy hand Butchered, yet by thy attempts they fell; is not the glory of our name Extinguiſh'd? the honour of men fall'n? all loſt in *Pollineſſo*'s death!

Phil. *Aſtellas* ſelf is not more free, then I was, from intending evil to her friends; they forc'd me to ſecure my ſelf; by which they were all loſt, their Plots and Perjuries pull'd this Ruine on them: onely *Pollineſſo* was not Guilty, he would not comply with fierce *Barzanes* envious deſigne, nor with his Fathers blacker purpoſes, *Pollineſſo* was a witneſs of my hazards in that Warr, and did partake an equal ſhare in them, and in the Victory; we often ſeal'd our vows of Amity in our beſt blouds together, which did beget ſo mutual a Love, that our ſouls moved ever one way; I would rather have dyed with *Pollineſſo*, then live thus to lament his loſſe; by theſe unfained tears I would.

Sel. Thou ſpeakſt a Language ſo pleaſing to my ears, that I could wiſh my vow to ſacrifice thee to my brothers ghoſt, had never paſt my lips, for I can ſee, and value all thy noble actions; and judg

judg the guilt of my own friends that fell, and can beare the losse of all but *Pollinesso!* —— he you say dyed Innocent, free from the others Crimes, full of Honour, Rich in Vertue, in the Blossome of his Age, my onely Joy fell: —— and you my onely hate, shall dye so too! your Worth, your Youth, & your Innocence, will make my oblation acceptable to those powers, I have vowed you too; vain man, canst thou think *Pollinesso*'s ghost will be appeased with words? or tears! if thou wert ever worthy my brothers love, shew it now, in couragious dying to his memory, for by all our gods thou dyest; —— a guard there.

She is interrupted by Ordella.

Or. Tis bravely done *Selindra*, thou madest me start, and shake to see thee look, and hear thee speak with such aweful majesty! —— how is it Brother? how do you think *Astellas* self will receive you? when one so unconcern'd, can use you thus! doe you yield yet? have we the better argument?

Phillocles *and* Selindra *stands both amazed.*

Phil. Yes you have.

Or. You'l stay then!

Phil. I think I shall.

Or. My deer, deer *Selindra*, let me kisse thee, thou hast oblidged me beyond my power to gratifie, beyond my expression to acknowledg; —— the Emperour, and the whole Empire shall thank

thee for *Phillocles* his safety; —— come my brother, let us now finde my father; this change will please him.

Exeunt Ambo.

Sel. How near lost was I, on his fresh mention of *Pollinesso*'s death! how dangerous a work did I undertake; and how happily brought off, by the Princess *Ordellas* timely interruption! —— I thought my self within my strengths at *Belgrade*, and *Phillocles* in my power to punish; I must no more of these games, tis my disguise preserves my life, and I doe care onely to live to be reveng'd on *Phillocles*, the Author of all my sorrows. —— Oh! but the Princess *Ordella* sits too neer my heart, to suffer that; she is my friend, if I destroy her beloved brother! I wound her to death; at least give her the same intollerable grief for *Phillocles*, I now suffer for *Pollinesso*. —— Oh! horrid ingratitude! Oh miserable *Astella*! my Obligations to *Ardella*, doe infringe my vows to heaven —— yee gods, direct me so; that these differing passions may not distract me; I would do what should become me best, and please you most, though my own life in the attempt be lost.

[*Exit* Selindra.

The Second Act.

{ *Enter Emperour*, Lascares, Cecropius *and* Cleonell. }

Cecropius.

Mighty Sir, what you have said, was my thought, when I first heard of the Prince his stay, and had been now my Councel, as the best way to secure his Interest in *Hungary*, by which *Astella* must submit unto the will of him that has already woon the hearts of all her people.

Cleon. Sir, you know I have long lov'd, and long sought *Selindra*'s Love; and Lovers Eyes are quick to discover the like looks in others; tis my duty (as well as my own Concern) to tell your Majestie that I have observed *Selindra*'s good looks, to be the Orators that have put off the Prince his journey, not his kinde sisters Importunity, and when your own observation shall inform you better, your Majesty will finde this no causeless jealousie in me.

Cecropius, What he tell you sir, is the whisper of the Court, but I look on it slightly, the Prince may have a minde to a Wench, and *Selindra* is a pretty one; but sir, in my opinion, you should take no notice of such youthfull passages; the Prince cannot think her a fit Wife, and then no matter who is his Mistresse.

Lascares; *Cecropious* I doe think it worthy my care to prevent an evill; the Crown of *Hungary* can be no way mine, but by *Astella*; we see *Selindra* is rich in Beauty, and more rich in Virtue; if not by Birth great enough to be his Wife she is too good to be his wanton Mistresse; *Phillocles* is young, and young men are apt to be in love! He is as gallant as great, and if his affection should meet a repulse (as its most like from *Selindra*) these sparks we now see, may grow to such a flame, as neither we, nor he can quench: I will observe him, and set spies on them —

[*Aside*

some of my own spies. *Cleonell* may be jealous without a cause! I will sift *Ordella* too. —

{*Enter* Phillocles *to them in rich cloathes, with* Ordella, Selindra, *Lords, Ladies, and train, all fine*}

Lascares; Daughter, you have wrought a good work on your brother; thy Interest I see, has prevail'd, beyond my intreaty, or my Command I thank thee for it *Ordella*, and am glad *Phillocles* to finde that your Ears are open unto reason, indeed the journey would not have suited with your other great actions; I like well thy gallant spirit; but I like not to hazzard a Kingdome for a Compliment.

Phillocles, Sir, I doe thus low beg pardon for

[*She kneels*

first disobedience to your commands, and confesse my sister wrought my consent to stay yet I must tell you sir; 'twas because her Ar-

me

ments complyed with your commands, nor was your command her leaſt Argument.

Laſ. Thus let me imbrace the greateſt comfort of my life, thou ſhalt ſet ever next my heart

He holds their Armes under his, and walks as he ſpeaks,

—give me thy hand *Ordella*, and thine *Phil'ocles*; What wealth is there beyond theſe? what joyes beyond thoſe I feel? thus ſupported! I am the envy of Princes; may all the bleſſings Heaven can beſtow, fall on you both for this love, and this obedience to your old dying Father, --- tell me *Phillocles*: how ſtands the affairs of *Hungarie*? I have had late Intelligence, that ſome Commotions doe appear there: if ſo? ſince you have thus diſcreetly laid aſide the ſearch of *Aſtella*, in my Judgment, 'twill be next beſt that you repair to *Belgrade* with your Army, there by your preſence to keep the people in Obedience, untill *Aſtella* be found; we know the *Hungarians* are a bufie headed people *Phil'ocles*.

Phil. Sir, I have left the Government of that State, in thoſe hands that will neglect no means to invite *Aſtella* home; they love her ſir; and do want no power to ſecure the Kingdome for her; my preſence at *Belgrade*, would rather deter *Aſtella*, then invite her home, and may be juſtly thought I meant to force, what I yet doubt to ſue for: In my opinion ſir, I ought to hear more from thence, before I ſtir that way, but my opinion and my will, ſhall ſubmit to your Commands.

Lascar. Thou art still on thy Complements, but my gray Haires are not convinc'd by such Arguments, think better on what I propose, though I

< Phillocles *and the rest go off.* >

doe not command, but onely wish it; while I instruct your sister with my reasons, that she, and you may consult together.

[*He whispers with* Ordella.

Or. I shall obey you Sir, and weigh well what you have said, I shall not be wanting in my care for *Selindra*, nor in my love unto my Brother.

Las. I am satisfied *Ordella*, and doe onely wonder why he will not lead the Army into *Hungary* where such apparent need is of his presence.

Or. He will go, if you will have him Sir.

Las. I will think further on it a day or two.

{ *This while* Cleonel *Courts* Selindra, *she shews dislike to him.* }

Las. Cleonel I see loses no time in the War he makes, ply her hard young man, those knit brows do often prove the Cipher to a smiling heart, and yet *Cleonel* I must tell you, that I approve not this whining way of Wooing; most Women like to be approach'd with such Alacrity, as shews the mettle men are made of; where is thy heart young man?

Cle. Mighty Sir, one frown from bright *Selindras* eyes, has power to shake me into Attomes, to unman me quite!

Las I think so, and must my self Wooe for thee,

< *He speaks to* Selindra. >

how is it fair One, that you neglect such honour and

and such Wealth, as *Cleonel* brings with him? he is a man in my eyes worthy the greatest subject of my Empire: —— Or is it the nice Lovers part you thus do act in Publique, while your united hearts delight in private? say *Selindra*, when shall our Court flourish in triumphs for your weding? —— while *Ordella* provides Ornaments for you, it shall be my care to set forth *Cleonel* like himself, and fit for such a Mistris: —— tell me when *Selindra*, when shall this Jolly time be? come I must press you for my Friend.

Selin. I am very sensible of this Honour you now do me Sir, yet cannot chuse but wonder why your Majesty thinks fit to press me to a publique Answer.

Laf. You have delayed it long enough, tis a good time to declare now.

Selin. I obey Sir, and do confess that I have ever had a true value of *Cleonel's* worth; I have also observed your favour to him, and do believe that he may make the best of Women happy; but yet I think not fit to entertain his Love, I have more Noble thoughts, then to incourage him with hopes, of what I never can afford him, such a return as his merrit may justly expect from one more worthy then my self; I must declare that my purpose is not to marry, but to attend the Princess so long, as that honour may be permitted, and her Highness favour shall continue to me.

Laf. May all thy wishes be ever on thee, happy will that man be, that gets such a Treasure, as this fair Cabinet contains: I am vanquish'd *Cleonel*, and I advise thee to tear this Serpent from thy

heart, before it be too big for thee to graſpe; —— (obſerve you this *Ordella?*) —— *Phillocles* are thy thoughts yet for *Belgrade?*

[*Aſide.*

Phillo. They ſhall be Sir, if you Command it.

{*Exeunt* Laſcares Cecropius *and* Cleonel.

Phillo. Ordella can you gueſs why my Father does now urge my abſence? that ſo late inforc'd my ſtay?

Ordel. Does not the Affairs of *Hungary* require you there?

Phillo. No *Ordella*, I ſhould not then wonder at it.

{*Enter Meſſenger.*}

Meſſen. Madam, the Emperour calls for you.

Ordel. I'le o're take him preſently; —— I have much to ſay to you Brother, pray ſtay my return; good *Selindra* Entertain him in my Chamber, with *Cleonells* laſt Melancholly Song, I like ſo well.

{Phillocles *and* Selindra *ſit within the Scene.*

THE SONG.

Cloris *we ſee the offended Gods,*
At firſt do ſhew, and ſhake their Rodds,

That

That they may rather threat, then ſtrike,
So we forgoe, what they diſlike:
Theſe faulty ſtreams, ſhall flow no more
Above their banks, as heretofore;
Nor ſwelling tempeſt from my breaſt,
Henceforth thy Virgin cares moleſt;
All ſhall be faſhion'd to thy will,
So thou wilt let me Love thee ſtill;
My Lips ſhall not a word let go,
That may offend to tell thee ſo;
But to diſſemble, or deny
That I do Love thee were a lye
Would ſtain my ſoul, 'twill prove a ſpot,
To look as if I Lov'd thee not.

Phil'o. This charity becomes you Madam, and *Cleonell's* lines I ſee are ſmiled on, though himſelf be not, but why did you with ſuch ſeverity, in publique diſclaim his intereſt, and ſeem to reject a man ſo worthy, when the Emperour himſelf wooed for him?

Selin. 'Tis the Princeſs *Ordellas* pleaſure, that I ſhould learn his Song Sir, and not my fancy to the maker of it, though his love, and reſpects may challenge a greater complement from me, for I ſhall ever acknowledge obligations to *Cleonel*, yet not think fit to treat a Marriage in my Fathers abſence, by whom I ſhall be wholly rul'd in that matter, if he think fit to make that choice for me, I muſt ſubmit.

Phil'o. Give me leave Madam ſo far to intereſt

{ *Phillocles takes her hand, ſhe ſhews diſlike.* }

my

my self in your Affairs, as to aske if your thoughts for *Cleonel* be such, that you will not admit the like profession from another; For though my Father cannot match him in his Dominions, I believe that I can find you a Servant as faithfull, and as full of love; one every way as worthy your favours, one that will out-bid *Cleonel*, to gain *Selindra*, do but ——

[*He offers to kiss her hand.*

Selin. I beg your Highness pardon for some time.

[*Exit* Selindra.

Phil. Thus to leave me while I was speaking to her, is a scorn I look'd not for; — *Selindra* was not wont to be so rude, nor I so foolish, sure my looks and Language rendred me Rediculous, so slight, that she blush'd for me, which to hide she thus withdrew, leaving me to wonder at my self, that am of late become, what I want a Name for; —— —— If this be Love, and this the Effects of Love, I'le tear the Monster from my heart and be my self again, before it grow too mighty for me; —— my hands cannot reach it, no force can touch it, tis a subtile foe, not to be compell'd; tis reason only must prevail; —— *Selindra* loves, and dissembles her affection to *Cleonel*, neglecting me; — how unworthy then am I, that seek to separate united hearts; how fond, to Covet what another does Enjoy; how much am I now fall'n below my self, by this passion?

He throws himself on the Couch sadly.

Enter

{*Enter* Ordella *and* Selindra.}

Ordel. When went my Brother hence *Selindra*?

Selin. He sits there Madam.

Ordel. My Father I fear has too much cause for what he said; Prethee leave us a while *Selindra*, and let none disturb us.

{Ordella *goes to* Phillocles, *he starts at her approach.*}

Phillo. Oh *Selindra!*

Ordel. She is not here, why do yon stare thus on me? are you not well?

Phillo. Onely a little dull for want of sleep *Ordella*; but why sent the Emperour for you in such hast?

Ordel. To tell me that *Phillocles* does love *Selindra* and to enquire my thoughts of it; I answered boldly, that you were too Noble to dishonour *Selindra*, and too wise to neglect *Astella* and a Crown, for such an idle fancy; —— I have confirm'd him that you have not such a thought, because I saw him troubled at it; —— but what is this that thus distracts you?

Phil. Ha! what sayes my deareſt Sister.

Ordel. Ye Gods defend that I be not mistaken; Brother what have you done with your self, since I went hence?

Phillo My head is full of the Affairs of *Hungary*, I was contriving how I should secure *Astella* in her

her Throne, and thinking of a thousand other things; but why did my Father send for thee?

Ordel. This is very strange, I told you why, and you regard me not, it was about *Selindra.*

Phillo. About *Selindra*; prethee *Ordella* let us talk of something else, — thou weepest.

Ordel. How can I chuse but weep, to see you thus distracted, and all my hopes of future joyes dying in me? — *Phillocles* has left to Love me, he dares not trust me with his heart he Loves, and by dissembling seeks to hide his love from me, that can dye for him.

Phillo. I am guilty *Ordella*, thy charms o're-come me, and I do submit to thy severest Judgement, I do love *Selindra*, and would do more then thou canst fancy, to gain her Love; now my heart lyes open, thou wilt find the wound is deep *Ordella*, touch it gently my dear Sister.

Ordel. 'Twill not be cured then *Phillocles*, I must launce it to the quick, and you must indure to hear that *Cleonel*, and she have been long contracted, and only do disguise their Loves because *Cecropius* seeks *Selindra* for himself, tis only until her Fathers return, they thus dissemble it.

Phil. Contracted *Ordella*! thou hast blasted all my hopes, destroy'd me in the twinckling of an eye, the gods have not a greater curse in store to throw upon me, is this thy cure? I shall sink under the burthen of this remedy! fare-well *Ordella*, fare-well for ever! for I am undone for ever!

Or. Stay *Phillocles* I can cure thee yet; Ile stroke thy

{Phillocles *going out,* *in haste turns back.*

thy wound, and try how that will work, they are not contracted, that I ever heard, it was my pure affection that thus abus'd your ears: by my Fathers command, I was in the bud to crush your love, which by their pretended Contract I thought best to doe: can my Brother pardon my Zeal to serve him this way? and yet trust my love.

Phil. I can do both *Orde'la*, now thou haste restored me to life again; come let us sit, that I may at large declare my purpose concerning *Selindra*, —— doe you remember *Ordella*, that day you made *Selindra* act *Astella*? how I was then convinc'd, and overcome by her; how she spake then! and with what Majesty she appear'd! Methought then if *Selindra* were not born a Queen, yet she was design'd to be one! from that hour I lov'd her, (and you the occasion of my love,) I have since observed her strictly, and well weighed all her perfections, and considered *Cleonells* hopeless suit to gain her: if she can afford me love *Ordella*; I would wade deep in blood —— it would look like vanity, to tell thee how great things I would doe to win a value from her.

Or. When I consider *Selindra*'s Beauty, and her worth, I cannot blame your admiration of her, truly brother, I do wish your desires upon you, but know not how I can comply, or how to serve you this way?

Phil. I have weighed all kinde of arguments *Ordella*, and doe allow them to be good worldly thoughts, fit for Princes that have no other heaven on earth then their Wealth, and their Dominions! ——

nions! —— I tell the *Ordella* to be Emperour of all the world is poverty without *Selindra*! if thou loveſt me, thou wilt uſe thy intereſt to perſwade her to caſt off all thoughts for *Cleonell*, and receive me, who ſhe yet ſhuns: —— now my Siſter ſpeak comfort to my ſoul; that muſt languiſh untill you ingage for me.

Ordella *ſits ſilent a while, and he ſtaring on her.*

Or. I have been thus long ſilent *Phillocles*, to conſider how I might comply with your deſires, and not break my Fathers truſt, doe but ſhew me an honourable way, and I will ſerve you with the ſame Zeal you wiſh it; but if I ſhould conſent? how can you avoid *Cleonell?* or how diſguiſe your love from my Father?

Phil. Wee'l think of twenty wayes to blinde the old mans eyes, and as for *Cleonell*, I will ſo overload him with Wealth, and Honours, that he ſhall gladly give up his intereſt in *Selindra*, (if he have any!) but if he refuſe! I will become his Rivall publiquely, I will either carry the faire prize or looſe my ſelf *Ordella*; ſay now, will you ſtrain a Complement with my Fathers truſt to ſave thy brothers life and honour?

Or. Pardon me heaven! if I offend by varying from my Fathers truſt. to ſave my Brothers Life and Honour! *Phillocles* now I am yours, imploy me like a Siſter that you love, put me not to uſe artifices unworthy of that value, the World now holds me at.

Phil. By all our gods, Ile rather periſh, then permit

mit thee to act any thing unworthily: Deerest *Ordella* lose no time to make known my affection to *Selindra*, while I seek *Cleonell*, to make him mine.

Or. Since no argument can prevail against your passion, I am content to be directed by you.

Phil. Thou wilt make me happy then *Ordella!* beyond all the State arguments.

The greatest Polititian can invent,
Or brightest messenger from Heaven's sent.
[*Leads her off.*

< *Enter* Cleonel. >

Cleo. This falls out well for my designes upon *Selindra*, the Prince his absence, will give me opportunity to effect, what his presence might prevent, for 'tis now most evident that *Selindra* slights my Professions in hope of *Phillocles*, who is become my Rival; by subtilties I must therefore compass, what my power and credit cannot reach: the Prince is too mighty for me, to contest with? but this New War, will do my work —— see

< *Enter* Phillocles. >

where he comes, how full of thoughts he is of late! this love transforms us all.

Phil. Ile share the Empire with him if he consent! if he consent! if he will not! I'le force my way. ——

He sees Cleonell.

Cleo. Sir, The Emperour sent me to signify unto

to you the News from *Belgrade*, that *Aſtella* is arriv'd there, and is rejected by thoſe you left to govern; 'tis his pleaſure Sir, that you prepare to march with all poſſible ſpeed to her relief.

Phil. I have juſt now received an expreſs from thence, which informs me of a Faction there, that did hope to have ſet up a Counterfeit *Aſtella*; but thoſe Tumults are alayed, the plot being diſcover'd, all the partakers fled the Country; I therefore hold it fit to hear again from thence, before I ſtirr: but if my Father will needs have his Army march into *Hungarie*, I ſhall adviſe him to conferr the honour of that War, *Cleonell* on you.

Cle. On me Sir, I am neither worthy, nor capable of ſo great a charge; your Highneſs does me much honour in this thought, but I muſt not preſume to accept the favour, leaſt the Emperour do think me ſo vain to ſeek it.

Phillo. Why *Cleonel*? thy forward youth promiſes great things, and I know the Emperour will be pleas'd to ſee me joyn to heap honours on thy deſerving head; I will undertake it with my Father, and ſhall not doubt to ſay, thou wilt deſerve the ſole Command of all our Forces.

Cle. If the Emperour conſent, I am cozen'd; [*Aſide.*
your Highneſs does o're-load me with your Favours, I ſhall not live to expreſs my Gratitude, much leſs to merrit ſuch honours.

Phil. I tell thee *Cleonel*, tis in thy power to lay an Obligation on me, ſuch an Obligation *Cleonel*, as half my Empire cannot recompence; —— Say,

may

may I hope such kindness from thee? but if it be not in thy heart, do not flatter me into a hope of what I shall not find.

Cle. Sir as you are my Prince, my duty binds me to serve you with the hazard of my life and fortunes.

Phil. I thank thee for thy love, as I do all that will like thee, say, and do as much, but I would have ingagements unto thee, beyond the common complement of other Subjects.

Cle. Your many favours Sir, have so much obliged me beyond all others, that your Commands (what ere they be) shall make me happy.

Phil. Take heed *Cleonel*, do not ingage too fast, for I shall demand what thou hold'st dearer then thy life; darest thou hear me now?

Cle. Speak boldly Sir, I am yours, and all that's mine is so; I hope he will discover his love to me. [*Speaks aside.*

Phil. Thou art indeed my fate, or I am thine—I would have thee give up to me thy interest in *Selindra*, dissolve all ingagements between her and you: —— my dearest friend; thus thou mayest bequeath an Empire to me, that I prize far above this I am born to, —— start not at it, for I will

{Phillocles *Embraces* him.}

wear thee in my bosome, thou shalt be the greatest and the richest man in *Greece*!

Cle. Without *Selindra*!

Phil. I, without *Selindra*!

Cleo. What is all *Greece* worth, without *Selindra*?

dra? good Sir, give me leave a little to consider on this matter; ——— sure he has solicited *Selindra*

[*Aside.*

for himself, and receiv'd a repulse ——— it may well be that she has express'd to him, some value of me, beyond what I my self can yet discern; he would not else thus rashly, nay thus madly tempt me! 'tis so: ——— Sir, do I mistake, or did you demand that I should give my interest in *Selindra* up to you?

Phil. Thou doest not mistake, 'tis onely that can make me happy.

Cleo. And onely that I cannot grant, I can no more consent to part with the hope of such a happiness, then with my interest in Heaven; pray Sir, find some other way to try my Faith.

Phil. The Gods cannot give thee a means to oblige me another way, themselves cannot bless me with a gift, that I can prize beyond *Selindra.*

Cleo. And you would have me debauch this young Lady, for your private pleasure?

Phill. By all that's holy I would marry her.

Cleo. Marry her! what shall then become of *Hungary*, and *Astella?*

Phill. Thou shalt have that Crown, and her I'le woe her for thee, I'le fight that Conquest o'r again, and give it thee, if she refuse.

Cleo. Will you get the Emperours consent to this exchange?

Phill. Yes, or I will do it without him.

Cleo. (All this shall to the Emperour,) (*Aside.*

but if you can do neither? this ineſtimable jewel you would have me throw away.

Phill. Will it be thrown away, if placed on me?

Cleo. I might have put my words into a Courtlier phraſe I do confeſs, but I can never mould my heart to ſuch a form, as ſhall conſent to make my tongue betray it: I ſwear by all that's good, I never can relinquiſh my intereſt in *Selindra?* I do prize my weak hopes there, above all the wealth and honours you can lay down to purchaſe it.

Phill. He has abus'd me all this while, to get the ſecret out, which ſhall now conſume him; ſince he will not conſent, his baſe treachery ſhall be my firſt ſtep to climb unto *Selindra.*

Phillocles *ſtands ſilent muſing.*

Cleo. I ſhall now perſwade *Laſcares* to believe that the Prince loves *Selindra* —while he is muſing I'le ſteal off, leſt a tempeſt do fall on me. [*Aſide.*

Cleonel *is going out.*

Phill. Stay *Cleonel,* I have more to ſay; I have conſidered my raſh ſuit, and cannot with Juſtice quarrel with thee for not parting with ſuch a treaſure as *Selindra* is; but I muſt call thee to account for thy late ſmiles, and falſe fawning on me, and for thy baſe treacherous kindneſs, by which thou haſt betray'd me to reveal a ſecret too great to truſt thee with: —Thus I lay by my great-

nes, and as a private injured man, I draw my sword to kill thee.

Cleo. But I must not lift up mine against my Prince, I have been ever taught to draw my sword in your defence, and shall be as glad to serve you with it, as I should be proud to use it in this cause against any other man; I dare scarce shew it you Sir.

[*He draws.*

Phil. I have now made my self thy equal, by my rivalship in love; either defend thy self, or by heaven I'le kill thee.

{*They fight,* Phillocles *hurts and disarms* Cleonel; *as the Emperour comes in,* Phillocles *throws* Cleonel *his sword, and goes out.*

{*Enter the Emperour,* Cecropius, *and Attendants.*

Lasc. What insolence is this so near us? *Cleon* this posture does not become you in this place.

Cleo. You will pardon it Sir, when you shall know I only drew to save my life, not to offend the Prince, who swelling with rage, came like a ruin on me, because I would not quit my interest in *Selindra* unto him, to be his wife Sir.

Las. Is this true *Cleonel?*

Cleo. You'l find it true Sir, I could have had *Aglella* and her Crown for my consent; 'tis so pleas

ſure to deny another, what I cannot get my ſelf.

Laſc. Has he not hurt thee?

Cleo. Not much Sir, you came in juſt as he fell on me.

Laſc. This muſt be timely cared for; *Cecropius* ſend preſently and fetch *Selindra* to your Lodgings, this night ſhe ſhall be your charge, to morrow let her be ſent back to *Ciprus* to her father; and be you ſure *Cecropius* that *Phillocles* do neither ſee her, nor ſend to her this night.

{*Enter* Ordella, Selindra, with Ladies.}

Cecro. She is here Sir, with the Princeſs.

Ordel. Where is my brother Sir?

Laſc. He is gone hence hurt *Ordella*, (I wiſh he were elſe) fighting forſooth for Love! you now ſee what miſchief your fondneſs to *Selindra* has produc'd; your brothers life endangered, and the Empire tottering: *Cecropius* take *Selindra* to your care, as I comm nded let her be ſent home, attended as befits her quality: —— *Ordella* come you with me.

{*All goes off but* Cecropius, Cleonel *and* Selindra.}

Cecro. Leave us a while *Cleonel*,—— Madam, you

{*Exit* Cleonel *and harkens at the Scene.*}

now ſee the evils I foretold, are come to paſs,

these young fiery spirits will never submit to suffer either to enjoy you: do but consider how happy you may be, by being mine, though I am not so young; yet many men of my years have made young Ladies happy: of my love you have had long tryal, my Power, my Honours, and my Wealth, will prove as pleasant as the smooth elm of *Cleonell*: —*Phillocles* his wife you cannot be, his Mistris I hope you scorn to be; much may be said, Lady, on this argument, but the time allows it not, to morrow early you must to Sea, unless you will bless me by being mine.

Cleo. Is it even so my good father? I shall shew

< He peeps in >

you a trick for your trick, if my skill fail not!

Sel. My Lord, I must now give you the same answer I have ever done, that I can never have affection for you.

Cecro. No matter, few old mens wives have any.

Sel. My Lord, I do submit unto the Emperours commands, pray let me be sent away.

Cecro. 'Tis my humble love begets this con-

[*Aside*

tempt—I must try her another way, —Madam, you know the Emperours humour well, and you have heard how eagerly he covets to joyn *Hungary* to *Greece*, by *Phillocles* his match with *Astella*, and how much he abhors his love to you, is evident: The truth is *Selindra*, you are this night by his command, to be ravished by my son *Cleonel*, to that end send thither, which will allay the gallant Prince his appetite to marry you, and re-

move

move all further fears of that matter: 'Tis yet in your own power Madam by obliging me, to prevent *Cleonells* force, who for undertaking so base an act, ought to be dispis'd.

Sel. Ravish'd, I'le rather dye, then suffer *Cleonell*, or yield to be your wife; the gods will not permit such wickedness!

Cec. Please you to retire unto your Lodging Lady: ——

He leads her in and returns.

--There is no way to win this foolish Girl, I am angerd even to hate her, yet cannot chuse but love her; — but why should I lose this opportunity? I may now do, what I only invented for *Cleonel* —— I shall curse my self when she is gone, and when no possibility is left, wish it had been so: it shall be; ——if when I have ravish'd her, she can consent, I'le marry her, if she will not, I'le poyson her, and being dead at Sea, hire the Marriners to throw her over-board, I will about it while my bloud is high!

Venus *propitious be to my design.*
I'le offer Incence onely at thy Shrine.

The Third Act.

{ *Enter* Phillocles. }

Phill Given to *Cecropius* custody! that is to *Cleonels* embraces; I must see her: ——

{ *He knocks at* Cecropius's *Lodgings, and enter three servants with swords.*

——is *Cecropius* or *Cleonel* within?

Serv. They are Sir.

Philo. Is *Selindra* yet at rest?

Serv. Yes Sir, long since.

Phill Is it so late? I do believe you do mistake, and she is not; ——

{ Phillocles *offers to enter, and they stop him.*

——what means this rudeness?

Serv. The Emperour has given command, that neither your highness, nor any from you, should visit *Selindra*; besides Sir, all within are now at rest.

Phill. My Fathers command! this is some design

ſign from *Cleonel:* —are they all at reſt ſay you? —— whence then is this noiſe I hear?

[*A noiſe within.*

Serv. We know not Sir.

Phil. Hark, the ſame noyſe again, 'tis within ——ſtand by, —Villains give way, or I ſhall force my paſſage through your hearts, ——

[*That way the noyſe is.*

by Heaven 'tis a Womans voice! —it is *Selin-*

[*Goes out and returns.*

dra's voice, ſhe calls for help too!

Selin. Help, oh help! murther, murther.

[*He hearkens at the Scene.*

{Phillocles *enters, breaks open a door within, and* Cecropius *is ſeen ſtrugling with* Selindra, Phillocles *takes* Cecropius *by the Collar, and as he offers to kill him,* Cleonel *enters and holds his ſword at* Selindra's *breſt.*}

Cleo. By my Fathers ſoul, I will ſtrike with thee *Phillocles.*

Phil. Thou dareſt not be ſo baſe to harm ſuch innocence.

{*Here they look at one another in this poſture a while, then* Phillocles *throws by* Cecropius, *and runs at* Cleonel; *he quits* Selindra, *and meets* phillocles; *while they fight, the others run out and raiſe the Court.*

Enter

{*Enter the Emperour, with Train and Guard, who part them.*}

Lasc. *Phillocles*, I have thus long winked at your follies, hoping that my mildnes would have begot a better temper in you, but I now see your fore requires a Corisive: go to your Lodgings, and a you value my displeasure, move not from thence without my leave, —— you of the Guard wai upon the Prince, and let him not stirr out, as yo will answer it to me, —— *Cecropius*, let all leav

[*Exit* Phillocles *with the Guard*

us but your self —— and now inform me of thi Fray, and how he came hither against my Com mand.

[*Exeunt omne*

Cetro. Mighty Sir, the Prince forced my ser vants from the door, and found me threatning *Selindra*, and frighting of her, as if I meant a Rape which I onely fain'd; intending to take off *Phillo cles* his affection that way, by which he might ap ply his thoughts towards *Astella*, for if the Prince should marry *Selindra* how can *Hungary* be your this Sir, is the truth.

Lasc. I wish thou hadst done, what thou onely talkest of, for this young man will ruine all my hope

hopes of *Hungary*, if we do not prevent him! ——

< Cleonel *peeps in* >

it must be poyson *Cecropius*; I see no less will do it; *Selindra* must dye, and that presently.

Cecro. And shall sir, if you so direct; by to morrow night it shall be done.

Lasc. Be it so then, 'twill be the least evil; and the onely way to secure all the rest; let her be poysoned.

[*Exeunt ambo.*

< *Enter* Cleonel. >

Cleo. Poyson her, my curiosity was to good purpose at this time; was ever gray hairs so wicked? how to prevent this mischief I know not; —— *Selindra* will never credit it from me; yet I will urge her hard, and if I do get belief, and by this means bring my designs to pass? I shall find doors strong for *Philocles* to force: —— Love and *Venus* guide me.

{ Cleonel *goes out and returns* Selindra *flying before him, with a knife drawn, which she holds at her breast.* }

Sel. Hold *Cleonel*, if thou presumest to touch me, this knife shall be my rescue.

Cleo. Will this distance, with my obedience, and

and my humility remove your fears? —— by

{ *He steps back and kneels.*

Selindra's self I swear, my only business is to save that life you threaten, — does my heart and my looks so ill agree? that you can fear harm from me.

Sel. Art not thou *Ceeropius's* son? and does not his wild blood run in thy vains?

Cleo. No Madam, I am no whit allied unto *Cecropius* the Ravisher; he was a Man when he made me, and is now become a Monster; such as I dread to see *Selindra* under his Roof.

Sel. My Lord, that posture does neither become you nor me, —— pray come no nearer.

{ *He rises and comes towards her.*

Cleo. You will pardon my approach when you shall know the cause of this unseasonable Visite, I have by accident o're heard the Emperour give my Father order to poyson you, and he is providing to do it, this next night.

Selin. I am glad to hear they are grown so merciful, death is less dreadful then his Rape, —— but how can I credit this from you? and how avoid it, if I do?

Cleo. Can *Selindra* believe my love could ere conceal such a mischief? or that I will omit any endeavour, to preserve her from it?

Selin. Were not *Cleonel* akin to the Ravisher; I might believe he would detect a Poysoner.

Cleo. If I tell you a false word, may suddain plagues seize on me, and if you plea- take me the

the bleſt inſtrument of your eſcape; the Honour will be ample recompence for any hazard I ſhall run: I have Madam a ſtrong Caſtle within the Foreſt, about a League from hence, thither I can convey you firſt, and then whither you pleaſe.

Selin. Pray my Lord, leave me a few minutes,

[*Exit* Cleonel.

that I may conſider this great concern: ——'tis very like that he who would have raviſh'd, may conſent to poyſon twenty ſuch as I, rather then loſe his hopes of *Hungary:* —— I like well to fly from this near death, but I like not to truſt my ſelf to *Cleonel*, there may be more danger at his Caſtle, then in the death I would fly from, if I diſcover my ſelf unto *Ordella*, ſhe will ſolicite me for *Phillocles* (who I muſt ever hate) this will prove more deſperate then all the reſt: —— I muſt truſt *Cleonel*, though he be of a fiery Spirit, his honour was never yet tainted: —— I will look gently on him, and ingage him if I can to be true to me: ——

[*She calls* Cleonel, *who enters.*

My Lord I have weighed my dangers, and your Counſel to avoid them, and I will truſt my ſelf to you, ſo you will ſwear to carry me directly unto *Belgrad* (and not to your Caſtle) I have friends in *Hungary* who will protect me, and there I ſhall have time to conſider of your hazzards for me.

Cleo. By our Houſhold gods I ſwear to do it, by this fair hand I will obſerve my Oath, and what

what ever elſe you ſhall command me: —— though it be late, we muſt this night depart, you muſt make ready, while I take order for my Servants, and my Horſes.

Selin. May I not ſee the Princeſs e're I go? will not to morrow night be time enough?

Cleo. To morrow night brings death beyond all power to hinder; we ſhould be going while we talk: —— Let no fears diſturb you Madam, I can command the opening of the Ports at any hour; all ſhall be according to your wiſh.

Selin. Heaven grant it *Cleonel:*

When I remember the ſtrict vow you've made,
It were impiety to be afraid.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

[*Enter* Phillocles *and Guard.*

Philo. Leave me all.

{*Enter* Ordella, *to viſit him as in his chamber, the Guard at the door appearing.*}

Phil. Thou art welcome *Ordella*, let us ſit and talk ſadly.

Ordel. My coming is to divert this ſadneſs which you too much indulge.

Phil. Does not my ſorrow become me *Ordella?* canſt thou wiſh me merry, when thou conſiderſt my Condition? who is there now in *Greece* more ſcorn'd then *Phillocles?*

Ordel.

Crdel. Who more honour'd? thy Victories shine bright upon thee, thy vertues are unparallel'd, thy self ador'd by thy own Subjects, and by other Nations coveted; let not my brother provoke the gods by his ingratitude.

Phill Thou art mistaken my dear Sister, I am not that *Phillocles* thou meanest; not he that chased the *Germanes* out of *Hungary*, I am one that *Cleonel* dares Rival, and with a single arm can check my force; a poor contemn'd prisoner I am, a man with half a soul thou seest; do I not become my Goale?

Ordell. I am sad my self to hear you talk thus;—but, my Brother, your affairs do require your present Counsel; pray let us consider how *Selindra* may be secur'd from farther danger.

Phillocles *starts up hastily.*

Phill. Is *Selindra* in danger? speak *Ordella*, what danger? who dares threaten her?

Ordel. You mistake me Brother, I was about to tell you that in my opinion she will be safe at *Ciprus*, and do think fit when she takes leave of me to let her know your Love and Resolution to marry her, which will soon dash *Cleonels* hopes; this I could not yet do, by reason she was so suddainly committed to *Cecropius*; —— your looks do fright me, and your unquiet thoughts will ruine you.

Phill. Thou art my onely comfort, thou shalt still direct, and I'le obey, prithee *Ordella* chide me when I do amiss; methinks thy looks speak good success; I do approve her absence for a while at *Ciprus*, because you like it, and I will have

patience

patience too, because you say 'tis fit.

Ordel. Patience will become you best, and best suit with your affairs.

Phill. Thou Councell'st well *Ordella* but canst not fancy what a broken heart endures; —— my whole soul labours under the burden of my Love, and to that is added her neglects more weighty, and to this double load, my fathers unjust anger falls upon me, as if I were not sinking fast enough before.

Ordel. My fathers anger will be soon over.

Phill. I wish it not *Ordella*, may his fierce anger urge him on to my destruction, it will be handsomer to fall so, then to perish by *Selindra's* scorns.

Ordel. You raise imaginary evills that are not; I am confident *Selindra* has no thought for *Cleonel*, nor can I doubt but she will meet your love, with as bright a flame as yours is.

Phill. Oh! that I could suffer such a hope, or such a thought possess me, I would then meet my fathers frowns, and blow away his thunder; did *Selindra* love me, I would wage a second war with heaven to gain her, and be more proud to fall her Martyr in so high attempt, then sit next to Jove, with her neglects upon me.

[*Enter Antenor.*

Ante. Madam, the Emperour sent me to see if *Selindra* were here with you.

Ordel. What means my Father by this? Is she not a prisoner with *Cecropius*?

Ante.

Ante. She was, but is now missing, at which *Cecropius* is half mad.

< *Enter* Antillacus >

Antil. Madam, I come to let you know that by day-break *Cleonel*, with *Selindra* past the Ports, and about two hours after were met on that way that leads to his Castle.

Phillo. Let them that love me follow me.

{ Phillocles *snatches* Antillacus *his Sword and runs at his Guard who give way.*

{ *As* Phillocles *goes out, he meets* Lascares, *and* Cecropius, *and wounds* Cecropius *in the arme.*

Las. Traytor, Villain: —— stay all; I do command you stay *Antillacus*: —— See the Court-Gates lock'd, that none go after him; —— *Cecropius* do you retire and look to your hurt, he meant it at thy heart Old Man; may thy Sons good Sword revenge it on him, if they meet, and he fall under it.

Ordel. Oh Sir! Let not your curses follow my Brother, he has Afflictions enough without them.

Las. Peace *Ordelia*, thy tenderness doth too much nourish thy Brothers follies, I would rather he should not be, then be thus Effeminate; I have fought many Battles, and done great things to settle this Empire; and think you it will be kept;

and Govern'd by a heart with a dart in it.

Ordel Good Sir, let not my Brothers single errour put from your memory all his great Actions, if you would speak mildly to him of his Love, I do believe your Arguments may move him more, then all this rigour can; he has a Noble Spirit, such as you did like, and I know he Loves you Sir

Laſ. Let me know when he returns.

[*Exeunt* Laſcares.

Ordel. Are any gone after *Phillocles?*

{*Enter to* Ordella Armanthus, Gillon *Ladies.*

Arman. Yes Madam, we think *Antillacus* is gone with *Antenor.*

Ordel. But can they overtake him time enough before he reaches *Cleonel?*

Gillon. No doubt they may.

{*Enter to them* Antillacus, *and* Antenor.}

Ordel. Not yet gone *Antillacus?*

Antil Madam, all the Court-Gates are by the Emperours expreſs command lock'd up, and Guards ſet that no man now can paſſe.

Ordel. Is it not madneſſe to hazzard him alone againſt *Cleonel* and his company? My Lords, do you mean to give obedience to this raſh command? and ſuffer *Phillocles* to periſh thus, when my Fathers anger is allay'd, he'l curſe your modeſty, if not puniſh it, in caſe my Brother do miſcarry.

Anti

Anti. Madam, we have no way to follow the Prince, unleſs your ſelf command the Guards to let us paſſe.

Ordel. Come then with me; I will ſtand my Fathers anger when it goes higheſt, rather then let my Brother fall thus neglected.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

<*Enter* Phillocles.>

Philo. Thoſe at the Caſtle do not hear of *Cleonel*, nor expect him there; ſure *Antillacus* did miſtake them, or I him, which way now to take I know not: — Tis ſtrange *Antillacus* and *Antenor* ſtay ſo long, I muſt not quit this Road untill they come: — Hark I hear Men and Horſes within the Wood; my buſineſs is to ſearch every where: Love guide me to her Reſcue, or my Death.

[*Exit* Phillocles.

{*Enter* Cleonel, *leading* Selindra, *followed by four Servants.*}

Cleo. How is it now Madam? your Spirits ſeem to be return'd, are you yet ſtrong enough to ride on? we have reſted long.

Selin. I hope I am, 'twas the blow which the bough gave my head, makes me thus ill, the buſhes kept me from the ground, ſo that my fall could not hurt me.

Cleo. The day is far ſpent Madam, and we ſhall be no ſooner miſt, then follow'd; pray let us to horſe, there is a place near, where we may reſt for one night ſecure.

Selin. My head grows diſzey with this little motion, I fear I cannot ſit upon my Horſe yet; — methinks you might hide me here in theſe thick buſhes untill night, and when tis dark, find ſome better means to carry me away.

Cleo. 'Twill not be ſafe to ſtay longer ſo near our Enemies.

< *Enter* Phillocles. >

Phil. 'Tis *Cleonel*; — turn this way Traytor.

< Cleonel *holds up* Selindra, *and ſends his Men to* Phillocles.

Cleo. Take the Prince without harm if you can.

Phil. Am I not worthy thy own Sword Raviſher.

[*They Fight.*]

< Phillocles *runs deſparatly among the men, paſſes them, and comes up to* Cleonel, *they all incompaſs him, fighting,* Selindra *runs amongſt them.*

Selin. I beg your patience Sir; — and do command thine *Cleonel*, but hear me ſpeak, I do conjure you both; — *Phillocles* brave Prince, look on me with pitty, and on *Cleonel* with juſtice; my life being ſought ſeveral wayes by *Laſcares*, and

and *Cecropius* I have endeavour'd to preſerve by flight; you muſt therefore look on *Cleonel* as truſted, and imployed by me, being ingaged by Oath to carry me to *Belgrade*, to my Friends there.

Phil. Thou art betray'd *Selindra*, loſt for ever; this is not the way to *Belgrade*, you are now within a mile of his Caſtle, this way leads to no other place; —— thou perfidious Villain, canſt thou ſmile at ſuch a treachery?

Cleo. Yes *Phillocles*, and will be my own carver now, I muſt be firſt ſerv'd here: —— do you two carry her to Horſe, I'le ſoon o're-take you.

He delivers Selindra *to two off his Men.*

Selin. To Horſe *Cleonel*; —— I'le rather dye then ſtir a foot that way.

Cleo. Force her to Horſe, we have no time to talk.

Phil. Force her! thou curſed ſlave, I'le Sacrifice thee ere ſhe goes.

Cleonel *and his two Men fight with* Phillocles *while the other two force off* Selindra: ——

Selin. The gods preſerve the Prince; help, help, murther, treaſon, treaſon: ——

[*Exeunt with* Selindra.

{Upon her cryes, enter six Travetors, Pollider the Chief.}

Polli. Let some help those that cry, let others search the wood, I'le towards the clashing Swords: —— how's this three to one.

{Pollider *runs at* Cleonel *and diverts him, just as* Phillocles *had kill'd one man, at which instant the other man hurts* Phillocles *in the back, and seeing this rescue, he runs into the Wood;* Phillocles *runs after him that fled, believing it had been* Cleonel, *whom he could not see, because* Pollider *having run* Cleonel *through the heart, was fallen himself upon him, who being by* Cleonel *run into the throat, lay also as dead covering* Cleonel.}

{*Enter to them the rest of the Travetors, with* Selindra *very weak, who when they see* Pollider *dead, do let* Selindra *fall, who lies on the ground while they take up* Pollider, *and dress his wounds.*}

Tene. Curs'd be that Woman, accurs'd our fate to loose our Prince thus.

{*They dress him as they talk.*}

Teckuor.

Teck. Now the blood issues at the wound, it may prove not mortal.

Titi. The blood only choak'd him as he lay, you see his eyes look chearfully.

Tene. Ye Gods, if any do take care of *Hungary*, [*Kneels.*
look down on *Pollinesso*, and restore him to us.

Selin. What's that he said? —— was it *Pollinesso* that he named?
[*She looks up.*

Titius. The King will live, thanks to heaven for his deliverance.

Selin. They call him King too; *Pollinesso*'s name { *Selindra creeps to look on the hurt man, as they dress him.*
gives me Strength; —— but that face is none of mine, and yet that name makes that face Lovely to me; —— How I fool my self with vain hopes of what cannot be.
[*She lyes down sadly.*

Tene. How is it Sir, your looks are lively, and your wound though it did at first seem desparate, is not very dangerous.

Polli. My tongue moves heavily and painfully, loss of blood makes me faint too; —— how shall I travel with these wounds? —— my stay here will be very dangerous, and my Journey to *Belgrade*, too long for one so weak as I am.

Tene. The same gods that have preserv'd you to this day, will not let you fall thus.
[*He faints and slumbers.*

Selin. They talk of *Belgrade* too; who can this

be? — give me way that I may gaze on this wonder.

She rises, crowds in amongst them, and stares on Pollider.

Tene. Away wild Woman, thou Author of this mischief.

Selin. He looks up again, those eyes are mine, I know 'um now. [*She offers to Embrace him.*

Tene. Throw her off, tear her away, she disturbs him, sure she is mad.

[*They pull her from him.*

Selin. Tis you are mad, tis you that love him not; why do you haile me thus? whither will you dragg me? did you not call him *Polinesso?*

Titi. Yes.

Selid King *Polinesso.*

Titi I think we did.

Selin. That name is mine, those wounds are mine then.

She offers to go to him, but they hold her off.

Titi. I wish they were.

Selin. And so do I with all my heart, pray let me go to him, I can heal him with my tears; — I'le suck his wounds well, for I have heard wounds have been cur'd so.

Tene. How comes his name in her mouth?

Teck. Twas not well done of us to name him as we did, best to strangle her, least she discover us.

Titi. Shall I shoot her in the head? though the Act be horrid, tis better she perish, then all we.

Tec. Let us first hear what she will say to him, we

we shall have time enough to kill her after.

Selin. I pray who are all you?

Titi. Tis very fit indeed that we should tell you.

Tene. We are the hurt mans servants Lady, pray who are you? by whom we have receiv'd such dammage.

Selin. If my eyes deceive me not, I may be happy; but am yet the most miserable, accurs'd Woman living.

Titi I think so too: ——

Polli. What Woman is that weeps so?

Tene Tis she you rescued Sir.

Polli. Did I rescue her? —— loss of blood makes my eyes dazzle, and my fancy work even to a lightness; that face brings to my memory somthing that I have known: —— why does she weep? and why do you hold her so rudely *Tenedor*?

{Pollidor *and* Selindra *both look earnestly at each other.*

Selin. In charity to me Sir, though they know it not, for had they sooner let me know that *Pollinesso* liv'd, my suddain joy had slain me.

Polli. What is this she sayes?

Titi She is a Witch Sir I think.

Selin. Does not my Brother know me yet? has my sorrows wrought such a change, that *Pollinesso* should not know me?

Polli. Oh! my *Astella*, pardon my dull sight; — for I am very weak.

[*He faints.*

Selin. Would I had dyed, rather then be rescued at this rate, so joyful, and so sad a day I have not seen before.

Teck.

Teck. He does but ſlumber Madam, and tis good he ſhould do ſo.

Selin. But ſlumber ſay you, it looks ſo like death, that I would dye to ſee it.

Tene. Madam, the Joy will out-live the ſorrow of this day, the Prince's hurt is without danger; —— can your goodneſs pardon the rudeneſs which my ſelf, and theſe Lords in our diſtraction, uſed you with?

Selin. Alas my Lord, I was not ſenſible of what you did, my mind was ſo o're-loaden with my griefs, and ſo intent on *Pollineſſo*, that I heard you not; Now while my Brother takes this reſt, pray make me know how he eſcaped, when my Father and *Barzanes* fell, and why he has been thus long conceal'd.

Tene. Madam, in that ſad day, *Pollineſſo* in vain attempting to ſave his Father, was with my ſelf, and theſe you ſee here, caſt on a ſandy bank, from whence by good ſwimming we got to ſhoar, and have been ſince diſguiſed for fear of *Laſcares*, in ſeveral Princes Courts ſoliciting for aid, to force the *Grecians* to quit their ſtollen poſſeſſion of *Hungary*; when in the midſt of *Pollineſſo*'s preparation, he hears that *Phillocles* had reſign'd the Crown to be preſerv'd for you; This made us lay aſide all further preparation for War, and thus diſguis'd to paſs this way to *Belgrade*: It ſeems by deſtiny directed to your reſcue.

Selin. I ſhall find ſome fitter time for my own ſtory, twere good that we removed my Brother— he walks —— how are you Sir, has this repoſe refreſht you?

Polli.

Polli. I am something better then I was *Astella*, and shall soon be well, now I may look on thee.

Sel. And I most happy! my brother you must give us leave to remove you to some place of rest, and safety, and you must be still conceal'd; which these new wounds, with your Perriwig will be disguise enough.

Pol. I shall be directed by you.

Sel. You must also a little counterfeit your voice, least you be remember'd by it; for should *Lascares* know who were in his power, all his hopes of *Hungarie* would vanish untill he saw you dead; I am call'd *Selindra* here.

Pol. Who were those Robbers? and how came you amongst them?

Selin. 'Twas *Cleonell*, who did beguile me, after he had sworn to carry me to *Belgrade*, was conveying me to his own Castle.

Pol. Was not *Cleonell Cecropin*'s son? and will not his death, be our ruine if we stay here?

Sel. My intereſt in the Princeſs *Ordella*, will ſecure you, and his guilt was ſuch a crime, as can expect no juſtice from the law to touch you; beſides the reſcue you brought the Prince, will merit a reward, —— but where is *Phillocles*? where is the Prince! we are all loſt indeed, if he be falln; I have been ſo much diſtracted, that I miſt him not till now!

Tecknor, What Prince mean you Madam?

Sel. Prince *Phillocles*! 'twas he my brother reſcued; run, look, ſearch about the Wood, for heaven ſake ſearch; —— unfortunate *Astella*, and unworthy, that could thus long forget him; now

Pollineſſo

Pollinesso lives, I have no hate to *Phillocles*; me thinks his vertues now look gloriously upon him —— but how shall I look on *Ordella*? if her beloved brother have lost his life, to save my honour!

Pol. Was it *Phillocles* that I found fighting with *Cleonell* and his two men?

Selin. 'Twas he.

Pol. 'Tis strange I knew him not, but I now remember as I came in, he did persue the man that fled into the wood, —— (let some look that way) *Selindra* I must glory in my wounds, that have sav'd thee from false *Cleonell*, and relieved *Phillocles*, who my soul thirsts to see, next thy self most dear to me.

Sel. And mine trembles at his absence.

Enter Phillocles *bloody, and weary, leaning on his sword; he calls before he is seen to Enter.*

Phil. Selindra, Selindra, is *Selindra* safe? —— has she any mercy yet for *Phillocles*?

Selin. She is safe and happy too, now she sees you alive sir; my heart is so much disturb'd by

< *She goes kindly to him.* >

my fears and joyes, that I know not how to express my gratitude: good sir, let these strangers dress your Wounds, they have shewed much skill on this hurt man.

Phil. My Wounds are but slight scratches when

Selindra

Selindra smiles; my joyes are much more dangerous then my Wounds.

Selin. My life Sir, and my honour you have saved, I must look on you with devotion! pray be pleas'd to own these our Redeemers, and give them some assurance of your Protection, they fear *Cleonel's* death may, by *Cecropiu's* power with the Emperour, prove their destruction.

Phillo. I will be their security, *Selindras* Redeemers shall command my Life; of what Country are they?

Tene. Hungarians Sir, Men that since the late War have sought Fortunes in Forraign Lands, and now on private Affairs were returning home.

{Selindra *brings* Phillocles *to* Pollidor.

Phillo. Unto you Sir, I have a great Obligation, such as my whole Life shall express my Zeale to serve you, for by you *Selindra* lives.

Polli. Sir, I am rewarded much above my merrit, and shall bless the occasion that gave me power to serve you.

{*Enter* Antillacus} {*and* Antenor. }

Antilla. Sir, the Emperours much inraged at *Cecropiu's* hurt you gave him, and at your departure, staid us till now; —— Is this *Cleonels*, or your own blood Sir?

Phillo. Tis neither, *Cleonel* fell by that Noble hand, whose timely ayd deliver'd *Selindra* from a Rape,

Rape, and me from death; My Arme *Antillacus* is grown weak of late, and thy good Sword so dull it will do nothing in my hand.

Ante. But Sir, how comes it that you thus neglect your wounds?

Phillo. I have business of more weight to thi on, now *Selindra* smiles: —— *Antenor* pray h you back unto *Ordella*, and desire her to be first relater of *Cleonels* death; bid her tell my F ther of his horrid Treachery, and let her magni these strangers sent by the gods to save the inn cent, and to chastise the perjur'd Ravisher; ma haste *Antenor*, and tell *Ordella* that I am in Pa dice.

Ante. She will be glad to hear that you are w Sir.

Phillo. Well *Antenor*, why thou art well, and is he, and he, we are all well; But I am blest wi all my heart can wish for; tell my Sister the ge tle and the fair *Selindra* smiles, and let her thi the rest; —— I am all Ayre, *Antillacus* pray th

< *Exit* Antenor. >

help me to rub my wounds, a little smart may l me know that I am mortal.

Antil. If I mistake not Sir, you'l finde smar enough in your Fathers rage, when he hears *Cleonels* death.

Phil. Some anger will do well *Antillacus*, to all this joy within me.

Selin. I have some fears too, least *Cecropia's* m lice may ruine us, you know his power Sir.

Phil. Let not my Divinest Mistris have so me

a thought of my power to serve her, let not a sad look appear on this day, that you have dain'd to smile on *Phillocles:* Madam, tis time that we were moving towards the Town with our wounded friend; how must I call him?

Selin. I think they call him *Pollidor*; Sir, though my confidence in you be equal to the value you are pleas'd to set on me, I cannot chuse but fear *Lascare*'s anger, when I think on *Cleonel.*

Phil. Believe me *Selindra*, I will rather dye, then let them suffer.

He leads off Selindra, *the rest take up* Pollidor.

Phil. *Thus let us march in Triumph to the Town,*
Aloud proclaiming Pollidor's *Renown;*
While the Arched Heaven does Eccho its content,
To see Selindra *freed from Ravishment.*

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

THE

The Fourth Act.

{*Enter* Lascares, Ordella, Cecropius, Antenor, *and Servants.*}

Cecro. Sir, I beg the due Execution of our Laws on Murderers.

Ordel. And I Sir, beg mercy for those that have sav'd my Brothers life.

Lascares. I may not hearken to thy suit *Ordella*, the Lawes must be inviolable, to pardon such a Murther, would pull down Vengeance on my own head, on thine too, on all our Family.

[*She weeps.*

Cecro. When you remember *Cleonells* faith, and his many services, I hope Sir you will not deny me Justice.

Las. Cecropius you shall have Justice; —— go you *Antenor*, and command the Provost of the City that he seize *Selindra*, and her fellow-Murtherers, let them be all close Prisoners in the black Tower; by to morrow this time, shall their bloods be shed, as they shed *Cleonells*.

Ordel. Did you say *Selindra* should be Prisoner Sir.

Las. I did.

Ordel.

Ordel. Good Sir, call back *Antenor* till you have heard me ſpeak.

Laſ. I may not *Ordella*.

Ordel. Who can forbid you to be Merciful, and Juſt? you break the Laws of Hoſpitality in this; *Selindra* is a ſtranger, ſhe is innocent, and cannot ſuffer juſtly; *Cleonel* was full of horrid guilt, and was cut off by a juſt hand; —— the Travellers too have ſaved *Phillocles* his life; good Sir, let not *Cecropius* malice perſwade you to do, what you will bluſh to think on after.

Laſ. They ſhall have Juſtice, and a Legal Tryall.

Ordel. Oh Sir! where is your wonted mercy? whither is that goodneſs fled? how have I loſt your favour, that cannot with my Tears, nor Prayers prevail on your miſtaken anger.

{ *Enter* Phillocles, Antillacus *and* Armanthus. }

Phil. Is it your Majeſties Command that *Selindra* ſhould be a Priſoner?

Laſ. Muſt I aske your leave?

Phil. Though not my leave Sir, I cannot chuſe but wonder at ſuch rigour!

Laſ. You have leave to wonder on.

Phil. Thus low Sir, I do humbly beg *Selindra*'s

< *He kneeles.* >

Inlargement, and an equal Tryal for thoſe that reſcued us; ——

Laſ. *Selindra* as chief acceſſary, muſt abide the

Sentence of the Law, in this case of *Cleonel*: —— *Philocles* thy mean Love has drown'd all my Favours, and Eclip'st all thy former actions; from this time I shall study to forget thee, unless thou wilt forget *Selindra*, and Lead the Army to relieve *Astella*.

Phil. I shall obey you Sir in this, and all things else, so you will be pleas'd to send *Selindra* safe to *Cyprus*, and see those innocent men free that sav'd my life.

Las. Degenerate fool, I shall cure this disease in thee; *Cecropius* send presently for the Judges, Command them by virtue of this my Signet, to put the Lawes in present Execution, upon thy Sons Murtherers; let the rigour of the Law pass on them all.

Phil. Ye Gods, to what purpose are men innocent? why is virtue prays'd, and taught us? — Good Sir, consider how you do murther these innocents with a shew of Law, and a pretence of Justice.

Las. How dare you talk thus?

Phil. You make me desperate Sir.

Las. Do not raise my temper higher, least I cut thee off, as if thou wer't no part of me; —— they shall dye.

Phil. Had the Gods so pleas'd, I wish my self the meanest of your Subjects, for I am now a slave unto your passions, and must inherit the curse that's due to all your guilts, such as I shake to think on; 'Tis you Sir, that have murthered *Cleonel*, 'twas your poyson that *Selindra* fled from, by your confining me, you gave *Cecropius* first, and

Cleon

Cleonel next the power to become Ravishers; pray let the Law take notice of this; —— It may free innocent persons.

Las. Who am I tro? Is this Gallant my Son, or my Soveraigne?

Phil. Sir I do see fire, and fury in your eyes, and am prepar'd to meet it, 'tis better to dye with those are Noble, then to live thus neglected; by my hand two of *Cleonells* men fell, 'tis I am guilty of that sin of rescuing *Selindra* from a Rape: let your Justice and your Lawes grow famous by my blood, 'twill please *Cecropius* well; by all our Gods I'le not out-live those innocents.

Las. Tis fit to take thee at thy word.

{Lascares *Draws and Runs at* Phillocles *to kill him,* Ordella *steps between.*

Phil. It will become your own hand best.

Ordel. Have you another Son Sir, when you have slain my Brother?

[Phillocles *is going out.*

Las. *Antenor* call in my Guard, and carry *Phillocles* to the New Castle; see that he be safe, and close there, as you will answer it with your life; —— I shall not trust you in the Army now Sir.

Ordel. Pray Sir re-call this severe command, my Brother has no danger in him, you saw he did not avoid death, when your hand offer'd it.

Las. *Antenor*, I will be obeyed; —— by Heaven

< *Here all Intercede.* >

he dyes that dares dispute my Will.

Phil. If I go to Prison *Selindra* dyes, there is

[*Speaks aside.*

none can help her, and then I shall have time hereafter to lament her sad fate; Sir, I aske your

[*He Kneeles.*

pardon for the harsh words I utter'd, I did believe those truths might touch you, and move compassion towards those you threaten so much rigour too: but I now see your anger has decreed them dead, and that you have the same thought for me; my last sute is, that since we may not live, we may dye together: I shall submit to any kind of Death Sir; But I have vowed to be no more confin'd.

Las. You of the Guard seize on him.

As the Guard come toward him he draws.

Phil. Against Imprisonment I shall endeavour what I can; command my death Sir, and I will welcome it.

Las. Kill him; — Kill the Traytor; — dares none stir to do it? Is my breath grown so weak? I'le try my own strength then.

Lascare

{ Lascares *snatches a Partizan from one of the Guard, and wounds* Phillocles *in the breast slightly,* Phillocles *holding down his Sword opens his arms and receives the wound; they search his wound set him in a Chair, while* Lascares *stands amaz'd at what he had done.* }

Ordel. Oh, my Brother's slain! how cruel, and unnatural a deed is this?

{ *Enter* Cecropius. }

Cecro. The Surgeons say the Chief Prisoner will not Live till Morning; I beg Sir, that the Sentence may pass on the rest.

{ Lascares *gives* Cecropius *no answer, only points to* Phillocles, *lets fall the Partizan till then in his hand, and* exit *with* Cecropius. }

Antil. 'Twas well the Emperours age did not permit his force to act his will, the wound has not past the bone Madam, 'tis but a slight cut in the flesh.

Arman. 'Tis time that you hasten to the Army, for while *Cecropius* holds his power, you can not be safe here.

Ordel. He advises well Brother, untill my Father be dispossest of this evil spirit that reignes in him, I wish you away too.

Phil. I think it must be so; the Souldiers I hope have not forgot their love to me; —— My Dear Sister, pray will you o're-take my Father least in this fit he slay all our Friends; say that *Selindra* did fly willingly with *Cleonel*, and that she regards not my Love, say any thing to gain alittle time, untill I may do something to relieve them.

Ordel. I shall do my best: ——

[Ordella *at the door meets* Lascares *with* Selindra *in his hand, and* Pollidor *led in, he delivers* Selindra *to* Ordella, *and points to them to set* Pollidor *by* Phillocles, *then goes out with* Cecropius *and Servants.*]

Ordel. What means my Father, by this dumb shew.

Polli. Where are we now *Tenedor?*

Tene. Truly Sir, I know not, but I see Friends here.

Polli. Who are they?

Tene. Those that brought you in were the Emperour, and *Cecropius*; you know Prince *Phillocles* that whispers with *Selindra*, that other sure is the Princess *Ordella.*

Polli Is that the Princess *Ordella?*

Phil. Your presence Madam gives me strength, and

and your kind looks give life unto my drooping spirits.

Selin. How miserable am I Sir, that am the occasion of all these evils.

Phil. Your own sufferings are the onely evils to be lamented, I could curse my self, that brings such troubles on you; —— but Madam we forget to comfort this Gallant man, by whose sword we enjoy our lives: —— Sir can you pardon me that undertook so much, and can so little serve you?

Polli. It was an injury Sir, to think I would receive my life, ransom'd by your death.

Phillo. By my wound *Pollidor*, I have appeas'd my Fathers Rage; by thy Wounds *Selindra* Lives, and through all these Clouds I see the Tempest ceasing; —— cannot *Selindra* speak to him?

Selin. I have a heart as full of Gratitude as yours Sir, but not yet any means to shew it; I shall make it my business to serve him.

Phillo. Has my Dear Sister no complement for *Pollidor*? by whose valour she enjoyes *Selindra* and me.

Ordel. Yes *Phillocles*, I am studying how to expresse it, for you two have left nothing for me to say: Sir I can only thank you o're again for my Brothers, and my Friends preservation, by which you have obliged me, and the whole Empire, and do deserve some publique Honour, and High Recompence.

Pol. What honour, or what recompence can outweigh this you now heap on me? Madam, if what I have done, be a service that you will own, I have

no wish beyond it; I shall ever on this day keep a solemn Feast unto the Gods, that did direct my course that way, and gave me power to become as happy here, as in *Elizium*

Phil. Let those Lodgings next to mine be made ready for *Pollidor*, I will not trust him farther from me; — *Antillacus*, go you with as little noyse as may be to the Army, and let the Souldiers know that I will suddainly be with them; — some take up *Pollidor*.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

{*Enter* Lascares} {*and* Cecropius.}

Cecro. 'Twas not revenge, for *Cleonel* made me press your Majesty to do Justice on his Murtherers, but to cut off *Selindra*, by which *Phillocles* might have no hindrance to gain *Astella*; — But Sir, since you have freed the Prisoner, and are content the Prince shall marry *Selindra*, I have done; if you Sir, can lay by all thoughts of *Astella*, and that Crown, I shall soon forget a private losse.

Las. I must laugh *Cecropius* to see how thou art abus'd by my feigned shew of kindness, which I only did to heal the wound I gave; had I another Son, by whom I might gain *Hungary*, *Phillocles* had found my Force answerable to my Anger; but I confesse I did relent upon a suddain thought, which made me strike so feebly at him, for now to loose *Phillocles*, were to throw *Hungary* away, and to destroy *Selindra*, were by another kind of stroak to destroy *Phillocles*.

Cecro.

Cecro. What other way have you Sir, that I cannot yet fancy.

Laſ A ſure one *Cecropius*, a way that cannot fayle, I will give looſe reines to my Sons Love, let him run on, and Joy in his Beloved *Selindra*, whoſe ſweets once had, and his young Appetite allayed (as moſt violent paſſions ſooneſt are) then 'twill be beſt to take away *Selindra* by a poyſon; then it may be done without ſuſpition, while I urge on the Marriage, joyne in all the Nuptial Jollities, and put on ſuch pleaſing looks, as ſhall make thee doubt my purpoſe, though thou knoweſt my heart.

Cecro I ſee not yet how this can get *Aſtella*, or that Crown.

Laſ. Thou art grown ſo dull of late, that thou ſeeſt nothing; while this joy laſts, *Aſtella* may be found, and then *Selindra* dying, what can hinder *Phillocles* from getting *Aſtella*?

Cecro. I do ſubmit Sir, and muſt applaud your purpoſe, tis a deſign I do confeſs much above my reach, and the firſt miſchief I have come ſhort in.

[*Exeunt Ambo.*

Pollidor *ſeen as in his Chamber, Enter to him* Phillocles *and* Ordella *and* Selindra, *the ſervants go off.*

Phil. You look chearfully to day *Pollidor*, we may hope to ſee you abroad ſhortly.

Polli. I believe I might venture now Sir, though my

my Surgeons be not of my mind; but Sir, how do you find the good old Emperour disposd?

Phil. I like not my Fathers smiles *Pollidor*, his suddain starts into such extreams, makes me apprehend more danger in his kindness, then his rage; so that to prevent all further evils, I have a purpose to repair unto the Army; and tis *Ordella*'s wish as well as mine, that *Selindra* would trust her self with me there.

Polli. That may secure you both, but will not *Selindra*'s Honour suffer?

Ordel. Now that *Selindra*'s intereſt, and his are become one, I see no reason she should fear to go, nor indeed any scruple why their Marriage may not be privatly, and presently dispatch'd, for while the business lingers thus, they give hopes to such Endeavours as would divert it, and do run daily hazzards, by staying here.

Phillo. *Ordella* argues what my soul wishes, but *Selindra*'s looks, do not consent to make me so soon happy.

Selin. Sir, my looks do be-lye my heart, if they shew ought that would delay a happiness to you, for I have none beyond yours: —— But Sir, above all other reasons, *Pollidor* (not being yet able to attend you) if he be left behind, will hardly escape *Cecropius*'s fury?

Phil. Most true *Selindra*, he will be in danger, I shall therefore attend his recovery; without him I will not move; nor will I put a thought in act without thy Councel.

Ordel. You have both said well, but in my Judgement this is no fit time for such Complements,

plements, when your lives are daily sought.

Poll. If you be resolv'd to attend my recovery, I shall propose a sudden fancy of mine, to that purpose, which may secure us.

Phill. Speak it *Pollidor.*

Pollidor. Suppose *Selindra* do ask the Princess leave to return to *Cyprus*, and give out that she onely expects her Fathers coming to convey her thither.—— Sir, you may court *Selindra* publickly while she stays, and she seem to neglect your love, and put on a shew of kindness unto me, as in gratitude for my hazzards in her redemption, I will also counterfeit affection to *Selindra*, and give out that I am of better quality then I seem: This Sir, if well manag'd, will be ground enough to deceive their best Spies, and for some time secure us all.

Phillocles. I approve your thought *Pollidor*, and if *Selindra* can undertake her part, doubt not me, I'le put on such a seeming jealousie, as shall puzzle the old Fox *Cecropius* himself.

Selindra I shall easily observe my directions, and soon learn to be civil to a man I owe so much to!

Phillocles. Come *Ordella*, while they practise love, we will reconcile us to the Emperour, and try to bring him on a present visit to *Pollidor*, before this fit of his good nature leave him.

Ordella. *Selindra* we must find you fitting in a more familiar way with *Pollidor* then ordinary conversation does allow.

[*Exeunt* Phillocles *and* Ordella.

Selindra. I shall obey you Madam:—Now they

are

are gone, we may enjoy our ſelves, this happy deſign of yours, will afford us many hours of freedome.

Pollidor. My ſoul is joyed to look on thee *Aſtella*!

Selindra. And my happineſs too great to be expreſt by words! that you live, makes this Earth a Paradice to me; my heart can ſcarce make room for *Phillocles*, it is ſo full of Poſſeſſo!

Pollidor. I am all thine *Aſtella*.

[*She embraces him.*

Enter to them Tenedor, Tecknor, *and others.*

Tenedor It is time Sir, that you retir'd to reſt, you ſpend your ſpirits by ſo much diſcourſe, which does retard your cure.

Tecknor You ſhould neglect no means Sir, for your recovery, leaſt by a long ſtay here, ſome accident unlook'd for, may make you known.

Tenedor. I wonder *Phillocles* does not call to mind that he has ſeen you.

Pollidor. He believes me dead, as all others do; but I ſhall obſerve the beſt Rules for my recovery however: — Now *Aſtella* we have time to hear how you were conveyed from *Belgrade*, pray make me know how you came hither!

Selindra. That ſame night that you departed to the Army, and our firſt Embaſſadors went towards *Greece*, to implore *Laſcares*'s aid againſt the *Germanes*, I was by my Fathers own hand deliver'd

ver'd unto *Periander*, whom I was to call Father; and by him was brought to *Cipres*, where the Plague then raging, he transports me with his family to this Town.

Pollidor. How came you into the Court then?

Selindra. On the first Feast-day, I went with *Periander* to the Temple, that I might see the Emperour, and the Princess *Ordella*, where the Princess casting her eyes on me, found mine so fixed on her, that I could not remove them, but blush'd, and still look'd on her: by what power led I know not, but she took a fancie to have me live with her, which *Periander* durst shew no dislike to: thus was I to my great joy call'd to Court, where I became a Companion to the Princess: within a short time *Cleonel* had affection for me, which did not free me from old *Cecropius* dotage: of which, with Prince *Phillocles* his worthy love, you shall know hereafter, for I have now held you too long from your repose.

Pollidor. Deerest *Astella* thy words are balsome to my wounds;

[*Exeunt Lords.*

{Pollidor *and* Selindra *embrace.*

{*Enter* Lascares, Phillocles, Ordella, Cecropius, *and train, and see them embracing.*

Phillocles. Your Majesty will not think this honour too much for *Pollidor*, when you shall know

he

he is of better quality then he seems; ——ha! what do I see?

{*They embrace and rise disturb'd.*

Lascares. That which should teach thee to have nobler thoughts *Phillocles.*

Phillocles. How they are disturb'd!

Ordel. They do it rarely well.

[*aside.*

Lascares. Sir, I am now come to excuse the imprisonment you had, and to give you thanks for my sons life; I shall rather endeavour to recompence your merit, then trouble you with words.

Poll. Great Sir, this honour, with the many other favours I receiv'd, do shame me to think that you allow me a merit I cannot own; but if the Gods do give me life, my only business shall be to seek occasions to serve you and yours.

Lascar. I shall contribute what I can to your health, and will please my self with the expectation of great things from you.

{*While they talk*, Lascares *observes* Phillocles *courting* Selindra, *and she neglecting him*; Lascares *observes* Poliidor *to be troubled at their Courtship, and is pleased at it.*

Poll. Sir, you oblige me beyond words to utter my sense of your favours.

Lascar. My purpose is to give you a kind welcome

come, and a respect suitable to your worth, and quality: —— [*He goes to* Selindra.

fair Maid, I know not well how to frame my discourse to you, whom I have so ill treated: but I shall no more disturb your joys, I do now make it my suit, that you will defer your return to *Cipres*, I shall lay my Commands on *Ordella*, to deny you her consent to go.

Selind. Sir, the favours and honours I have received here, are far beyond the ills you mention; and my happiness such in the Princess *Ordella's* love, that I lament the thoughts of my departure; but when I consider the mischiefs past, and foresee worse like to follow, 'twere madness not to fly them; when my father is return'd, I shall renew my suit to have the Princess leave to leave this place, and until then make it my care to tend this hurt man, my redeemer! to whom I owe my life and honour!

Lascar. Selindra if I can add any thing unto thy happiness, I shall do it gladly, for thou art something more then I have ever found in woman.

[*Exeunt* Lascares *and* Cecropius.

Philloc. What thanks do we owe *Pollidor* for this disguise! it takes *Ordella* beyond our hopes; did you observe how my father eyed us, while he talked to *Pollidor?*

Ordella. Yes, and do believe *Cecropius* and he are gone to compare their notes, for that Fox was very vigilant.

Phill. Selindra let us enjoy this blest minute.

{Phillocles *leads* Selindra *to the Couch, and* Ordella *sits by* Pollidor. *Phill.*

Ord. Sir, While the two Lovers whisper, pray oblige me with the knowledge of the occasion of your coming into these parts, by which we have received so great an obligation; and if you please to pass this time with the relation of your own story, unless with your self you would conceal it.

Poll. Madam, My story is not worthy your cares, nor my self this honour: —— yet I have a story, ——such as will make me blush to utter, though no crime do belong to it: —— nor am I what I seem, and yet not fit to appear other, ——but, Madam, your commands are too high honours to be neglected, my own resolutions shall give way, and my nearest Concerns submit to your will.

Ord. I perceive you are disturb'd at my curiosity, to know what I believe you would conceal; it may be you have vowed not to discover; truly Sir, for want of what to say, I onely said it.

Poll. Madam, I was surpriz'd by your approach, which made my tongue appear less ready then my heart to obey you; your commands, Madam, are sufficient to dissolve any vows of mine, and since you will vouchsafe to hear, I shall relate.

{Phillocles *and* Selindra *come to them.*

Phil. How are you Sir, Methinks your eyes do shew some anguish in your wounds, do we not trouble you?

Here

Here Phillocles *and* Selindra *interrupt* Pollidor, *which puts him into some passion, for he now began to love* Ordella.

Ord. We have done ill to stay thus long, *Selindra* 'tis your fault, you should have directed better.

Poll. No, Madam, my hour to rest is not so precisely to be kept, nor have I any pains upon me, as the Prince thinks; my wounds heal the faster for your company.

Ord. You are civil Sir.

Poll. Madam, the Prince's kindness, and his care is not at this time necessary: —— pray Sir, if your occasions call you not, do not take your self away thus hastily.

Phill. Pollidor we know your civillity is great, our discretion must not be the less, I see you are disturb'd, and know your pains are great upon you; make no reply, we'l visit you again suddenly; come *Ordella*, let us leave *Selindra* to her charge; good rest unto my friend, all joys unto my Mistress.

Exeunt Phillocles *and* Ordella.

Poll. Beshrew your kindness at this time——how like *Tantalus* was I?

Selind. What mean you by this passion brother? shall I call the Surgeons?

Poll. No *Selindra*, they have no skill in my disease.

Selind. You talk, and look, as if you wanted sleep, pray retire to rest.

Poll. Rest *Selindra*! where can I find rest? *Philocles* has taken all rest from me! did you not observe how the Princess sat down by me? and how she threw her favours on me! when in the height of all my joy, your approach destroyed me.

Selind. If this be all, I must smile to hear you sigh brother.

Poll. All *Selindra!* doest thou mock me? are thy own flames so weak? thou smilest at mine!

Selind. I cannot chuse but smile when I rejoyce to see my wishes fall so fast upon me: you love the Princess, and she will love you, she must, she shall, nay, I doubt she does already! and have some fear the work will be too easie, if I undertake it.

Poll. Now thou mockest me more then thou didst before! prithee *Selindra* be serious, and do not play with what torments me.

Selind. What can be more serious? then to make a marriage between so great a Princess, and the King of *Hungary*? pray where can she make a better choice? or who can better plead your suit then I? Look to your wounds brother, leave this affair to me. [*Exit.*

Poll. My best wishes do attend thee, she has rais'd in me such doubtful hopes, that they begin to vanish with her, and such fears to lose what I never had, do throng so fast upon me, that on the sudden I am orewhelm'd,

With doubts, with joys, with fears, so strangely mixt
My heart is Hell, until my hopes be fixt.

The

The Fifth Act.

{*Enter* Selindra, *penſive* Cecro-} {pius *meets her.*}

Cecro. GOod day unto the bright *Selindra!*

Selind. May your Lordſhip find many ſuch.

[*She is going out.*

Cecro. Why do you fly me, Madam? I come in diligence to make known to you, what concerns you more then any other buſineſs can, towards which you make ſuch haſte from me.

Selind. I fled not from your Lordſhip, nor did I perceive that you had ought to ſay to me; what is your pleaſure now?

Cecro. My buſineſs is to preſerve you from a certain ruine, and to ſet you above the reach of miſchief, as high in honour, as you are in beauty, and in vertue.

Selind. I were much unworthy ſuch a favour, and not Miſtreſs of any virtue, if I ſhould not return a befitting gratitude;

Cecro. Know then *Selindra*, you are deſign'd unto your grave; your wedding robe will prove your winding ſheet, if I prevent it not; the Em-

perour puts on this ſhew of kindneſs, onely to deſtroy you with leſs noiſe; he does conſent that *Phillocles* by a preſent marriage, ſhould ſatisfie his appetite; after which you ſhall be poyſoned, that the Prince may have no object between him and *Aſtella:* This by all our Grecian Gods is true, and this I have conſented to.

Selind. Can there be ſuch a wickedneſs 'mongſt men!

Cecro. Can you doubt it, that have ſeen ſo much? or can you think *Laſcares* will conſider ſuch a life as yours, when it does interpoſe between the Crown of *Hungary* and him?

Selind. If this be ſo, how can I avoid it? ſhall I think you will betray the Emperours truſt, to oblige me!

Cecro. Madam, if you would pleaſe to look on your faithful ſervant with equal eys, and on your dangers with judicious thoughts, you'l ſee that *Phillocles* his love brings death; ——and *Pollidor* methinks ſhould not have gain'd an intereſt where *Phillocles* pretends.

Selind. My Lord, I muſt confeſs what you have ſaid, is worthy my moſt ſerious thoughts, ——but my Lord, 'tis not fit that I treat farther in this affair, until my Father doth return; if you pleaſe to move him in it, my obedience ſhall follow his will.

Cecro. Of his conſent I make no doubt, my beſt Miſtreſs.

She ſuffers him to kiſs her hand.

Selind.

Selind. But how can you ſecure your ſelf, and me from *Phillocles?* will not his rage raiſe a revenge as ruinous, as this you would have me fly from?

Cecro. Good Madam, let not ſo mean a thought remain with you; I have *Laſcares* Scepter in my hand, and all the Frontier Towns in my Command; the Souldiers too, ſince *Phillocles* forſook them, are become mine; if my fair Miſtreſs would by one kind look confirm my joys, it would encourage me to let her ſee at what a rate I value her.

Selind. Truly my Lord, I bluſh to think that I have ſmil'd ſo much, upon ſo ſhort acquaintance, Pray Heaven you have not a deſign to deſtroy me this way!

Cecro. Can you think I will deſtroy my ſouls onely joy? to remove all ſuch fears, I will now put my life into your hands.

Selind. How my Lord! your life?

Cecro. You have heard, Madam, how the *Hungarian* Army marches towards *Greece*, it does ſo; drawn in by me, to my aid they came, to aſſiſt me to get *Selindra*, and to ſet *Laſcares* Crown upon her head, if ſhe will deſerve it: ——we are interrupted now, ——think on me, and thou ſhalt wear this Imperial Crown, *Selindra.*

[*Exit* Cecropius

Enter Phillocles *and* *Ordella*

Phill. What has caus'd thy clouded brow *Selindra*? has that viper vext thee?

Selind. He has frighted me, and will anger us all, if he be not prevented, such horrid mischiefs he has in love to me reveal'd, as I shake to think on.

Ord. To what tune run they?

Selind. To several tunes, some to Love, some to private blood-shed, others to publick War, and in summ to ruine all that's good; ——The Emperour will permit our marriage Sir, and after poyson me, that you may have leisure to gain *Astella*; but above all, *Cecropius* treachery must be lookt to; He has call'd in the *Hungarian* Army to make me his by force: he talked of a Crown too, that I should wear, if I would comply with him, and at that word you interrupted us: good Sir, make it a little more your business to prevent these Devils, and their designs.

Phil. There is danger in this worthy our best care, *Selindra*, I see our stay here will still occasion new designs on us.

Ord. And you too late, I fear, will find my counsel good, why may not I have credit to protect *Pollidor* in your absence?

Phill. I think you may, but yet 'tis not fit to hazzard such a friend to the fury of that Monster *Cecropius*; besides *Selindra* is now engaged in honour to stay for him.

Selind.

Selind. Truly Sir, I think I am in honour bound not rashly to throw away a man that has preserv'd us both; —but Sir, when you shall consider that his wounds do now permit him to walk abroad, a few days more will get him strength to ride with us: during which time I can secure all, by dissembling a little kindness to *Cecropius*, by which I shall also discover his treaty with the *Hungarians*

Ord. Pollidor is much oblig'd to you *Selindra*, I like well this noble humour in you.

Phill. It does become her, my dear sister, it shall be my care to look after *Cecropius* now, and if necessity require, I will remove him speedily; I must leave you for some hours, *Ordella* to attend my Father; Farewel, my bright Mistress, pray let your care continue unto *Pollidor*, and let not fall your kindness to *Cecropius*, he may confess to you what no tortures can draw from him.

[*Exit* Phillocles.

Selind. It does concern me Sir.

Ord. It does indeed, *Selindra*, thy gratitude to *Pollidor* looks handsomely; methinks as he recovers health, he grows comely, he shews to me as if he were above the ordinary rank of men, I dare say he has a Noble soul.

Selind. Madam, you judge right, did you converse as I do daily with him, you should wonder at such worth; methinks I see greatness in his looks, and do observe that he holds in that lustre, with more advantage, then others shew it forth.

Ord. He is sure some great Prince disguis'd,

Selindra! and a happy man he is, that has found one that can discover his conceal'd perfections so fully.

{*Enter* Tenedor *to* Selindra.}

Tened. Madam, my Master is now awake, and begs the favour of a visit.

[*Exit* Tenedor.

Selind. I shall follow your Lordship when I have brought the Princess to her Chamber.

Ord Is he a Lord too, *Selindra?*

Selind. Did I call him Lord, Madam?

Ord. Ask when you see him next, go *Selindra*; this Ceremony to me is needless, I shall find the way alone; 'tis fitter that you attend your charge, *Polidors* wounds will not heal out of thy sight, *Selindra*; —I cannot chuse but wonder what kind of entertainment you can find for so many hours, with so great a stranger as *Pollidor*!

Selind. Sure she is jealous, and I have been too free in praising him; —*Pollidor* and I do spend more hours discoursing of *Ordella's* beauties, then of all other matters; he admires your perfections, Madam; his other wounds are slight, compar'd with those he received from your eyes: for——

{*Speaks aside.*

Ord. Hold, *Selindra*, I delight not in such saucy thoughts from *Pollidor*, nor does it become you to hear, much less to relate them unto me: I do fear, *Selindra*, you hope by this invention to dazle my eys, that I may not discover your own affection to this *Pollidor*; take heed you fall not from that vertue

vertue you are valued for, if you do deceive my truſt, or *Phillocles* his love, you will be neither worthy his anger, nor my pitty.

Selin. Let me fall under the weight of both your angers, when I deſerve ill from either of you, your jealouſie afflicts me Madam.

[*She weeps.*

Ordel. I hear my Brother coming, retire that he may not ſee thy tears, and meet me in the Garden after ſupper, then I will hear more of this, and till then ſuſpend my Judgement of thee.

[*Exit* Selindra.

< *Enter* Phillocles. >

Phil. Why went *Selindra* weeping out? and what troubles you my Dear Siſter?

Ordel. I am not troubl'd now Sir: pray how did you find my Father? in what temper is he?

Phil. Well *Ordella*, all is ſafe yet; but I cannot be ſatisfied until you tell me why *Selindra* weeps;--your ſilence will beget doubts more troubleſome, then the knowledge can be.

Ordel. 'Twas nothing but an Argument that fell between us.

Phil. That Argument *Ordella*, if thou lov'ſt my peace, that Argument.

Ordel. I may wrong *Selindra* by it, and trouble you without a cauſe, when I am certainly informed you ſhall be ſo, till then pray do not urge me farther.

Phil. I am ſo weak a man in thy Eſteem, thou dareſt not truſt me with my ſelf; *Ordella*, thy diſcourſe

courſe will diſturb me much, unleſs thou letteſt me know the whole matter.

Ordel. My unwillingneſs to tell you, is now become the onely cauſe I fear to do it, for I was queſtioning *Selindra* onely about her frequent viſits to *Pollidor*, which it ſeems I put into ſuch Language, as made her weep; this on my credit is the truth, are you now ſatisfied?

Phil. I am ſatisfied that we have the ſame thoughts, your judgement on this matter, confirms my obſervations, which till now took no hold on me; —— If ſhe prove falſe, thus I can blow her off; —— But *Pollidor*, ſhall pay deare for his Treachery.

Enter to them Pollidor, *very weak in Rich Cloaths; a ſtaff in his hand.*

Polli. Madam, 'tis fit that I viſit you before the Temple, and pay my firſt vowes at your ſhrine, offering up a Life devoted to your ſervice.

Ordel. You owe your health Sir, next to the Gods, unto *Selindra*'s care, ſuch a Gratitude I have not ſeen before, nor ſuch a zeal as hers to ſerve you.

Polli. My Obligations to *Selindra*, I muſt rank after the Honours I have received from you

[*He turns to* Phillocles

Madam: —— Pray Sir, how does the Emperour, and *Cecropius*, take this fained love between *Selindra* and me? how does it work with them?

Phi.

Phil. Since *Selindra* dwelt with you, the whole Court believes it is a mutual Love; onely my Sister and my self, have other thoughts.

Polli. (Those last words came coldly out, I must remove this jealousie;) I am glad Sir that you are secur'd by it, and I am joy'd to have a hand in any thing, that shall conduce to serve you, I do profess my Medicines have not so much wrought my cure, as the joy I have to see such unparalleld Virtues, and Affections meet, as is yours, and the good *Selindra*'s; day by day she tires her tongue in praising *Phillocles*, and still grows fresh by talking of you Sir; I cannot wish you greater happiness on Earth, then you will have with her, may it last while you last, and my Eternal Curses light on those that wish it less.

Phil. I thank you Sir, and will hope to prosper, as you pray for me, and next to *Selindra*, and my Sister, place you by my heart.

Polli. You Honour me too much, and will make me proud, I must take my leave Sir, my strength is not yet enough confirm'd to stay long abroad.

[*Exit* Pollidor.

Phil. The Gods go with thee, thou Man of Honour.

Ordel. What think you Brother of this Complement?

Phil. I think him really what he seems.

Ordel. I wish I could do so too, but when I call to mind that *Selindra* unto me did talk just thus of

Pollidor,

Pollidor, as he now discours'd to you of her, me-thinks it looks like a design.

Phil. Does *Pollidor* presume to pretend to you?

Ordel. So *Selindra* would have me think, which indeed was the main cause of my anger, and her tears.

Phil. I am not willing to be jealous, nor yet so fond, as not to be sensible, when there is just cause; *Ordella* let us smooth our brows, and observe them farther, such a guilt cannot be long hid, and un-till we be confirm'd by some better proof, tis un-worthy in us to suspect them on our surmise only, since what they do, is by our direction.

Ordel. 'Tis not my nature to judge ill of any, and I hope *Selindra* will deserve better; I am con-verted, and now we are thus secure, why may not you go to the Army, and leave *Selindra* with me; *Pollidor* in your absence, may Court her in Pub-lick, which will confirm my Father in his mistake, when he sees me dislike it.

Phil. I like it well *Ordella*: what will you do this Evening?

Ordel. I have some business for a while; *Selindra* after supper will meet me in the Garden, pray come to us there.

Phil. Bid your Boy attend us with his Lute then, it may so happen that I must take leave this night, for I hear that the *Hungarian* Army comes on apace.

{*Enter* Ante-nor *to them.*}

Ante. The Emperour sends you word Sir, that

Cecro-

Cecropius has deliver'd all the Frontier Towns unto the *Hungarians*, and himself advances in the head of that Army towards us.

Phil. Dispatch a Post unto *Antillacus*, bid him advance towards the Traitor, I will this night set forth, and by day-break shall reach him.

Ante. Sir, *Antillacus* retreats before the Enemy, his men fewer in Number, are so disheartned by *Cecropius*'s revolt, they dare not look on the *Hungarians*.

Phil. Let the Page call *Pollidor* to my Sisters Chamber presently, we will take leave there, and depart immediately; Come *Ordella*, this is somewhat quicker work then I expected; bid my servants make what haste they can to meet me here at my return.

[*Exit Omnes.*

{*Enter* Periander *with a Lady, as in* Ordella's *Chamber.*}

Lady. My Lord, since you went hence, the Court has been in daily Tumults about *Phillocles* his Love unto your Daughter.

Perian. Is *Selindra* so much in favour with the Gods, as to be look'd on by Prince *Phillocles*?

Lady. The Prince seeks no other Heaven but her, and as the World thinks she neglects him, and Loves one *Pollidor*.

Perian. Madam, I cannot raise my Faith to what you say, nor can I joy in such a blessing, until I know the Emperour does approve it; pray Madam, where may I find *Selindra*?

Lady.

Lady. She is now with the Princess in the Garden, I shall let her know your Lordship is return'd.

Perian. You obliege me Madam; —— though

[*Exit Lady.*

I have been long absent, I have not been idle, nor could I well have made more haste hither, considering how many great Affairs I have dispatch'd, since I went hence.

{*Enter* Selindra *to him.*}

Selin. Oh Sir! You are welcome, I have with some trouble, and some fear expected your Return.

Peri. Madam, I stay'd the longer by reason of those Tumults I found at *Belgrade*, a false *Astella* was set up by *Euticus* and his faction, but so soon as I made known that you Liv'd, both sides laid down their Arguments though not their Armes, which I advis'd as the best means to bring you home in safety.

Selin. But why does our Army enter *Greece?*

Perian. That's the riddle Madam, the old Fox *Cecropius* gave notice to the *Hungarians*, that *Lascares* purpos'd in his own person to invade them, since *Phillocles* had refus'd it, and would by a conquest joyn that Crown to his Empire; he insinuates also, that if the *Hungarians* would assist him in his design, he would make *Lascares* unable to harm them, by delivering up all the Frontier Towns into their hands.

Selin.

Selin. And what is his design?

Perian. Onely by their power to force *Iascares* to deliver you, and one *Pollidor* up to him: This I perswaded *Orsanes*, and the rest to harken too, and my long stay was to see the Towns deliver'd to *Orsanes*, which is done, and *Cecropius* fooll'd by his vaine hopes, Marches in the head of your Army, which comes on apace, only to receive your Commands Madam.

Selin. The Gods reward you, for I never can;— but here is Newes *Seriander* beyond what you tell; *Pollinesso* Lives, Lives here under the name of *Pol-*

[*Enter* Pollidor.

lidor; and see where he comes;— Oh! my Brother we are happy above our wish; this is *Periander*, who has so much obliged me.

Pol. I hope I shall live to thank you Sir.

Peri. Sir, I am rewarded in the good I have done, if my services do prove such in your Esteem.

Selin. My Brother, you must dispatch *Periander* back unto the Army to give *Orsanes* and the rest notice that you live; —— *Cecropius* has rendred the Towns, and comes on demanding to have me deliver'd to his lust.

Pol. We shall order him at leisure, our care to inform *Orsanes* must indeed be speedy; —— *Periander*, though I cannot command, I may intreat you that know our Affairs to return unto *Orsanes*, and give him notice that I intend this night to set forth with *Phillocles*, and will come over to him, with my first opportunity; bid him march fairly through the Country, and take heed that *Antil-*

lacus

Iacus ingage him not to fight till I Arrive; if you ride hard, you may be back with us, before we part from hence, for I hear *Cecropius* is not far off.

Peri. By my speed Sir, judge my Zeal to serve you.

Pol. As you passe by my Lodgings, pray send all my servants to attend me in the next Room, from hence we shall take Horse this Evening; —— Now

[*Exit* Periander.

Astella, methinks the Gods do smile on *Hungary*, and on us; if *Ordella* would be gracious *Pollinesso* were most happy; How does my love prosper, *Astella?*

Selin. I can make no certain Judgement on it yet.

Poll. Canst thou not procure me one smile before we part?

Selin. 'Twill not be possible, if you depart this night; I could wish we had more time, because I now propose some pleasure in my woing for you; methinks the stormes that I have rais'd, look merrily now the calm is certain, and so nigh, I have so light a heart, that I could play with dangers, if any were within my reach.

[*They sit.*

To them Enters Phillocles, *and* Ordella, *who stand unseen behind them, siting on the Couch.*

Pol. Let me Embrace and Kisse thee, my Dear, Dear *Selindra*; thou art so great a Joy unto my soul,

soul, that I lament to part one minute from thee; when we meet next, we shall Embrace more freely.

[*Embrace.*

Selin. That you must go from me, grieves me; — must you needs go with *Phillocles?* may you not stay one day longer with me?

[*She weeps.*

Pol. I dare not, do not weep thus, thy tears will prove ill Omens, and I become a superstitious fool, to fear I know not why.

Selin. How can I chuse but lament to part with what is dearer to me then my life; pray do not go this night, bestow this night on me.

Polli. I swear thou makest me sad, prethee speak more chearfully, and dry thy eyes, least *Phillocles* perceive thy tears, and *Ordella* do discover us, and so unmask us both before we be prepar'd.

Selin. No matter for their jealousie, are not we above the reach of malice now?

{Phillocles *draws and offering to strike, is held by* Ordella.

Pol. Not yet *Selindra*, we may be ere long, till then, 'tis not good to provoke any, it is by your advice to, that we should be still disguis'd.

Selin. Yes, and 'tis my opinion still; but when *Phillocles* is gone, who can discover us?

Phil. The Gods, who will not suffer such impiety to be longer hid? let me loose *Ordella*, and I will cut these twisted Monsters into Atomes,

that their united ſouls, may ſo expire together.

{*The Women part, and hold them.*}

Polli. Why thus inraged Sir?

Phil. Canſt thou aske falſe man? we have heard and ſeen, all that has paſt between ye.

Pol. It may be ſo, and yet be miſtaken in all you have heard and ſeen too; —— Sir, if you will have alittle patience, your ſhall ſee your miſtake, and be ſorry for this injurious Language, when you know to whom you ſpeak.

{Phillocles *offers to run at him, but is held by* Ordella.}

Selin. Good Madam, perſwade the Prince to hear us, and there will be no cauſe to fight.

Ordel. Thou worſt of Women, how dares thy lips move towards me?

Selin. For Heavens ſake Madam hear us, you will too late repent this raſhneſs elſe; we are both Innocent.

Ordel. Brother you may do well to hear them, and revenge at leaſure; pray lay by this anger for a while, and take it up again when you ſee cauſe they are in your power to puniſh as you pleaſe.

Phil. I thank thee *Ordella*, they are ſo; —— am tame, and now you may ſay on.

Polli. Sir, if you have heard, and ſeen what paſt between us, I do confeſs your have reaſon for your anger, and our fondneſs doth deſerve blame, but

not death; tis true, that we have negligently shew'd, what we might better have conceal'd; necessity therefore now compells us to discover what we yet meant not to do, that our Innocency may no longer suffer.

[*Exit* Phillocles.

Phil. Your Innocence.

Polli. Madam, the Prince his absence gives me opportunity to beg your pardon for *Selindra* and my self, who have too long hid our affections from you, and our selves also; for she is my Sister, and will ere long appear worthy *Phillocles* his best thoughts, and I do hope my self, when I shall dare to be my self, may have leave to say, my life is vowed to serve you.

Ordel. Sir, you are mistaken, I am not to be deceived by this slight trick; —— you would gain time to escape my Brothers vengeance.

Polli. No Madam, you will shortly see I am above it; and if—

[*Enter* Phillocles with a Guard.]

Phillo. Seize on that Traytor.

[Pollidor *steps to the other door, and calls alone.*]

Pol. Tenedor, Periander, Tecknor, Treason; —— what means this madness *Phillocles?* a reasonable man should hear another speak; if I do not satisfie all your doubts,

[*They Enter, & both parties stand ranged on either side.*]

you shall find that I dare meet your fury, and can raise storms as high, as you can wish to see.

Phil. Pray unfold this mistery, I do attend you.

{ Pollidor *leads* Selindra *to* Phil- locles *who steps back from her*; — }

Polli. Let this pledge speak for us both, for I can have no other interest, then to give her up into your Armes Sir, send your Guards off, and this riddle shall be as easie, and as pleasant, as it now looks hard; —— *Phillocles* will blush when he shall know from whom he flyes, and by whose hand offer'd to him.

Phil. I understand you not, nor do I care; — hark, what noyse is this?

{ *Enter the Emperour with his Train, and his Guard, swords drawn, cry- ing Arme, Arme, as they enter.* }

Las. What's this? a War within his our own Walls; *Phillocles* is this a time for private brawls? when the *Hungarians* are at your Gates?

Phil. I am ready to depart Sir; and shall send them back much faster then they now come on. I beg your pardon Sir, for my neglect.

< *Enter* Gillon. >

Las What Newes brings *Gillon?*

Gil. Antillacus sends you word Sir, that you must prepare to receive him with the Army under the

the Town Walls, his Souldiers have so many pannick fears, he dares not lead them out to face the Enemy; he also wishes that Prince *Phillocles* would draw out the Court Regimens, to hearten his dejected men.

Las. I think 'twere better to receive them within the Walls, until their shame do out-face their fears; Tell *Antillacus* my old Armes are on, and that I will my self, strike the Traytor in the face.

Phil. Hast back good *Gillon*, and tell *Antillacus*; If he can defend his Camp till I Arrive, I wish him not to move this way; my looks will send those ungratefull people home, if not, I have a flame within me, which will consume them all. —— I beg your pardon Sir, for my neglect.

Las. Repair it by your speedy succour, I shall take present order for what the Town can afford us.

[*Exit* Lascares.

Phil. Ordella I have a War within, that will consume me.

Ordel. I hope this great Affair will divert your thoughts, and remove your trouble.

Phil. For some few dayes it may; —— farewel my Dear Sister; —— and when I return, you shall hear from me Sir.

[*To* Pollider.

Pol. I shall not stay behind you Sir, my wound

< Phillocles *is going out.* >

is not so ill, as to keep me from waiting on you;

when this hurry and your anger is over, I hope you will be at leasure to hear me out, and be pleas'd rather to finde you can be mistaken, then me guilty.

Phil. I will by no means suffer it, 'twill be no charity, to permit you to hazzard *Selindra*'s interest by new dangers.

Pol. Sir, your scornes shall have no more power to stay me, then your anger has, I will along.

Phil. But you shall not; I do suspect you will betray me to your Country-Men, and dare not trust you with me.

Pol. All this will not do, I know you do not doubt me that way? and I do swear, unlesse you break the bonds of Hospitality (and do imprison me) I will along.

Phil. And I will rather do it, then have your company, if you desist not.

Pol. Phillocles will not so much blemish his great Name! imprison me that sav'd your life; —— me, that am vowed to stand or fall with you; —— Sir, I must chide you now, you do too long hold up a causeleslesse anger, you know not why; too long neglect the great Affair that calls you hence; —— I will stay no longer for you, but go do the work before you come.

[Pollidor *is going off.*

Phil. Stay *Pollidor*, thou hast confounded all my reason, such a mixture of Nobleneſſe, ne're met with such a Treachery till now; though I do know thee false, and do resolve with my own hand to Kill thee; I will trust thee this way, and do

do now intreat thee to stay till to morrow that my Father comes.

Pol. I Obey.

Phil. *Oh! my Dear Sister, once more farewell,*
I am now fall'n from Paradice to Hell.

Ordel. *The Gods go with you, and your action bless,*
While I retire, and pray for your success.

{*Exeunt all but* Pollidor *and* Selindra.

Pol. We will be gone *Selindra*, and face *Philocles* in the head of our own Army; —— what news *Periander?*

[*Enter* Periander.

Peri. Sir, I am come to fetch you to your Army, I can convey you thither, before you are miss here.

Selindra. We are ready now, how far off is the Army?

Peri. You may hear their Drums Madam, at the City Gates.

Pol. Come, let us hasten to our Troupes; ——
When Instruments of War, from War release,
'Tis a good Omen, to a happy peace.

[*Exeunt.*

{*Enter at one Door* Lascares, Philocles, Amillacus, Armanthus, Gillon, *and the Grecian Army.*}

{*Enter at the other door* Cecropius, Orsanes, *and other Lords with the* Hungarian *Army.*}

Lasca. Thou art a bold ill man *Cecropius*, thou

art ungrateful to thy Country, and my truft.

Cecro. Sir, I have but hid my gratitude under this old Armour, which is onely now put on to obtain what my prayers could not, —— I demand juftice Sir, for *Cleonels* bloud, which you have hitherto denied me, in favour to his Murtherers:

Lafc. This fained modefty is more impudent then thy Arms are, thou knoweft I was more eager then thy felf to do juftice on thofe that flew thy fon, and thou feeft clearly our Laws cannot touch them for his fall.

Cecro. Was not *Cleonel* flain by *Pollidor?* and was not *Selindra* acceffary? and does not our Laws condemn fuch murtherers to die?

Lafc. No; thou knoweft they do not, thou knoweft thy fon was by a juft hand punifh'd, and that *Pollidor* deferves, ——

Phill. Good Sir, fpend no more breath on this vile man, the flave is not worthy your anger: —— ——Fooliſh *Hungarians*, ingrateful perjur'd people: —— *Orfanes* I did not look for this from you: —— but my fword fhall fpeak my vengeance.

Orfan. Prince *Phillocles* has not in *Greece* a more faithful fervant then *Orfanes*; Pray Sir lay by this paffion but a few minutes, and you fhall fee that I have labour'd hard to bring your own defires to their wifh'd ends: —— and *Cecropius* the main Agent in it all!

Phill. Why do your actions and your words fo difagree? *Orfanes* knows our Grecian hearts cannot be compell'd, when we have time to draw our fwords.

Orfan.

Orſan. Great Sir, your actions have enough declar'd your worth unto the World, and to our Nation moſt; which we ſhall ever own, though now by ſome neceſſity compell'd, we do appear as enemies, in the behalf of this good man, who has ingag'd us to deliver up a Lady call'd *Selindra*, and one *Polidor* to his hands, which he by ſtrong arguments aſſur'd us, would be for your, and for our future happineſs: this done, we are all at *Phillocles* command.

Phill. Thoſe two you mention are of late become unworthy of my thoughts; yet your engagement was barbarous, to undertake you know not what: ——found the charge.

Orſan. Hold *Phillocles*, I have entertain'd you with diſcourſe thus long, only till I might hear that ſhout behind us; ——hark, hark, Sir! [*a ſhout within.*

Now the time is come for us to keep our oaths to *Cecropius*, and to manifeſt our love to *Phillocles*, ——make way there for the King.

[*The Hungarian Army opens, and through them enters* Polineſſo *crown'd, leading in* Aſtella; Orſanes *delivers them both unto* Cecropius.]

Phill. What Riddle's this? what wonders do I ſee?

Cecro. Take away that ſhadow of a King to preſent death, *Orſanes*; and now *Selindra* you are once more at my diſpoſe: and you Sir, that think you

you can command the World, shall find this weak old arm can justifie my title here.

Orsan. Have I now perform'd my oath unto the great *Cecropius?*

Cecro. You have.

Orsan. I must then set this Lady free from the danger of our swords,——

[*a shout of joy*

[*He delivers* Astella to Pollinesso.

Orsan. Long live the King of *Hungary*.

Cecro. I am betrayed.

Phill. Pollidor! and *Selindra!* why is he crown'd! how come they there?

Lasc. They are confederates with *Cecropius*, on which design they have thus long liv'd amongst us.

Poll. Orsanes, lay that Monster at his Masters feet.

[*They deliver up* Cecropius.

Phill. Pollidor, what mean these misteries?

Poll. All respects to *Phillocles.*

Phill. How comes *Selindra* then with thee? and that Crown upon thy head? I tell thee *Pollidor*, if *Selindra* can neglect me, I can contemn her; and not envy thee that mis-becoming Crown thou wearest, which I will tear from off thy swelling

ling brows, and trample on it, when 'tis mine by a second conquest.

{Pollidor *leads* Selindra *to*} {Phillocles, *and he retires.*}

Poll. —— Will *Phillocles* forsake the List? fly from such a foe! send for the Princess *Ordella* then, that we may meet on equall terms.

Phill. You are merry Sir, my gentle temper I see, begets contempt from your great courage.

Poll. No, Sir, you are mistaken still, I am your servant, and do value *Phillocles*, more then he can contemn me: —— *Orsanes*, bring my Standard hither: ——carry this and my Crown unto the Princess *Ordella*; lay them at her feet, and if she dains to take them up, tell her your King with his whole people do wait on her Commands.

Phill. I understand not what these Riddles mean.

Poll. If *Phillocles* be yet at leasure to hear me speak, I shall soon remove this wonder?

Phill. If *Pollidor* prove worthy, I shall not trust my eyes nor ears for ever.

Poll. But when Prince *Phillocles* shall know that *Pollinesso* speaks, he will believe no hand has more right to deliver up *Astella* into his arms, then I: Do you not know me yet Sir?

{*He pulls off his Perriwig, and his patch from his eye.*}

Phill.

Phill. Nor yet know my self: —— *Antillacus*, do I wake? or is this a Phantosm that I think I see?

[*Phillocles stands amaz'd.*

Ant. 'Tis as strange to me, Sir.

Lasc. While my sons wonder lasts, let me embrace you, Sir, and obtain both yours and *Astellas* pardon, and chide you both in the same breath; why did you suffer us to walk so long in this unhappy darkness? and run so many hazards, which this light would have avoided.

Poll. There was no other way to obtain this light, while *Cecropius* eclips'd your glory Sir.

Phill. Does *Pollinesso* live? can he forget my crimes? and forgive my blindness!

Poll. Can *Phillocles* pardon my concealment? by which he was so blinded?

[*They embrace.*

Phill. There is but one happiness on earth beyond holding *Pollinesso* thus!

Poll. To me too there can be only one above it! ——and that is *Ordellas* leave to love her: —but Sir, have you no room for *Selindra* in your heart?

[*Points to* Selindra.

Phill. I dare not look that way: I dare not have a hope so high as pardon from her. —— I am so full of guilt, that I dare not live longer to think of my unworthiness.

Selind.

Selind. What have I done Sir, that you ſhould be thus cruel to me! will you not look on me?

Enter Ordella *and* Orſanes.

Phill. I ſhall bluſh to death, if you ſpeak thus again.

Aſt. Will *Phillocles* turn from me ever?

Phill Yes, Madam, as aſham'd to look on you; I have a guilt within, that takes my manhood from me! —ſhall I dare to think you can forgive my unworthy jealouſie?

Aſt. If you can forgive me that provok'd you to it? I can meet you thus.

Phil. And I fall as low as earth will let me, to receive your pardon.

[*They embrace.*

Ord. I am ſo much amaz'd at what I ſee, that I know not which way to turn me!

Laſc. This way, *Ordella*, if you will by me be guided to felicity? —this is *Pollineſſo's* wiſh too, if I miſtake not.

Laſcares *leads* Ordella *to* Pollineſſo.

Pollin. 'Tis my ambition Sir, my higheſt hope on this ſide Heaven.

Ord. And my honour, that *Pollineſſo* has ſuch thoughts for me; but Sir, 'twill ask ſome time for me to raiſe my wiſhes to ſuch a value of your worth, that we may meet on equal terms.

Phill. *Pollineſſo's* merit, and his worth is ſuch, that

that when he ſays he loves, 'tis argument enough to gain the greateſt Queen: —*Ordella*, the Gods ſmile upon us now: —and you, Sir, I hope concur with Heaven in our felicities.

Laſc. My prayers and my bleſſings ſhall not be wanting: let *Pollineſſo* give ſentence on *Cecropius* before we go unto the Temple.

Pollin. Let him live for ever baniſh'd from this happy Climate, which he has ſo long polluted with his venomous breath.

Laſc. Antillacus ſee it done.

[*Exit with* Cecropius.

Aſt. Madam, can you pardon my diſguiſe?

Ord. I cannot well tell what to anſwer! to find *Selindra* worthy, is a Concern greater then *Aſtella* can be to me; and that you now are *Aſtella*, does not more raiſe my wonder, then that you were *Selindra* does confirm my love, and my reſpects do you, Madam.

Aſt. I have a heart too full of joy to keep this diſtance any longer!

[*The two Ladies embrace.*

Phill. *We now loſe time that might be better ſpent,*
In ſacrificing for this bleſt event!
Laſc. *Lead on then to the Temple, and proclaim*
A publick feaſt, in bright Aſtella's *name;*
While we do march in a triumphant ſtate,
That all the City may participate
Our joys, now Phillocles *captivity*
Is chang'd into a triple Victory.

FINIS.

ORMASDES,

A

Tragy-Comedy.

Written by Sir *William Killigrew*.

Imprimatur,

Aug. 23. 1664.

Roger L' Strange.

LONDON,
Printed by *T. Mabb*; for *John Playfere*
at the *White Lion*, in the Upper Walk of the
New Exchange; And *Thomas Horsman*,
at the three Kings in the *Strand*, 1665.

BIBLIOTHECA REGIA

The Actors Names of Ormasdes.

Leandra, Queen of *Citherea*.
Ormasdes, Her General, a Prince of *Greece*.
Old Titus, Admiral,
Young Titus, His son.
Cleobulus, *Nearcus*, *Chiron*. } Great Lords of *Citherea*.
Ladies Attending the Queen.
Servants to *Ormasdes*.
Doctors,
Guards.
Nearcus his servants.
Embassadour, From *Valeriana* King of *Treconia*.
Mariana, His sister.
Cleon, *Erillos*. } Embassadour servants.
Ladies to *Mariana*,
Other servants to the Embassadour.
Pages.
Surgeons.

Ormasdes.

The Names & Owners of Ships.

ORMASDES.

The First Act.

THE SCENE

In the Island of Citherea.

{ *Enter* Menetius, *and* Nearcus; *A Messenger meets them.* }

MESSENGER.

MY Lords, the Queen sends me to let you know,
That she is safe, and her whole Fleet secure.

Mene. The Queens safety, is welcome News to all,
Though from the Castle top, we saw the fight;
None could so clearly the success discern;
As to rejoyce for her security!
Till you are arriv'd.

Ne. T'was bold, & bravely done, with less numbers
To Assault so great a Fleet, so near home!
I wonder how they got Intelligence?
So just, to know the Queens return from *Greece.*

Mess. To Assault us, was far from their design;
They fell by chance amongst our Ships ith' night,
As they were passing by; found us secure,
And unprepar'd for such an accident:
So we together sail'd, till Day appear'd;
Then our great Admirall, and his brave Son,
With their two Squadrons, did begin the Fight:
— The Queens Ship was attacqued on every side,
In which, *Ormasdes* by the Gods was plac'd,
That by his hand, *Cleandra* might be freed,
As by a Miracle! her dangers such!
And his Achievements so beyond them all!
That my Relation, 'would Romance appear,
To tell you, how he acted every where.

Men. I hope this accident, will now perswade
The Queen, that she no more such journies make:
Great Princes to such visits and not bound,
Where Complements do so great danger bring.

Near. Though *Cleandras* visit, may not admit
Of a State Argument to justifie
A danger; — She had reason to return
Some high respect, unto the *Grecian* Court,
Where she so long, in so great splendor liv'd;
Before she had this *Citherean* Crown:
Nor was it now amiss to shew the Power,
And Glory, of so great a Fleet, as *Greece*
Ne're saw before: by which, our renew'd League
Will be more valu'd, and our Nation fear'd.

Mene. I have no Argument for a dispute;
— This visit past, she needs no other make;
But Sir, how comes *Ormasdes* here again?
What great Affair, occasions his return?
Near. How can the *Grecian* Empire so long spare,
So great a Captain? and so much belov'd.
Messen. That happy Emperour; who has no War,
Did give *Ormasdes* liberty once more,
To grant *Cleandras* suite for his return,
That he may now confirm, what he has won,
Least his late Trophies in the *Zelnian* War,
Be tumbled down: for we may doubt! those Kings
Who border *Zelnia*, will not long indure
Such loss; as will *Cleandras* Crown secure.
Though her great Ancestor that Kingdom won,
And left it to his most unhappy Son;
Who all those Princes Tributaries made,
That in Affection call'd him to their Aide.
Mene. Heark *Nearcus*, heark how the People shout!
As if the Queen were now, come near the shore;
Pray Sr. cōmand the Guards advance with speed,
Unto the Port; *Nearcus* I do fear,
The Queen may land, while we are trifling here.

[*Exit.*

Enter Cleandra *Queen of* Citherea, Ormasdes *a Prince of* Greece. *Her General with his Arme in a Scarfe. Old* Titus *Admiral, Young* Titus, *Lords, Ladies, and Train.*

Admi. The Gods have given you a full Victory;
And all your Fleet will be in Port, by Noon.

Queen. I have thank'd the Gods *Titus*, and do ſee
Yours, and your Sons mirits, in this great work:
But have not words that can expreſs my thanks
To brave *Ormaſdes*, for preſerving me;
Had you ſeen my danger, when the bold *Turks*
With aſſured Victory, my Labin forc'd!
And how by his hand from that Ruine freed!
You would with me admire, if not adore
The force which Reſcued, with ſo great a Power!
My fear, my wonder, and my joy, ſo mixt,
I had no time for any thought betwixt
My danger, and my ſafe deliverance,
Which did the Price of that great work inhance!
The bloody Trophies of *Ormaſdes* ſword;
Surpas'd what *Mars* to *Hector* did afford.

{ Ormaſdes *faints, and leans on Young* Titus.

Adm. He faints, this remove to Land, makes him (weak;
—— How do you Sir?

Ormaſ. My ſoul *Titus*, ſhrunk away, much aſham'd,
To hear my ſervice by *Cleandra* fam'd,
To much for any modeſt man to own,
That my weak Arm, ſhould reſcue her alone!

Quee. I am amaz'd, thus ſuddainly to find
The Gods ſo cruel, who have been ſo kind!
Thus to Eclips the joyes they freely gave,
Shews they repent the mercy which did ſave;
Ormaſdes death will now ſo diſmall be,
I cannot ſacrifice for Victory.
Unleſs the Fates this miſchief do divert!
It will our Triumphs, into Tears convert.

Young

T. Tit.-His wounds shew not the danger you con-
Madam, you Prophesie so great an ill, (ceive;
The Fates themselves will tremble to fulfill.

Ormas. I am well Madam, only blush to hear,
That my slight wounds, should be so much your
If great *Cleandra*, do mean Acts admire, (care
Brave men will not to high Attemps aspire.

Enter to them, Nearcus, Cleobulus, *and* Citharеans, *they Kiss* Cleandras *hand, a noyse of joy within from the People.*

Cleo. Madam, the Publick joy for your return,
Does shew how much we did your absence mourn.

Qu. My Peoples joy brings me great happiness,
And your love my Lords, my true value has:
But still I must your gratitudes, direct
Unto *Ormasdes*, by whose powerful hand,
Cleandra was preserv'd, and now restor'd. (don,

Ormas. Madam, you reward my small endeavors
With praise above, the merrit of a man!

Queen. I can afford *Ormasdes* as much Worth,
And Honour, as the Antient *Heroes* had,
So he will me such gratitude allow,
As sutes with my great benefits receiv'd; ——
—— What Fleet *Nearcus*, lies within our Port?

Near. 'Tis from *Treconia* Madam, here's Arriv'd
A brave Embassadour, from that great King,
Who here has long expected your return;

His Equipage is Rich, and with him shines,
A Lady he calls Sister; hither come,
To wonder at the Glories of your Court,
While we do all admire, their Princely Port!

Qu. He shall have present Audience, to excuse
His long attendance; give him a respect:
Beyond the reach, or thought of a neglect;
— Do you *Nearcus*, bring him to us now; —

[*Exit Nearcus.*]

— *Cleobulus*, what news from *Zelnia*?

Cl. The frontiers have been frequently attaqu'd,
Since you went hence, but no great damage done.

Ormas. I beg the Honour Madam to chastise
those haughty Rebells, for their Insolence.

Q. The whole world knows, *Ormasdes* can cõmand
The fortune of a war; why then should you?
As if your Name were yet obscure! desire
New dangers? But you covet a Renown,
Beyond the value of the *Zelnian* Crown;
Else, you'd secure my People from their fear,
By your consent to be my Vice-Roy there.

Or. Such proffer'd gifts from Princes are not us'd
To be molested, and much less refus'd!

Ormas. But I must not your Majesty permit,
To load me with an honour so unfit!
As will Eclipse the merrit you allow,
When gifts shine brighter, then my Actions do.

Qu. Is there no way *Ormasdes* to remove
These niceties? must I for ever own
Your benefits? and make you no return!
How little do I seem to your great Eye?
Who scorn I should your service gratifie.

Ormaſ. I have in *Greece*, all my relations left,
To ſerve you Madam, and am hither come,
With a fixt zeal to wiſh, and to obey,
What ever you command! and only fear
My inclinations may my tongue direct,
To beg what you'l deny: though I affect.

Qu. Though I your ſute diſlike, I will conſent,
And from your happineſs, raiſe my content.

Or. With your permiſſion Madam, I would beg
Leave to retire unto the little Lodge,
Within the Forreſt, half a League from hence,
Where after all my Travells, I may find,
Eaſe for my body, and refreſh my mind,
With the ſoft ſolace of a private life,
Free from Affairs, and Courts Eternal ſtrife.

Qu. This is far beyond my fears *Ormaſdes*!
Tis no wonder you my favours ſlight!
When you do our ſociety diſlike.
But I will not your purpoſe now oppoſe,
Though I your councils, & your friendſhip loſe;
Who in debates can ſpeak; in fight command,
And order all, that in diſorder ſtand; ——
— Can nothing alter your deſire from this?

Ormaſ. Not unleſs, troubles be prefer'd to bliſs.

Queen Ormaſdes it ſhall be as you deſire,
And freely, when you pleaſe, you may retire.

Or. Though I a while abſent my ſelf from Court,
I ſhall be ready to lay by my Books,
When you do call me to put Armour on,
Stories tell that great men the like have don.

Qu. Though I know no example, I believe
What e're *Ormaſdes* ſhall make choice to do,

May be a president, that will ingage
Brave men to follow, in the future age. (content
Ormas. Your Majesty in this, has given me more
Then all the favours proffer'd me before.

[*Exit Ormasdes.*

T. Tit. Is this his humour? or some fancy grown
From passion for some Love, to us unknown;
Qu. No *Titus*, he has ever been observ'd,
A great contemner of Amores, and does
True friendship more esteem, then idle Love.
Ti. The more like now to be so much concern'd
When touch'd; our mortal bodies are so frail,
That we may love, and know not what we ail!
Why, does your Majesty think friendship can
With as much force as love, transport a man?
Qu. Not to such frenzies, as wild brains Create,
When fancy cannot change the course of Fate—
— When love to faces, with the face decay,
A virtuous friendship will for ever sway. —
— I wish you *Titus*, when he first retires,
To try how far your friendship can prevail,
To get the secret from *Ormasdes* soul;
'Tis for his good, that he his griefs impart;
True friendship will allow a little Art,
When the design does nothing more import,
But bringing of *Ormasdes* back to Court.
Tit. I shall be joy'd, and happy if I can
Bring back to Court! so Excellent a Man.

Enter
An Officer and Ormaſdes.

Officer. The Embaſſadour attends your Majeſty.

The Queen ſits.

Queen. Admit Him.

Enter
Embaſſadour, and his Train.

Embaſ. Madam, my Maſter, the *Treconian* King,
Salutes you in theſe Letters, and by me,
Congratulates your *Zelnian* Victory;
But does lament, that he no ſhare acquir'd,
In that great Conqueſt, he ſo much deſir'd:
He was ambitious Madam, to command
In that near War, and not as neuter ſtand.
When ſtrangers merits do ſuch Triumphs claim,
While he to you unknown, ſat ſtill with ſhame.
But ſince *Ormaſdes* conduct, and his skill,
With ſuch high Valour, has fulfill'd your will.
He envies not ſo great a Souldiers praiſe,
But would have ſhar'd in his Triumphant rayes.
Qu. If I had known *Valerianus* mind,
He might my thanks have ſhar'd, and not repin'd.

Emb.

Emb. I have commission also, to propose
A League between your Kingdoms, & your selves,
Such, as new Conquer'd *Zelnia* will secure,
That *Cithereas* peace may long endure. ——
—Your beauty Madam, more then Crowns invite,
Valerians wishes to unite
Your hearts; and then, your Scepters may
Be doubly fixt, when both do love obey.
He begs, that he in person may appear,
To plead his love, and treat this great affair.

Qu. *Valerianus* friendship I approve,
But never shall consent to treat of love;
'Twould raise my dead Lords Ashes in his Urn,
If I should to a second Lover turn?
Your great Kings proffer'd League, I do imbrace,
With fit Affection, and a chearful face: ——
Declairing to the World, how I respect,
His person, though I must his sute reject.

Emb. I shall acquaint my Master, -- and beg leave
I may your Majesties commands receive,
Without the Ceremonies that belong,
To a State audience, in a formal throng.

Qu. You shall have free access, as you desire,
And now my Lord, I must a Sutor be,
That fair *Mariana* will appear,
Who I am told is come to visit me. (quest,

Emb. That Madam, should have been my next re-
That you my dearest Sister would permit,
To kiss your hand, who does attend without.

Qu. Will you *Ormasdes* please to bring her in?--

[*Exit Ormasdes.*

—If

— If I had known that she had been so near,
She had been better treated for your sake.
Emb. You oblige me Madam.

{ *Enter* Ormasdes, *with* Mariana *and her Ladies; the Queen Salutes Her.* }

Qu. You do me, and my Country, honour more,
Then any Lady ever did before.
Mari. I have done my self a favour Madam,
And tis your Majesty that honours me;
The fame of *Citherea* I confess,
May Princes hither bring, but my address,
Is to *Cleandra* self, that I might see,
The virtue fam'd for such Divinitie.
Qu. Madam, if you such flatteries throw out,
You will your welcome spoil, and make me doubt
You rather come to mock, then to admire!
On such another word? I shall retire.
Mari. I can be silent Madam, while I live,
But must speak truth, when you this freedom give.
Qu. We then will change our argument, & place,
Least I do chide, whom I intend to grace.

{ *Exeunt all but* Nearcus *and* Cleobulus. }

Cleob. Did you observe, with what forc'd modesty
The Embassadour suppress his anger?
When his Masters suite, so briskly was denied.
Nea. Yes, and how suddain his sad looks change,
When bright *Cleandra* did so soon admit

His

His private visits; as if himself were struck!
And did no further press his Masters Sute.
Cle. I have other thoughts, that made me believe,
The Lady he calls Sister, is his Love.
Near. Such things have been, and *Mariana* may
His Mistris be; whose beauty in my Eye,
Does far surpass *Cleandras* Majesty.
And now you put these thoughts into my head,
I did observe *Marianus* eyes and his,
Did a long practiz'd silent language shew,
While they by turns did entertain the Queen.
Cleob. But I had second thoughts, led me to think,
I did sometimes perceive *Marianas* eyes,
On brave *Ormasdes* fixt; and seem'd to take
Such a survey, as Purchasers do make.
Near. I doubt *Mariana* has not an estate,
To purchase him, at great *Cleandras* rate.
Cleo. Let us observe them better next, and see
If it be Art; or their simplicitie.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Embassadour, *and* Mariana.

Emb. I have undone my self, *Mariana!*
For now beyond resistance I do love;
And find *Cleandra* will by her neglects,
Dash all my hopes, and turn from my respects,
Mari. There does not a just cause to me appear,
For such a doubt; much less to raise dispair:
Because *Cleandra* runs not at first sight,
Into the arms, of such a wandring Knight.

Though

Though your State Arguments cannot procure
To Treat; she may but a short Siege indure,
When as your self, a King you do appear,
The Castle may be won, by love, or fear.

Emb. No *Mariana*, I have heard, and seen
Too much, the brave *Ormasdes* stands between
Me, and my happiness, his retirement
Is to cloak their close love, and to prevent
Pretenders; or such scandal, as would rise,
If openly in Court, without disguise!
Such unproportion'd love should ere be known,
Which shews they dare not their affections own.

Ma. What need such dissebling? to hide that love,
Which all the *Githereans* do approve;
And publickly do pray, his great Renown,
Might be rewarded with *Cleandras* Crown.
To publick fame, I therefore credit give,
They not in love, but in true friendship live.

Em Such friendship between man, & woman, may
'Mongst silly people make a holy day.
No Callenders of mine, shall ere admit
Of a red Letter, for a counterfeit.

Mari. The Gods defend Brother.

Emb. Why *Mariana*? what is your concern?
To blush, because we do their crimes discern?
Can you believe, that a Platonick flame,
Has power to Cannonize *Cleandras* Name?

Mari. I blush for you, who now so boldly dare,
Against the person that you love! declare.

Emb. Your words, and looks, do not at all agree,
But shame for your *Ormasdes* infamie.
He is the man in *Marianas* eye,
Whose blushes, would his vices justifie.

Mari.

Mari. Though I his virtues honour, and admire
The glorious Actions of his life, my heart,
Is not in any danger to be lost.

Emb. When a heart is so well lost *Mariana!*
'Twill soon be found, I did believe my own,
As fast fixt as yours, and yet at first sight,
Of the fair Queen, 'twas from its center forc'd.

Mari. I Brother, your business was to lose it.

Emb. But the blind Deity considers not
Our purposes he wounds at randome still; ——
—— I wish thou wouldst ingeniously confess,
If in thy thoughts; *Ormasdes* be not grown
The handsomest and gallantest of Men;
Whose famous actions, in our western World,
May well excuse thy wonder, and thy Love; ——
—— I wish thy beauties could his heart ingage,
That I might have no Rival for the Queen.

Mari. To oblige my dear brother, I will try,
What may be done, for your security.

Emb. Thy whole life, never can oblige me more;
—— *Ormasdes* is a great Prince in *Greece*,
And I for thee, will make him greater yet,
By my additions in *Treconia*;
If you can think him worthy of your Love?
—Our forces joyn'd, may double conquest gain,
When seve'rd, both indeavours may prove vain.

Mar. While you talk thus, I had as good confess:
What you so much believe, and do allow,
I gladly would obtain, if I knew how.

Emb. That was well said, let us to Councel then—
Suppose I Court the Queen in my own shape?

Mar. I think tis best that you do first inquire,
How far the subtle Queen does stand ingaged

Unto

Unto *Ormasdes*, that you may not kneele
To her, if she unto another bow?

Emb. It will not be amiss, that I inquire,
Of some great man in power, who I may bribe:—
Such as *Cleandras* trust does most admit,
To plead my Masters cause, and argue it:——
— What if I first *Ormasdes* self do try?
Twill search his love, and his fidelity.

Mari. I am not fit to judge, nor can advise;
But will with prayers, assist your enterprize.

Emb. I'le visit him, and if he guilty be,
I shall confound his great securitie.

Mari. I fear you sooner will your self destroy,
Then by your furious passions him anoy.

Emb. Will you go with me to *Ormasdes* Lodge?
Least I disturb his solitary Soul,
And with my rude breath, harm the man you love.

Mari. I'de rather be the subject of your mirth,
Then great *Ormasdes* should such rage discern,
As from your Arguments will soon arise.

Emb. No, I'le approach him with my gentle looks,
As calm, and smoath, as Virgins when they smile,
Such as our tender yielding hearts beguile;
But if *Ormasdes* do a lover prove?
He will my hopes and fears to anger move;——
— Do you attend the Queen, till my return.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter

Enter Ormasdes, *a Book in his hand, as talking to Young* Titus.

Ormas. I never liv'd, till now you think me dead--
Does my dear friend believe, what I have said?
Y. Tit. Sir, if the friendship you allow, be more
Then an Airie name? you will now permit
That I as freely speak, as I do love.
Orm *Titus* friendship would have honored *Cato*,
And now my self am prouder of advise
From *Titus*, then for all my victories.
Tit. Thus then *Cleandra* thinks, and so do I,
This loneness will your sorrows multiply;
Passions conceal'd, do nourish discontent,
But if reveal'd, much mischief may prevent:
Tis my ambition to obtain this trust,
If great *Ormasdes* thinks I dare be just.
Ormas. By all our —— I know no discontent,
Nor has my quiet brest a passion in't. ——
Titus Hold *Ormasdes*, hear me out; who now come
To let you know, that I, and many more
Who love you, do believe that you repine,
Because *Cleandra* is so much reserv'd;
And dare not own the passion that you have.
—— If this be your trouble, trust it to me;
And you shall soon perceive, what I can do,
In satisfaction to your higheſt wish:
—— I do so far incourage, and assure,
What I have mentioned; Is the Nations hope;

Who

Who pray that great *Cleandra* may comply
In all, that will *Ormasdes* satisfie
Thus my affection, has my heart expresst,
And I expect an answer I may trust.

Ormas. What you have uttered *Titus*; I believe,
And scorn to think such friendship, can deceive.
By the same sacred tye, I you conjure,
To credit me, who seriously do vow.
I only chose this solitary life,
To ease my body, and repose my mind;
I have no passion, nor do grief sustain,
Nor have a wish beyond *Cleandras* smile,
And *Titus* friendship; which I'le near beguile.

Titus. Sir, I am bound to credit what you say,
And shall no more endeavour by discourse,
To alter such well grounded purposes:
But must we never hope for your return?
To Court? where you with the same freedom may
Enjoy what private hours you can desire,
And not thus put the World so wholly off;
Which surely was, with all its glories made,
For use of man, and its felicities
To be by us injoyed; without a crime.

Ormas. Yes *Titus*, but we vain men mistake,
And from our fickle Infancy propose,
Glittering felicities we never find,
For as we grow up to the injoyments
Of what riper years bring with them, we see
That our desires do daily higher grow
And our fruitions but foundations lay,
T'entertain our busie brains, a new way.
So that we seldome contentation have,
In what we do possess; but forward look,

And only find some pleasure in the way,
Towards the end we aime at; which obtain'd,
Brings not those real joyes, we did expect;
Only affords some relish which invites
Our idle fancies, to seek new delights;
— How unhappy then, is our best happiness?
When no fruitions, can our fond hearts bless,
Still subject to unsatisfied desires,
That from quench'd Ashes, does beget new Fire.
Thus all our Appetites, do make us slaves,
And from our cradles lead us to our graves.

Young Titus. Has the Gods only given us active souls
And no objects, fit for them to fix on?

Orma. To think on those Gods, will afford our hearts
A full variety, of lasting joyes;
With which our earthly fancies cannot mix,
When on Cœlestial happiness, we fix.

Titus. I shall e're long, this argument revive,
And shew, how you are buried alive!
Where is that valor, and that virtue gon?
Whither that courage fled? I doated on.
Though you can passion, and desire sustain,
You must not quit the Court, as if disdain
Of all the glories that a Court can give,
Could not perswade you there again to live.
— I must now leave you to attend the Queen; —

[*Exit Titus.*

Ormas. A clearer virtue I have never seen.

[*Exit omnes severally.*

Exit

Enter the Queen, Embassador, Mariana, Old Titus, *and Train.*

Embassador. Madam, shall I return without a hope?
No gratious answer to my Masters sute!
Queen. My Lord, I fully have declar'd, that way.
Embassador. Never to marry Madam!
Queen. Tis my opinion now.
Embassador. Will you permit my Master to appear?
Whose person may bring Arguments to prove,
It necessary to allow his Love.
Queen. By no means my Lord, I shall not admit
His visit, if he come on that affair!
But must against his coming now declare.
Embass. How can you Madam, thus declare against
A person, and a passion you see not?
Or prejudge, what you will think hereafter!
His presence, may change this severity.
Queen. I have consider'd all that can be said,
Urge it no more.

The Embassador stands concern'd. — *Exit* Queen, *and Train.*

Ma. Brother, -Sir, - what do you ail? what strange looks
Do you put on? you will be discovered!
Emba. I *Mariana*, tis now my business,
To try if this Scene changing, may not change
Cleandras stubborn heart; when she shall see
This borrow'd habit, thrown away; if then,
She scorn my Love! I will break off the League
And in my own Right will a VVar declare,

For her so lately conquer'd *Zelnian* Crown,
And there will try, if her conceal'd Gallant!
The great *Ormasdes* may once more be drawn
From Sanctuary, to defend her Right,
From my just rage; —— I will now visit him.

Mari. This humour is not fit for complement,

Emb. Fear not *Mariana*, I'le not wrangle now,
My business is to bribe that mighty man,
And make him plead my cause to the fair Queen,
—— But if I find him rotten at the heart!
I shall unmask him, spite of all his Art.

Mari. That is what I fear.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

The Second Act.

Enter the Embassadour, with Ormasdes, *who holds a Book in his hand, they sit on Chairs by a Table.*

ORMASDES.

YOur Lordship by this visit, honours me;

Emb My visit brings you business of the State,
You must not take it for a Complement.

Ormas. What is your business then?

Emb. I have observed *Ormasdes*, the Queens sence,
Is yours, in her Affairs of Consequence,
She moves by you; this brings me to consult
My Masters Marriage, for a full result!
For I conceive *Valerianus* Name
Of so great Credit! and so high a Fame!
That our two Nations, by our Princes joyn'd;
Though our surrounding neighbors were cobind,
Our Territories would be safe, and we
Should thank the Gods for such Tranquilitie.
But when a Lady Rules, they may presume,
And their Rebellious Principles assume;
If great *Ormasdes* shall be call'd away,
And fair *Cleandra* left alone to sway.

Ormasdes. I know Sir, that *Cleandra* does esteem
The stout *Treconians* friendship, as she ought;
And I know she honours your brave young King,
Whose martial acts, have gain'd him through the (world,
A character so noble, and so great!
That she with joy this proffer'd League, does treat.
Onely dislikes the Marriage you propose
On good *State* Arguments, as I suppose,
In judgement, and affection to her Son,
She will not raise a Rival to his Crown.
And for her angry Neighbours, she believes
The late *Zelnian* war, has such wisdome taught,
They will not suddainly, unurg'd, provoke,
A Queen, so powerfull, and so fortunate.

Embassador. Suppose *Valerianus* take offence?
And look on this neglect as an affront!
Because he only did propose this League,
To introduce his sute, which he conceives,
VVill both our Nations equally advance;
But if laid by with scorn! suppose he then,
Do joyn with your old Enemies? and claim
His Fathers Title to the *Zelnian* Crown;
VVhat may the hazzards? and the issue be?
If a new war, dispute your Victory?

Ormasdes. I will not Prophecy the sad event,
That so unjust a war, may justly bring
Upon so Gallant, and so wise a King!

Embass. Suppose then, that I have his Commission?
To lay by the Treaty of this new League,
Untill the Marriage be agreed unto;
And if deni'd! I must Proclaim his Right
To *Zelnia*; and your late Conquest bring,
To a new question, with a Powerfull King.

Ormas.

Ormas. If *Valerianus* be so fixt, we must
No hazzards fear, in wars that are so just.
Embass. Your great success have high thoughts begot,
Above your Conquest, which I value not?
But wish such evils as we now foresee,
May be avoided by our industry;
For 'twill become your Wisdom, and your Trust,
T'advise *Cleandra* to this happy Match,
Wherein if you prevail! I have full power,
Now to confer on you, the first, and best
Of our *Treconian* Principalities.
Ormas. You do me wrong, and are in this unjust,
To think that I will break *Cleandras* trust,
Which I do value 'bove your Masters Crown!
And therefore boldly will advise the Queen
Not to admit his suite, on Arguments
Which must an evil consequence produce
To her Sons Right, if she Comply,
And by it lessen her own Dignity.
Embass. If my imployment, anger did allow,
And my own Honour would permit, to strike
A Book-man! this rude language, I'de correct.
Orm. If the Queens honour were not more concern'd!
In a respect to your imployment due;
You soon should find, how little I do value you!
The Book-man would not from your Master take
This Insolence; but for *Cleandras* sake
I do forbear; pray visit me no more.
Embassador. Fear it not; when *Valerianus* knows
How little worth, *Cleandras* honour is!
He will this League, and her Alliance scorn;
Who puts *Ormasdes* into this Disguise,
To hide her Lover from her Peoples Eyes?

Ormasdes. This is beyond sufferance.

{Ormasdes *Grapples with the Embassador*}

{*Enter* *The Queen, Young* Titus, *and Train, who part them.*}

Queen. Hold *Ormasdes*, I heard his Insolence —
— Sir, you have leave to go aboard your Fleet,
Where you only can be safe; begon then,
Without reply be gone; for if't be known!
What you have said! my People may revenge
My wrong, before your Master do me right. —

[*Exit Embassador in Anger.*]

— *Ormasdes* you must in this, my will obey,
Your wonted Judgement, must your passion sway:
While I by a quick war, with Fire and Sword,
Require such Justice as he must afford.

Ormas. Madam, the Conduct of that war I beg;

Queen. If you this passion will lay by till then!
You shall: But no more of this anger now;
I came to take the Ayre this After-noon,
But will defer it, till another day.
— Pray be pacifi'd, you shall not stir out;
I do intreat, and do command you stay.
Titus stay you, till this heat be over.

[*Exit Queen and Train.*]

Ormas. *Titus*, my friend; I have a flame within,
That will consume my heart, if you help not!

Young

Yo. Tit. Do you doubt my assistance, to serve you,
In any way you can prescribe a friend?
Or. I'le rather thank thee for't, then doubt thy love,
Th' Embassador can this night hardly reach
Coriola! where we, in a swift Boat,
By break of day, to morrow may Arrive;
If some hours since! we in the dark, Imbarke!
Yo. Titus I guess your purpose, and I will obey;
Yet I would gladly have an Argument,
To justifie what we intend to do;
Lest Forreign Princes should condemn our State,
That Laws of Nations rashly violate,
And so *Cleandras* honour, suffer more,
Then by his Insolence, she did before.
Ormas. How can he justifie, those words he spoke?
His rude language, the Law of Nations broke.
For when a Publick Minister puts off
That sacred shadow, which should him protect;
And dares in such vil'd language give affronts,
To a much greater Monarch then his own!
That minute, his Commission did expire;
When he his Cloak of Majesty laid by;
And like a Ruffen, talk'd so lavishly.
Yo. Titus. This I confess, is reason for revenge,
But if the World our action not approve?
Pray think, what we shall urge for our excuse,
In case we can no president produce?
Ormas. A president *Titus!* where will he show,
That Nations do Embassadors allow
To be so barbarously base, as he?
When he dares make his Act, a president!
I will another shew, and kill him for't.

In

In the first Age, no presidents, were known,
And in ours, this shall be my Creation:
'Tis not *Cleandras* work, nor is it thine;
The glory, or the shame is only mine.
Titus my heart would break, if I permit
That man to brag, as he will do at home;
How he has brav'd *Ormasdes* to his face!
And on *Cleandra* thrown so foul disgrace.

Y. Tit. Since I your resolution cannot change,
Pray name the place, and hour, and I'le not faile.

Ormas. Some 3. hours hence, we'l at the Ferry meet,
Where a swift well-man'd Boat, you must provide,
My motion may some jealousie beget,
Of what we do intend; and must perform;
If our best speed, can but this Mad-Man reach,
I shall his fury, better manners teach.

[*Exeunt.*

{*Enter* Cleandra, Mariana, *Old*}
{Titus, Cleobulus, *and Ladies.*}

Queen. Madam, you are now got so near my heart,
That I am sad to think that we must part.

Mariana. And I too soon do find, that I too late,
Am now involved in my Brothers Fate.
We leave our hearts behind, though we now fly,
This place by our impulsive Destiny.
My soul has not a wish can send me hence,
If I could stay on any just pretence.

Queen. Why may you not stay here *Mariana?*
And let him go, we will a friendship make,
Such as thy virtue justly may expect,
And my affection give, if here you'l live?

Mari. I am unhappy Madam, who must be
At his disposse, has done you injurie
So great! that I must suffer while I live.
Queen. Rather then you shall suffer, I'le forgive
Mari Your pardon is, beyond your power, I fear,
Unless you will admit his Master here?
Queen His pardon then, is far beyond my reach,
If for his King, his own concern be such!
And yours, so much for him; I must consent
To part with both; yet I could be content,
To see him for your sake, I and forget,
What he so rashly has against me said,
Thy tears for him, have satisfaction made.
Mari. My Brother is already on his way,
And has ordered Boats for me to follow,
Where I expect to find his rage to high,
To hearken to such mercy, as I bring,
Unless *Cleandra* will admit his King!
Queen. I have not seen such useless rage before,
Whom but himself? can his mad fury harm?
Mari It is a Riddle I dare not expound.
Queen. Dare not *Mariana?* am I so low
In your Esteem? you dare not let me know
What you dare do? this secret I confess,
Has only power to make me love thee less.
Mari. I cannot, I have sworn not yet to say
What 'tis, to him I'me doubly tied t' obey:
But since your goodness, can so soon forgive,
So great a Crime, I'le try to bring him back,
And if I can prevail, for his consent,
I'le shew the cause of his distemperment. ——
Queen. You have his pardon, and may now persue
Your own design, to bring him back with you;

But

But if he chuse to go, and set you free,
Your self shall be much welcomer to me.

Mar. Your words incourage me to take no leave,
But cherish hopes which may my heart deceive
With present thoughts rather to smile then mourn
As a good Omen to my quick return.

Queen. You *Nearcus*, shall conduct *Mariana*
To *Coriola*, and at your own house,
As you pass by; pray treat her as my friend.

Nearcus. I shall be carefull in it Madam.

{*Exeunt* Nearcus, *and* Mariana.

Queen. I love her, and am somewhat more concern'd
To part with her; then I can make you see!

Admiral. She has by her behaviour, gain'd esteem
From all the Court, and from the Nation too.

Queen. I wonder *Titus* none of you lament,
When so great Beauty from the Court is sent!

Admi. Your Majesty has shew'd enough for all.

Queen. I do mean Love *Titus*, and did expect,
Her beauty should have fir'd a hundred hearts!
And by the powerfull charms of her bright Eyes,
O're-ruled, our *Citherean* Destinies.

Admi. My heart Madam, has been so often burnt,
There is no substance left, that can take fire;
Indeed I wonder how the rest have scap'd!

Cleob. *Nearcus*, and my self, had other thoughts!
Of this great beauty, which did secure us;
We do *Mariana* for his Mistris take,
Few Sisters Travel for a Brothers sake!

Queen. How *Cleobulus!* have you any ground
For this? to justifie so vile a thought;

Cleobulus.

Cle. Only the freedom, which they daily us'd,
With this new way, for Men who have no Wives,
To carry Sisters, into Foreign Courts!

Queen. Though not in use, it does not sure deserve
A censure so severe! such Innocence,
In *Mariana*, did to me appear,
That I should sooner judge her good, if bad!
Then blemish such perfections by a thought
It cannot be! so Insolent a Guilt!
He durst not own! nor such a scandal raise,
On his own Name! and on his Country too!
I do command you to suppress this thing,
I am asham'd a *Citbereans* heart,
Should entertain a thought of such a crime!
We bring our own Worth in question then,
When we asperse the Worth of other men.

Cle. They were but thoughts, as rashly then tain up,
As now thrown out; with no design to wrong
The Innocent; I wish her virtue may
Our thoughts convince, and she be justified.

Queen. Keep firm there my Lord, for all those who live
Near Princes Eares, should weigh how they let fall
A word, that may a Womans Honour blast;
If I were apt to credit your report?
And on your groundless jealousie affront
Such virtue! what a sin were it in you?
To make me guilty of so great a Crime!

Cleobulus. I am sorry for my rash opinion,
Since it offends your Majesty so much!

Queen. It is the baine of Courts, when we permit
Those near us, to asperse the Innocent;
If our strict Laws for petty theft, gives Death?
How much a greater punishment is due

For

For Robbing a good name? a sin so vil'd,
And so unknown! no punishment was made
By way of Prophesie, for crimes to come!
If I did think this malice from your heart,
I would for ever banish you my Court.

Cleobulus. Your Majesty does raise your anger now
Above my guilt; which had no mischief in't.

Queen. I am no farther angry with you now,
But take occasion to declare my sence,
Against all such as defame Innocence.
'Tis a Prince his chief business to be Just,
The Gods impose on us no higher Trust!
We have no petty faults, to answer for,
Universal Justice, is our great work,
And those who shall divert it, to destroy
The Fame, or Fortune of an Enemy,
Deserves to be thrown off with Infamy.

[*Exit Queen and Ladies.*

{*Remains the* Admiral *and* Cleobulus.}

Admiral. I have not seen the Queen in such a heat!
You have offended her some other way?

Cleobulus. Not that I know of, in this kind ever!

Admi. What Devil, made you talk thus to her now?
You knowing that she is so good her self,
She makes a doubt, that any of her Sex
Can do amiss! and tis great Nobleness!

Cleo. There is a kind of pixe Devil, dwells
In many Courts, that haunts our idle heads;
And prompts us, when we know not what to say;
To Entertain great Princes with reports

Of

Of others so to please and pass the time;
This foolish spirit, I think, entred me.

Admiral. You gave *Cleandra* cause, for your reproof,
For how can Princes judge Malice, for Mirth?
When cunningly thrown out, with specious shews,
Of probabilities; when those aspers'd,
Are never call'd, to answer for themselves;
The Queen did Excellently well, to chide
You, whom she loves; that none may ere presume
The like hereafter! for if Princes be
Born Credulous? Malitious persons may
Defame a Nation, if they please! this way.

Cleobulus. I know I was to blame, but from this day,
I'le hold my peace, till I know what to say.

[*Exeunt.*

{ *Enter* Nearcus, *with* Mariana *and Servants at his House.* }

Mari. Where are we now my Lord? this house stands well.

Nearcus. It is my poor habitation Madam;
Here I must treat you by the Queens command,
'Tis the mid-way unto *Coriola.*

Mariana. 'Tis a Noble, and a most pleasant Seat;
Has it no Mistris Sir? Are you single?

Nearcus. I am only that way, happy Madam;

Mariana. You have a Mistris then? or do you call
It happiness? that you as yet, have none?

Nearcus. Will you please Madam, to view the garden?

{ *The rest of the Train stay looking on the Pictures, and see them not go out.* }

{ *Exit* Nearcus *with* Mariana. }

The

1. *Lady.* That piece methinks, does look as if it liv'd.
2. *Lady* I do prefer that smiling Figure first;
Whose hand is it my Lord?
Lord. I have not skill enough to know the hands,
Though I love Pictures: — pray observe the next;
Is not this sleeping *Venus*, rarely done?
See how that *Cupid* in the Tree stands off!
2. *Lady.* Tis rare indeed, that *Satyr*, and the rest,
Of the whole piece, is excellently good!
1. *Lady.* Let us look into the next room my Lord;
Lord. This way they went, & this way must return.

{ *They go out, and return hastily.*

Lord. The doors are lock'd, and we can pass no way.
1. *Lady.* Is this by accident? or on command?
Lord. Let us attend a while, and we shall see;
From the next Chamber window, where they be.

[*Exeunt.*

{ *Enter* Nearcus *with* Mariana *in the Garden.* }

Mariana. I have no Argument for further talk,
And now am weary grown, with this long walk;
Where is the beauty? you so much admire!
Your praises, have in me rais'd some desire
To see this wonder of our Sex! that I,
May judge your skill, and with your choice cõply.

{ Nearcus *locks the door, and kneeles.*

Nearcus.

Nearcus. She is here already, oh she is here!
A brighter beauty, never can appear!
Mari. Why d'ye lock the door my Lord? why kneele
To me? you make my heart some tremblings feele;
By this surprise; and I do doubtfull stand,
What of kind Treachery you have in hand!
It looks! — yet, like a Lionnesse betray'd
Into the Toyles; I scorn to be afraid.
Nearcus. I have no Argument for either now;
But a distracted heart; that knows not how
T'excuse, what I have done! — tis love has brought
Me to this Precipis, and too late taught,
That I from hence, shall head-long tumble down,
If you disdain to save; oh do not frown!

[Offers his Sword.

Rather take this, and while you may, prevent
Your own near ruine, and my rash intent. ——
— That angry look, and those enraged Eyes,
Pierce like quick Lightning, from the stormy skies;
They melt my heart, & make me trembling stand,
To beg what Love, and Nature may Command.
Mariana. Love! do the *Cithereans* by such Arts!
Such force! and treachery! win Ladies hearts?
Fie, fie *Nearcus*, this does not agree
With Love! nor with *Cleandras* trust to thee;
I shame to find such ills! and blush to chide:
— Repent, and I thy Infamy will hide;
Oh! tis the basest of all crimes, to be
Justly condemn'd, for infidelity;
And with a treachery, my trust beguile;
Beyond the story of the *Crocadile*. ——

Ne. What dares not love attempt? when it goes high
Like mine? your ships are ready, oh to night!
The wind is fair; and I, no time but this,
To woe; no other means to reach my bliss!
The Queens command, and my desires here meet,
To throw my life, and fortune, at your feet
That by this desperate course, you now may see,
Your love, or scorn, I make my destenie.

Mari *Nearcus*, how would you prevail my *dreams*!
Instruct me not, to answer such extreams!

Nearcus. I would have you Mistris of me, and mine,
Before we part, made so, by vowes Divine:

Mariana Tis a short warning, to a work so great!
Is this *Cleandras* Love? and this your Treat
To strangers? do you think my lips, my heart
Does hold so loose? as at first sight, to part
With it to you? what do you find in me
So slight? that looks like so much levitie.

Nearcus. If you'l afford more time? I will proceed
With caution, and respect! and shall take heed
How I offend; if you'l resolve to stay,
Or to comply, my passion will obey.
— If not! I must this desperate course persue,
And trust my ruine, or success, to you
— Who does in desperate attempts ingage,
Can seldome at first sight, th'event presage:
— Love led me on, and reason comes to late,
Now to retreat; this Fortune, is my Fate.

Mar. Your language, & your looks, do rather threat
Then woe; which does in me such scorn beget,
As to an Enemy, that does invade
— That innocence you have bereft of aid;

And boldly dare impose on a free heart,
What should be won by Love, not such base art!
Nearcus. Give me but time to woe! and I will fear;
And tremble in your sight; with zeal appear,
And the same duty, I approach the Gods,
When my offences, make me fear their Rods!
It is not I, (as yc affairs do stand)
But high necessity, makes me command;
That all the remnant of my life, you may
Triumph! for my ambition's to obey.
Mariana. Think you by force, that I shall ere think fit;
To yield my self to such a counterfiet?
I am not born unto so mean a Fate,
As to submit unto the man, I hate:
Nor will I be thus frighted, to comply,
With so contemptable a destiny.
Nearcus. I must confess, I can by no disguise
Lessen, or hide, the guilt, of this surprize;
But by some greater crime, more amply shew,
That a distracted passion may soon know,
To act such evills, as I fear to think;
But do not set me in despair thus sink.
Speak so, as that I may, some hope retain,
And you'l restore me to my self again.
Mari Stand by vil'd Man, and let me pass; who waits?
Near. None within call; that now can help! the fates
Themselves have not the power to set you free;
Nor can you hope for safety, but from me!
No storm at Sea, nor in it, ships on fire,
Creates more terrours, then my wild desire,
Brings me! here is a Tempest in this brest,
Above all them; since raging Love possest

My heart, I am become a walking storm;
Reason, and Virtue, are both wrack'd, no form
Observ'd, while this confusion bears the sway,
None knows to govern, but must all obey,
If we cannot resist, then do my boy,
Is madness, when we must to ruine go!

Maria. I have no power, but to, as my Brothers will
Obey; I must his mind, not yours fulfill;
Lest his great pride, and anger may destroy,
What you'd preserve, and frustrate all your joy.

Nearcus. If my high birth, and quality do prove
Less then your own, I will expect no love;
But hazzard all my hopes, on his consent,
Let his denial, sign my punishment.

Mariana. If your birth equal mine, and he consent
To joyn our hands; I have no argument
Against your hopes; but must be Mistris still,
Of my own heart, not part with my free-will;
Yet now *Nearcus*, I do promise you,
What truth and honour dictates, I will do.

Nearcus. Unless you both do ere you go, comply,
You shall soon see, that I know how to dye.

Mari. Pray call my servants down, that I may see
Your truth, and find my self at Liberty.

[*He calls at the door.*

Nearcus. Now Madam, that my life's at your disposal,
Your self secure, I humbly do propose,
You will before the Gods, confirm by vow,
What you have freely promis'd, to me now.

Mari. By all those powers, I'le keep my promise made
And never fail to own, what I have said.

Nearcus. It is enough, a kiss of your fair hand,
Must satisfie the man, you may command;
Nearcus has no soul, cannot be blest,
Untill his love, with love you do invest.

[Enter Servants, and all go off together.

THE THIRD ACT.

Enter
[The Embassador, *as at* Coriola, *with* Cleon, Erillos, *and Train.]*

EMBASSADOR.

THis *Piazzo Cleon*, is Magnificent;
I have not seen any so Beautifull!

Cleon. It shews the Princes Treasure, and their minds,
Are alike great, who can so soon Erect
So vast a City, which in every part
Deserves to be as much admir'd, as this!

Emba. We may walk through it, ere my Sister comes!

Erillos. You may, the River side is your best view;

Cleon. There is a Boat now coming to the shore;

Erillos. Those who land, seem to be of Quality!

Embassador. I see no Woman yet with them appear!
They are very brave, and come towards us!

Do any of you know who these may be?

Cleon. Young *Titus* landed first, but as I think
It is *Ormasdes* who now leads the Troop:

Embassa. If so! I must expect some angry words,
From the Offended Queen.

{*Enter* Ormasdes, *and Young* Titus, *with Servants, who come up close to the Embassador without any respect.*}

Emb. What means this kind of rudeness Gentlemen?

Ormasdes. It speaks my business, who am hither come,
To scourge that pride, you so much glory in.
And with this hand that insolence chastise,
Which boldly durst indeavor to defame,
By base surmises, great *Cleandras* Name. ——

[*He turns to* Titus.

— *Titus*, I beg as you love my Honour,
If I do fall! let none come in to help!

[*To the* Embassador.

— Sir, you shall have fair play, that we may see,
How Insolence, and Courage do agree!

[Titus *makes room.*

Embass. I shall soon satisfie the doubt you make;

[*To his Followers.*

— Stand off; he dyes that stirs to my relief;
Or by a word let fall, does make me known!

{*They fight,* Ormasdes *hurts and disarms him.*

Enter

{*Enter* Mariana, *and servants, who run in and part them.*}

Mariana. *Ormasdes* hold; it is a King you wound!
It is *Valerianus* you fight with.
Ormas. My self a Prince of *Greece* of the same blood
With our great Emperour, will justifie
What I have done; and to the World declare,
If any man do wrong me in disguise!
I do his Titles, and himself despise.

{*Exit* Ormasdes, Titus *and Train.*}

Mari. Oh Gods! my prophetick soul, did long since
Fore-see this Evil! oh let not ——
King. Hold *Valeriane*; there are no Gods!
Nor shall one Altar in my Kingdome stand,
To honour those we foolishly call Gods!
I will Erect new Temples unto Chance,
Which guiddely, thus governs us below.
Val. Take heed Sir, lest you do provoke those powers!
(You now despise!) to punish your contempt!
King. I will not own those Gods, those empry names,
Who cannot shelter us from publick shames!
Vale. The Gods be just, and you are much to blame,
'Twas not *Ormasdes*, who the King ore-came!
It was his Virtue conquer'd your offence,
Your Guilt gave Victory to Innosence.
Kin. Will you, become my Judge? will you, cõdemn
My Life, and Honour? A fit Sacrifice
To your belov'd *Ormasdes* fatal Sword;

Fool, from this hour, I do thy blood disclaim,
And will forget, I ever knew thy Name; ——
—— *Erillos*, let my goods be sent aboard,
I will not stay a minute longer here,
Then my necessity compells me to.

Vale. I have prevail'd with the much injur'd Queen,
To lay her anger by, and to forgive
Those rash words you spoke, and have her leave
To bring you to her sight again with hopes
She may her inclinations change, when known!
Your fury did proceed from Love alone.

King. My Love is vanish'd, and my heart too full
Of my revenge, to think of my return;
Till I can pull *Cleandra* from her Throne!
I hope *Ormasdes* will take care of you,
Who plead his cause, and are to love, so true!

Men. Sir, though y^r wounds be slight, if you remove!
So soon? we cannot answer for your life.

King. I'le rather dye at Sea, then live on shore,
Make haste good *Cleon*; lead me to my Boat.

Cleon. Will you leave the Princess, in a strange land?
Thus unkindly cast her off; for ever?
Because her Love did argue for your good!

King. And thee that dares so boldly her excuse,
Who does my honour, and her own abuse.

[*The Princess sound.*

Cleon. Look Sir, she dyes! your unkindness kills her,

King. She cannot do her self, and me more right,
Then to dye now! but she cannot depart,
While great *Ormasdes* Triumphs in her heart! —

[*She Recovers.*

See how his Name, her fainting soul Revives!
Lead on, or I shall laugh to see her dye!
That can raise Trophies for my infamy.

Exit King and Train.

Valeriana. What cruelty is this? to leave me here!
Who love him better, then he loves himself;
—— You'l be all ruin'd, if you stay with me!
Cleon. What we have said, has ruin'd us enough,
If his unruly rage, can reach so far?
Mene. I think 'twere best, that you return to Court,
And do *Cleandras* proffer'd friendship try,
I have all your Brothers Jewells here,
Which will defray your charges while you stay.
Valeriana. Tis a plentifull provision for us;
But where is young *Nearcus*, all this while?
Cleon. He has not yet appear'd, since we Arriv'd.

Enter to them Ormasdes, *young* Titus, Nearcus, *and Servants,* Ormasdes *stands off.*

Nearcus. Madam, can you forgive, what I have done?
And own the Author of so great a crime?
Who saw not then a Princess in disguise,
But was captiv'd by *Marianas* eyes!
Valeriana. My Lord, I do forgive, and shall forget,
So you repent! and I will serve you to,
With all my power, and interest in the Queen.
Nearcus. If that be all, would I had guilty been
Of greater crimes, then my good natur'd sin.

Young

Young Titus. Madam, we hear your Brother is unkind,
But by *Cleandras* favours you may find
Some means to reconcile you unto him.
Valeriana. I am most happy in *Cleandras* love.
Yo. Tit. Will you permit *Ormasdes* in your Boat?
Or shall he seek some other passage home?
Maria. I could have wish'd *Ormasdes* less concern'd,
Or that his courage had not been so great;
But cannot quarrel him on this account;
He was oblig'd to right *Cleandras* wrongs;
And must in Justice be applauded for't.
Ormas. Madam, I thank the Gods for my success,
And now with the same breath, can humbly beg,
That you'l forgive, what they so late approv'd?
Valeriana. Sir, it will not become me, his Sister,
—— Now to congratulate your Victory,
Who have just cause to mourn my Brothers Fate;
From whence my own misfortunes have their date
Ormas. Madam, shall we attend you to your Boat?
Valeri. Let *Titus* order all, as he thinks fit!
I am ready now for my remove.

Exeunt.

{Titus *leads off* Valeriana, *the rest follow.*

{*Enter* Cleobulus *and* Chyron.}

Chy. The Queen is troubled, and her Guards are sent
With speed, *Ormasdes* Quarrel to prevent:
Cleob. She must secure th' Embassadors return,
Left all our Neighbour-Nations do complain,

And

And ſay, we give occaſion for a War!
Which the *Treconians* claim cannot pretend,
Nor the rejected Marriage, Juſtifie.
Chyron. *Valerianus* has an antient claim
To *Zelnia*, which may beget a War!
If the *Treconians* do a quarrel ſeek?
There wants no Title to a Prince provok'd
Cleob *Ormaſdes* will rejoyce, to ſee that day!
Chy He is our Nations Darling, and deſerves,
Cleandras favour; but methinks, he looks
As if his heart, were higher, then his head!
Cleo I have been lately chid for juggling looks,
And dare not ſay, what I believe, I ſee.

{*Enter to them* Cleandra.}
{*Old* Titus, *and Ladies.*}

Queen. You tell ſuch wonders from *Coriola*,
That I want faith for it! how comes this Newes?
Admiral. Madam, a Meſſenger but now Arriv'd,
Saw the Combate done, and heard *Nearcus* ſay,
They would attend *Valeriana* back
Unto your Majeſty; (whereas the wonder?)
Princes have been in forreign Courts diſguis'd!
Que. But have you ever ſuch ſtrange humors found?
A Prince where Vice, and Virtue, is ſo mixt!
Admi. No, I have not, nor ſuch a preſident!
As now *Ormaſdes* gives us to correct
Such impudence, as near before was known.
Queen. If I were not concern'd, I ſhould approve.
What he has done, though now I muſt not own?
Admi. For publique thanks on his behalf, I move.—

—Why should we thus, our honest thoughts disguise?
When Virtuous Actions, Virtue Justifies.

Queen. Had not *Ormasdes* stird! by Armes I might
Compell his Master to have done me right.

Admi. By war, thousands of guiltless persons might
Have suffer'd, for one mans over-sight.

Queen. You have reason *Titus*, and I shall Judge
Ormasdes Act, as he deserves from me;
Who with my Nation, am so much oblig'd,
I must approve, whatever he will own!
— Let the young Princess lodgings be prepar'd,
Fit for my Friend, and Sister to a King.

{ *Enter to them*, Valeriana, *Young* Titus, Nearcus, *and Servants.* }

Queen. You are welcome Madam, and I am glad
To have you on these terms; do not weep
To part with, what your virtue could not keep!

Valerian. I am happy, by my unhappiness,
For by your favour Madam, I may find
Some remedy for my afflicted mind.

Queen. Be sure, what *Citherea* can afford,
Is yours; and all *Cleandra* does command
With me rejoyce, to see you safe return'd;
— But where is *Ormasdes?* I must chide him.

Nearc. He is retir'd Madam, to avoid your sight.

Titus. *Ormasdes* thinks it duty, and respect,
Not to appear at Court, till you direct!

Queen. Pray fetch him hither now; I hope you can
Exit Titus.
With me, forgive so Excellent a man!

Whose

Whose passion never does his reason sway,
But follows on, when virtue leads the way.

Valeriana. I have no anger to *Ormasdes*, since
Young *Titus* did my Brothers crime relate,
I hope this letting blood, will do him good,
When this affront, at home, is understood!

Queen. Your Justice, and your Charity is great,
And I do see no reason but you may
Admit *Ormasdes*, in my company;
I am inform'd, he has a slight hurt to!

Valeriana. My furious Brother will be glad indeed!
That brave *Ormasdes*, by his hand does bleed.
This accident, if you'l be pleas'd, to call
My Brother back? may reconcile us all.

Queen. I never shall consent to his desires,
Though I my anger, and revenge remove,
In complement to you, whom I do love.

Enter to them Ormasdes, *and Young* Titus.

Ormas. Madam, if doing Justice, have displeas'd!
I do repent, and now your pardon beg.

Queen. Since his great insolence, and your revenge,
No Age can parallel! both must submit
To such a censure as the World thinks fit.

Ormas. Your pardon Madam, is not all my sute,
I beg your interest to obtain like grace
From this sad Lady! my whole Soul is vext,
To see such innocence, so much perplext.

Queen. I can now secure you there *Ormasdes*,
She does discreetly judge, what you have done,
Was, what a man of honour could not shun.

— Is

— Is not this truth *Valeriana*? speak?

[Valeriana *stands surpris'd.*

Valeri. Yes Madam, I do think, I did say so!

[*She sighs, and weeps.*

Q. What suddain change is this? can your soft heart,
Conceal a thought of ill? towards the man
You have excus'd? and seem'd to smile upon!
Nearcus. She does love *Ormasdes*, and I am lost!

Aside.] [Valeriana *weeps.*

Qu. Pray leave us, all with-draw! to the next room:-

[*Exeunt.*

— What have I said? that can disturb you thus?
Impart your grief, and I will share in them.
Valeriana. I dare not shew 'um with an open face!
Queen. And why, you cannot have a guilt so great
That I cannot forgive; speak it freely.
Vale. Has nor my face, my guilty heart betray'd?
Queen. I understand you not.
Vale. — I am safe then, and may my sorrow hide.

[*Aside.*

Queen. Madam, what means this talking to your self?
While I stand by neglected! is your trust
So great? that you can doubt I will be just?
Vale. I doubt my self great Queen, and fears not you;

[*Aside.*

She's jealous of me, and my thoughts too true!
She loves *Ormasdes*, and most unhappy I,
Am forc'd to smile on my own Tragedy;

I know

I know no way to hide my broken heart,
Unless I do immediately depart! ——
—— Madam, I beg your Pardon, and your Pass,
I must begon, least I too late alass!
By my distempers here, deserve your blame,
And raise my memory, eternal shame.

Queen You are not well sure, this distracted talk,
Requires Physitians to consult; I'le send; ——

Vale. Oh no! there needs no more consult for this,
You only can restore me unto bliss!

Queen. And can you doubt, that I will not?

Vale. I fear so!

Queen. What I can do, be you assur'd, I will.

Vale. What I desire, may be more priz'd by you,
Then is the *Citherean* Diadem!
—Will you know now? and if not grant! forgive?
For I am desperate on the suddain grown,
And am resolv'd to make my weakness known.

Queen. Speak it aloud, or in my bosome breath,

[*Imbraces her.*

The troubles of thy soul, let not a thought
Be hid, but freely shew, how much you trust
My love, and you shall find me kind, and just.

Vale Do not you Madam, value *Ormasdes*
Person? and his service above all mens?

Queen. Yes, I do.

Valeri. You are Just, and Worthy; —— and I am——

[Valeriana *faints.*

Queen. Help, help, some help there!

Enter

Enter Ormasdes, Titus, Nearcus, *and* Ladies, *who take up* Valeriana.

Nearcus. Tis love, upon my life! [*Aside.*

Queen. Leave us again, the dangers over now;

Ormas. I beg your permission to retyre.

Queen. My best wishes still attend *Ormasdes.*

Exit Ormasdes, *with the rest.*

Valeria. What can I say, t'excuse what I have done?

Qu. Speak plainly your full thoughts, & I'm y^r friend;
But if you longer dally with my love!
You will my friendship, unto anger move.

Valeri. I know you have discover'd by my words,
That your Esteem of him, you boldly own,
Becomes the ground of my distraction;

Que. You love him then! that look declares it now!
And so do I, or I would ne're consent
To give him unto you; if this cure grow
Within my reach! *Ormasdes* shall be yours.

Valeri. Is not your Majesty ingag'd to him?

Queen. Indeed, I am not so in love with him,
But I can second your desires; and will
With all my power endeavor to perswade
Ormasdes that he meet with open armes,
So great a blessing by the Gods design'd;
Though I must part with what I value most,
Your passion, never shall by me be crost.

Valeriana.

Valeri. Madam, your kindness to me flows so fast,
That I am now in danger to be lost,
By my abundant joy for this success
You give, of unexpected happiness.

Que. Remove these sullen clouds from thy fair Eyes,
And be thy self again, for I will shew
Ormasdes suddainly how great a bliss,
The Heav'ns prepare to Crown his Virtue with.

Valer. The Gods reward you with your highest wish!
That you may never want what you desire,
My spirits fail so fast! I must retire.

[*Exit.*

Her Maids lead her off, leaning on them, and shewing much weakness.

Queen. Do so; what's this, I have so rashly done!
Thrown off *Ormasdes* I depend on!
Must I perswade him quit that Interest here,
Which for my sake, he purchased so deare!
— How ill shall I repay his service past?
If I advise, this banishment at last;
What a rash promise, has my pitty made?
By thus proposing my improper Ay'd!
Though by the secret charms of sympathy,
Her passion won my reason to comply,
I must on this imployment *Titus* use,
My Honour will my active part excuse.
— But if his Arguments should not prevail?
And by my nicety, the business fail?
— If she should perish so? and I repent
To late, that ill! which I may yet prevent;

—— I must about it then, and loose no time,
Left my nice complements do prove a crime!
—— My faith is past, and I will now proceed,
Though base *Ormasdes* do condemn the Deed.
Exit with Train.

Enter Nearcus, *with* Valeriana, *in her Chamber, her Ladies stand off, but go not out.*

Nea. Madam, my desperate State, and high transport,
You may complain of, though not blame me for't;
Your eyes, like bright misguiding fires, betray
My wandring soul, and make me lose my way.
'Tis now too late, to see that I am lost,
Led by those guides, to this obdurate coast,
Where neither Rocks appear, nor crossing Tides;
Yet this expected safety, ruine hides!
—— But I must claim you by a solemn vow,
Made in the sight of Heav'n; and am come now,
To prove my Birth, which you will not deny,
Is with your own, of equall Quality;
These are such Arguments for your consent,
I cannot think, you dare your vowes repent.

Vale. It cannot well be thought, and much less said,
That I repent a promise, never made;
How could such hasty words, strict vowes appear?
Which my surprise, then made me speak in fear!
When you to seize me, stretch'd those Lions paws,
And threatn'd 'gainst all Hospitable Laws!
Worse then Death to me; what might I not do?
To get from such a Monstrous Beast as you!

Nearcus.

Near. Did my humility such danger threat?
Or my submission, with such horror treat!
Were it even so, as you your self have said!
I might my own conditions, then have made.
Vale. Did you not all my Servants first exclude?
And me into a loneness so delude,
As that no rescue could be had! to free
Me from your Trayterous Captivity.
When you with humble looks, strong fetters laid,
And words let fall, which made my soul afraid;
And caus'd me use some little Art, to gain
Your trust, that I my freedom might obtain.
Near. Tis true indeed, and you reproach me well,
Or else you might another story tell!
For I confess, I did too much! to prove
The humble passion of a gentle Love;
And much too little, now to justifie
My high affections, or my fact denie.
Had I with vigour my first step persu'd, (new'd.
You might have wish'd my vows, with yours re-
Vale. You talk, as now, I at your mercy were;
As if you still might threat; and I must fear!
But I shall make you know your self, and me,
If you proceed not with more modesty!
And shall soon let *Cleandra* understand,
How well you Treated me! on her command.
Near. Though I do shake, and tremble at your frown,
Cleandras anger, cannot bow me down.
For if my suffering no compassion move,
Nor your past vowes, make you regard my Love!
You shall then see, how little I esteem
This Life, you will not with a smile redeem!

Valeriana. I am not thus ingratefull as you say,
So I may be secur'd another way;
— I did not threat, till you aspers'd my Name,
By this false promise, you unjustly claim.
For though your Birth flow from a Noble Spring,
Tis something less, then Daughter to a King.
And more, I must the secret now impart,
That brave *Ormasdes* long since, had my heart.

Near. Madam, I have no Plea beyond my Love,
If that, do of too mean a value prove!
Think how your honour stands ingag'd by vow,
And that my all depends upon it now!
Yet here I do before the Gods profess,
To quit my Title, if my birth be less!

Vale. From *Nearcus*, the Gods will me protect,
Who boldly must a subjects claim, reject.

Near. Which I am not; but a Prince Nobly born,
As is *Cleandra!* though you now do scorn
The Man, who lay'd his greatness at your feet,
Without a thought, of Royalty to meet!
Your Virtue, and your Beauty did engage
My heart to Love; and did create that rage,
You now so much condemn; and makes me shame
I did no more, who was so much to blame!

Vale. You do amaze me! knows *Cleandra* this?

Near. She yet does not, but must do, when I plead
My Title to *Valerianas* Bed.
For Madam, you can onely now be mine,
Made so by humane Lawes, and by Divine.

Vale. What ere you are! I do much scorn to think
Of being compell'd and will strong poyson drink
Rather then be by such a trick betray'd,
Or of your scandalous reports, afraid;

You

Your first attempt was base; and now as vain
Your hopes are; you are a Prince! I do disdain
To have a thought for him, who poorly can,
Demand, what's given to another man.
I must this Injury at last reveal,
And to the Queen, for Justice now appeal.

Near. I am content, then let *Cleandra* Judge,

Vale. I'le hear no more.

[*Exit with Ladies.*

Near. What a strange heat I feel, that alwayes burn,
Yet do not waste, cannot to Ashes turn!
But like a fire-flaming Statue stand,
To warn the World, not to approach this Land;
Ye Gods! how cruel is your doom? that she
Melts not; but should an Icie Mountain be,
Of power to kindle such tormenting fires,
Where her own frozen heart has no desires.

[*Exit.*

The Fourth Act.

Enter Cleandra, *with* Ormasdes, *the Lords, and Ladies stand off.*

Queen.

I shall allow your Argument for War,
If the *Treconian* do provoke so far!
But how shall I, *Valeriana* free?
From her fierce Brothers great barbaritie;
And how Estate her in her Mothers Land!
If her mad Brother, should that right withstand!
Though she do now desire but what's her own,
If he should dye; She must Ascend that Throne.

Ormas. I have heard so, and that, by my rash Act,
She suffers, which makes me repent the Fact!

Queen. Her virtues, do her beauty far excell,
And in my judgement, have no parallel;
What is your thought? will not the man be blest
Whom Gods with such felicities invest!

Ormas. I doubt not Madam, her perfections may
In hearts of Men; above her Scepter sway.

Queen. She has won me, to a concern so high,
As if my own, were the same Destenу

With

With hers; my thoughts do labor where to treat
A Marriage with some Prince, worthy so great
A Queen; can you *Ormasdes* find me one
To recommend? will *Greece* afford us none?
Ormas. Madam, if *Citherea* can produce
None fit! for *Greece*, there will need no excuse;—
Queen. I think so too, unless *Ormasdes* will
Himself, thus my prophetick soul fulfill!
That does such glories, and such joyes foresee,
As may indure unto Eternitie. ——
Ormas. Me Madam, does your Majesty think me
A man worthy of so great Felicitie?
Alas I am too old, now to begin
To Love! you may as soon learn me to spin;
—— My Sword, and Armor, into Needles turn,
As teach my Age in Youthful flames to burn.
Queen. Tis you *Ormasdes*, are the man so blest,
Her love to you, she has to me confest;
And me in honour has ingag'd to try,
If I can now perswade you to comply.
Ormas. Madam, I hope you do not thus abuse
Your servant, cause my nature does refuse,
Such correspondence with your Sex, as might
Ingage a braver Man; Oh do not fight
Against my weakness! that must now confess,
I never unto Lady made Address;
And onely chose this solitary place,
That I might here some quiet thoughts imbrace.
—— Sure Madam, you mistake; how can it be?
That she should covet such Antipothy!
—— Can the good Gods to her be so unkind?
To let such excellence, become so blind?

Qu. Think you her self knows? what her self desires?
Or that she has no sence, of those quick fires,
That do consume her! can you doubt such Love?
Which through dispair, did then so mortal prove!
That but to name *Ormasdes*, she did Dye,
Till you appear'd, to change that destiny;
— And when you all retir'd, she did confess,
Her life depended on her good success;
Your Glorious Acts had raised so loud a Fame,
That she was first in Love with your great Name!
Which brought her hither, with a full intent,
To Judge, and Justifie, that Argument.

Ormas Madam, I must believe what you avow,
And do so far your Argument allow,
That it has rais'd in me, a greater war,
Then I was ever in; and am so far
From slighting this affair, that I descry,
My certain Ruine, by this Victory.
The Gods cannot afford lesse punishment,
If I refuse to hear! and if consent!
I'm lost, to all my joyes on Earth; for Fate
Has not in store, nor can the Gods Create
An evill, I fear more, then to deny,
What you command; though a sad Desteny;
— Can nothing less then my destruction? save
This Excellence? from an untimely Grave!

Queen. If I could see this danger you foretell?
Ormasdes harms, should make no other well!
Though *Valeriana* do my pitty move,
Ormasdes friendship, is before her Love
In my esteem; but if this match unite
Your hearts? it will our Children then invite,

To imitate our friendship, and so tye
Fast knots, for everlasting Ametie.

Ormas. My mind can move my body any way,
But my hard heart, will not my will obey;
My utmost power, my soul to mourn shall teach,
Cause my Affection, is beyond my reach!

Queen. If you oppose not, but your ear will lend,
I doubt not, but the Gods your heart will bend
This way, and your good nature in short time,
Will make you wish for, what you judge my crime.

Ormas. Although I cannot, wish, and must not chuse,
I would not Madam, willingly refuse
What you advise; but boldly meet my Fate,
That no one thought, may a vain fear Create,
Left you should judge my slackness, for neglect,
Because I grasp not, what I cann't affect.

Queen. Can you such pleasure tak, in this disguise?
Be thus retir'd? and all that's good despise,
When offer'd! do you fear? or scorn to meet
This Excellence, now fallen at your feet!
——Is your great heart *Ormasdes*, onely made
For dangerous attempts? shall it be said?
This Parragon of all our Sex! now dyes,
Because *Ormasdes*, does her Love despise?

Ormas. No Madam, I do suffer more, then she
Does for her self! here, is my miserie;
I dare not virtue, with vain hopes abuse,
I cannot love; and therefore do refuse
To dally with so bright a Saint, whose Shrine,
Compells all hearts to bow before't, but mine;
I am not capable of Love; not blest
That way! my heart's with other flames possest.

Queen.

Queen. All flames you feel, would vanish, did you see
Valeriana in such misery
As she endure! now fetching her last breath,
Enquiring your health, neglecting her own death.
Thus my compassion has her sorrows learn'd,
I weep her tears, while you stand unconcern'd!

Ormas. Madam, your passion does my pitty move,
Though my dull heart cannot consent to Love;
My resolution is now fixt; I'le try
My self to vanquish, or her Martyr Dye!
— I swear, I did not hear that she was ill,
And now it does my soul with horrour fill,
For her concern; no danger is so great,
But I will rather dye in't, then retreat.

Queen. Tis bravely said, but dare you try the effect,
Of one short visit? after such neglect!

Ormas. Thus provok'd! if your Majesty stands by!
I will not such a visit now deny.

Queen. You speak, and look, as if you meant to fright,
Much rather, then revive her by your sight!

Ormas. Madam, to Complement, I have no skill,
Nor can be pleas'd, if lov'd against my will!
Yet sensible, and civil, I can be,
Though it do prove unfortunate, to me.

Queen. When shall I bring this comfort? to revive
Her fainting soul; if she be still alive.

Ormas. Is she really so weak; so soon grown
Thus ill? I have no skill, in this unknown
Mystery of love! but will boldly try,
What I can do, for her recovery.

Queen. High passions do weak bodies sooner bring
To the Graves mouth, then any other thing;

Her despairs, are of a much longer date,
Though suddain sickness do break out thus late;
—— When I your humour, did at first rehersе,
And shew'd, how your whole life had been averse
To Love; she sigh'd, and presently grew pale,
Despair that minute, made her spirits fail;
And so transported by her fancy, fell
As if my doubts, had rung her passing bell.

Orm. Though I cannot speak, nor do yet know how
To look; I'm ready to attend you now!

Queen. I fear, so suddain, and so great a joy!
As your approach; may equally destroy!
Let me her heart prepare, that by degrees,
She may but hope retain, before she sees
The comfort, that your visit brings; and then
Ormasdes may ere long, prove best of Men.

Ormas. Madam, I do my self to you submit,
Pray order me in all, as you think fit.

Queen. You shall then stand unseen, while I do tell
This welcome story, which will make her well.
And then by what you'l see, you may observe,
How my true friendship will from both deserve!
Who have no wish beyond *Ormasdes* good,
When time shall make me rightly understand.

Ormas. Madam, I have now no more to say,
But that I will your Majesty obey.

Queen. You shall not stir *Ormasdes* till I send.

Exit Queen and Train.

Enter

{ *Enter to him* } Nearcus. {

Ormas. Did you not meet *Cleandra* going out?
Near. Yes, but I have buſineſs of importance,
Pray let us withdraw, and be more private.
Ormas. Come this way then: —

{ *They go out, and Re-enter.*

Ormas. Why have you drawn me to this inner room?
Is the ſecret, of ſo piercing quality?
That fewer walls then theſe, cannot contain't!
Near. It is my Lord of a high nature grown,
I muſt impart it to your ſelf alone;
—You and I, muſt kill one another now;
Orma. May not I live? though you are pleas'd to die?
Near. No Sir, ſince tis decreed that I muſt die!
I am reſolv'd to have your Company.
— There's a ſword, the ſame wth mine, defend you.
Ormasdes. Hold a while: ——
— May not I know the cauſe of this hatred?
Near. I have no hatred, yet endeavor, muſt
That we together may revert to duſt.
Though you by chance have rob'd me of my right
— I'de not out-live *Ormasdes*, if I might!
Or. From whēce dos this ſtrange kindnes to me grow?
Say, for I will not fight, untill I know!
Near. This then, will teach you to defend your ſelf:

{ *Runs at him; he put his Sword by, and holds him.*

Ormas.

Ormaſ. I ſhall call my Servants, unleſs you now ſhow
The cauſe of this diſtracted fury?
Near. I will: ——

[*Lets him go*

—— *Valeriana*'s my Quarrel;
She throws neglects on me, and dotes on you.
Ormaſ. You are miſtaken ſure, and much abus'd!
It is not poſſible! —— She dotes on me!
Who never Courted Lady in my life!
Near. By all that's good, ſhe told me ſo her ſelf.
Ormaſ. This muſt be ſome deſign, beyond my reach!
But if true? from whence does my guilt ariſe?
Who never heard of your pretence, till now!
Nor have a ſerious thought for hers, to me;
If ſuch a folly, do her heart poſſeſs;
Am I to anſwer for her guiltineſs?
Near. I do accuſe you, of no guilt at all;
But joy to think, if by my hand you fall;
It will Create in her ſuch miſerie,
As will adorn my death with Victorie.
Ormaſ. If ſuch revenge, and malice you intend?
Where is the Love, that you ſo much pretend?
Near. We'l talk of that, as our two ſouls expire;
She flatter'd me with hopes, that blew my fire,
She threw out vowes to marry me, and now
In hope of you, diſowns that holy vow.
Ormaſ. Made vows to marry you! and yet love me!
Pray ſhew me how, this ſtory does agree?
I ſwear, I never had a thought of Love
To Lady in my life; and will now quit
The intreſt you pretend, rather then fight ——
For ſuch imaginary Dreams, as this.

Nearcus. You must Fight.

{Nearcus *offers at him, he rings a Bell:* *Enter Servants.*

Ormes. No; disarm him,— so, now leave us alone,—

[*Exeunt.*

— *Nearcus*, I have lov'd you, and shall still,
If you'l permit! — what does this story mean?
Near. By Hea —— *Valeriana* did ingage
To marry me; if my birth equal'd hers!
But now repents, in hope to marry you.
Ormas. This story grows stranger, and stranger still
Does your birth equal hers? on which you ground
Your Title, and on which her vow was made.
Near. It does *Ormasdes*, and did hers exceed,
When I first urg'd that sacred vow she made;
She but a Subject, unto me appear'd.
Ormas. And are you other now?
Near. Yes, have you not heard that Prince *Orontes*,
Brother to our late King, had a young Son
Call'd *Leonatus*, who by sad mishap,
Fencing with the Prince, hurt him in the Eye,
Of which hurt he dyed; and the King, inrag'd,
Made vowes to Sacrifice the Murtherer;
As if the mischief, purposely were done!
In order to his own Succession; ——
— (After *Cleandra*;) who was then married
To a young Prince in *Greece*, and setl'd there.
Orm. I'ave often heard the Queen, with sighs lament
Her Brothers loss, by that sad accident:

And

And say, she pittied *Leonatus* death,
As innocent! for that unhappy youth,
She heard, was drown'd, endeavouring to escape
Her Fathers Vengeance, he unjustly vow'd.
Near. She was mis-inform'd my Lord, he yet lives;
'Twas by this fatall hand, her brother fell;
And I accurs'd, that have thus long surviv'd!
To fall a mis-becoming Sacrifice,
To Love; by a disdainful Ladies Eyes.
After so long concealment, and so safe!
By Old *Nearcus*, put in this disguise,
Bred as his Son; but now, I Life despise;
And call to have that Justice on me done,
Which I have us'd much industry to shun.
Ormas. You tell me wonders, of a different kind,
Of which I shall enquire; and if I find
Valeriana stands ingag'd to you?
And all this story of your self, prove True!
I will my best endeavors soon imploy,
This gross mistake of me, to rectifie.
Near. If my address, do find no good success!
The business of my life, shall be to dye,
And whether by your hand, or by command
From our great Queen? it is the same to me,
The Princess must my Life, or Death decree.
Ormas. I shall conceal your Name, untill I see,
I may reveal it, with securitie;
And in few hours, if my desires succeed!
You shall from all your doubts, and fears be freed.
Near. You will oblige me ever, if you do!

[*Exit* Nearcus.

Ormasdes.

Ormas. My hour is come, to wait upon the Queen,
Unto *Valeriana*, where this Newes,
I hope will bring me off, from the first Rock: —
— By *Valeriana* to be thus lov'd!
And by *Cleandra*, for another woo'd!
And by *Nearcus* kill'd, I know not why!
To me is a new kind of Misterie.

[*Exit.*

{*Enter* Valeriana, *brought in very weak, lying in a Couch, with Physitians, and Servants; She speaks very faintly.*}

Valeri. Is not the Queen return'd to Court yet?
Lady. No Madam.
Valeri. I wish she were; my heart dessolves so fast!
That I do find, I shall few minutes last.

[*She faints.*

Doct. Your fancy, does your weakness much increase,
This passion, is the worst of your disease.

{*Enter* Queen, *and* Ormasdes, *she sets him to stand unseen.*}

Doctor. Oh Madam! you are much wish'd for here;
Queen. Let all withdraw, I must be private now,
Onely do you *Ormasdes* stand unseen; —
— How is it with my friend?
Vale. I'm glad that you are come to close my Eyes,
My spirits wast so fast, that I must dye!
Queen. I hope not yet *Valeriana.*

Valeriana.

Vale. Alass Madam, I had not liv'd till now;
But for the joy my broken heart conceives
In hopes to hear *Ormasdes* is grown well.
Before I leave this world.

Queen. 'Twas the distemper of an Ague fit,
And he is now so far from being sick,
That he without, begs leave to visit you.

Vale. Me, did you say? to visit me Madam!
Will *Ormasdes* visit me? is it so?

Queen. Yes, He's without, and does by me desire,
You will admit him; —— Why are you silent?
Now my endeavours prosper to your wish!

Vale. Does wise *Cleandra* think it will be fit?
That I in such a passion leave this World!
As I shall do, if I see *Ormasdes!* ——
—— I shame to think that he should see me dye,
Yet cannot chuse, but wish it heartily!

Queen. Shall I call him in then? why do you doubt?

Vale. Oh Madam, I dare not see him, must not!
You have said something, to bring him hither!
Makes me fear to see him; it must not be!

Que. Pray see him, and let this great crime, be mine;
His presence, may your troubl'd heart revive.

Vale. He cannot Madam, for 'tis now too late!
I do feel here, the heavy hand of Death
Is crushing me to Ayre.

{ *She faints in the Queens Armes.*

Queen. *Ormasdes* your help! she dies, she dies!

{ *He draws, and proffers to kill himself.*

Ormas. By all our Gods, I will dye with her then!
Queen. She lives again! *Ormasdes* your help now;—

He flings away his Sword, and helps.

— So let her head lye a little from us.

He kneels, and holds her hand.

Ormas. For Heav'n sake Madam, tell what I must say?
Or what now must do? is she not dead still?
Queen. Does not her hand inform you, that she lives?
Is it not warm?
Ormas. Oh yes! 'tis warm, but I, who never dar'd
Thus boldly touch a Ladies hand till now;
Understand not how to use it, as I ought!

He Kisses her hand.

Que. There needs no other kindness, then you shew,
——— How is it now *Valeriana?*
Vale. Well Madam, too well, I fear, to last so:
I dare not look that way, because I blush
To think how I have scandaliz'd my Sex!
And how *Ormasdes* now is justified!
In his contempt of Women, for my sake!
I have no power to take away my hand,
Yet dare not own, to leave it with him longer.
Ormas. Oh why? what has *Ormasdes* ever done?
Justly to merrit this dissertion?
Vale. Pray Madam, say something in my behalf;
Either to hide, or to excuse my shame.
Queen. Turn this way then, and let your Eyes excuse
That guilt, which will *Ormasdes* disabuse.

They turn her.

Ormas.

Ormaſ. She looks deſperately ill!
Queen. Tis only weakneſs, and no danger in't;
Pray call her Servants, and let us retire.
Ormaſ. Retire! you have engag'd me now ſo far,
That I muſt ſee the Battle won, or loſt!
Before I can conſent, to a Retreat.
Queen. Tis late, and ſhe muſt ſleep.
Ormaſ. Why Madam, ſo ſhe may, though I be by!
I'le ſit as ſilent, as the God of ſleep,
And here attend, while her tir'd ſervants reſt.
Queen. You will not watch all night *Ormaſdes?*
Ormaſ. Oh but I will Madam; watch night, by night,
Till ſhe recover! This is my fixt Poſt,
Appointed by the Gods; not your command;
Nor any force, has power to take me hence;
While this good ſword will hold for my defence.

[*Takes up his Sword.*

Queen. Why ſo fierce, and violent *Ormaſdes?*
I am much joy'd to ſee you thus concern'd!
And on this quarrel, am not like to fight
With ſuch a man at Armes, by candle light!
Or. For Heav'n ſake Madam, pardon my raſh words,
And diſreſpect unto your Majeſty;
For I do ſcarce know what I ſay, or do;
I am become a ſtranger to my ſelf,
So ſuddainly transform'd, that I would hide
Me from your light, if I durſt ſtir from hence!
Queen. I will forgive, ſo you'l let me direct
Your future actions, 'le your Love protect!
Ormaſ. If you'l command! — I gladly will obey.

Queen. You must submit, to what she does appoint.
Ormas. Most willingly.

{Valeriana, *sighs aloud, and weeps.*

Qu. Does our discourse, these sighs, & tears produce?
Vale. You have said nothing that will need excuse.
These tears flow from joy, and gratitude,
To you great Queen, who by this act, include
More pious pitty, then past stories tell; ——
To make *Ormasdes* counterfeit so well!
- This thought raisd those unruly sighs you heard.
And Madam, now it makes my soul affraid,
To see so great a courage thus submit,
To flatter me, because you think it fit;
—— At your command, to put on this disguise,
In kindness unto one, he does despise.
Queen. Do you then think his kindness counterfeit?
Can his great soul consent, to such deceit?
Vale. I can yet find no argument, for ground,
To change so great contempt, as I have found,
Into so high esteem! as he does now,
By your advice, in charity allow;
That my last minutes, may some pleasure have,
He yields to send me smiling to my grave.
Queen. You cannot judge so ill, of him you love;
Nor can so brave a man, so worthless prove!
Vale. I do confess, I should be glad to find
All real that I see; and his great mind
The same brave Character he had, maintain
Through his whole life; and not that glory stain
But if't be real, this comes now too late,
His kindness cannot change the course of Fate!

Queen. Think not of Death, for if you will endure
The Tryall? I will undertake the cure;
I see your sufferings do compassion move,
Which in most genrous hearts, does turn to Love.
Ormas. Madam, I know not what, you do call love,
Nor how in that fantastick Sphear to move!
I cannot talk the language Lovers use,
When they design fair Ladies to abuse;
Nor can I yet, by this experience guess,
If Love, or a distraction, does possess
My heart? give me but leave to watch this night,
That while you sleep, I may my heart invite,
To tell me what it ails! if it be Love?
What all the World allows! I shall approve:
And then, I'le rather dye, then e're forsake
What I avow, or what I undertake.
Q. Pray Madam, give him leave to watch this night,
Some serious thoughts may set his fancy right.
He has lyen often on the frozen ground,
On less occasion, and more danger found.
Vale. I shall not rest then, though you think it fit,
I shall condemn my self, if I submit.
Queen. 'Tis somewhat more then custome does allow,
I must confess; but how to help it now,
Who knows? you see he is resolv'd to beat
Us all, if we but mention his Retreat.
Ormas. Pray let not this my first suite be deny'd,
But give me leave to sit on yonder side,
As silent as sleep self; my body shall
Be fixt, as is that figure on the wall.
Queen. Let him *Valeriana*, pray consent,
'Twill prove his honor, or his punishment!

Ormas. Who can have more care? who so fit as I
To watch? who am resolv'd with her to Dye.
— Good rest unto your Majesty.

{*He leads off the Queen.*

Queen. He'l turn me out, if I refuse to go!
— But why *Ormasdes* do you tremble so?
Ormas. This shaking fit may to a Feavor turn,
And I, e're day, in Loves bright flames may burn.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

The Fifth Act.

{Valeriana *is discover'd asleep on a Couch, with Doctors, and Ladies all asleep about her* Ormasdes *rises from the ground, at the Couch side.*}

ORMASDES.

ALl eyes are shut, all hearts can rest, but mine,
I've something here, that will not let me sleep:
— Tis Love, I am bewitch'd, or it is Love!
That thus disturbs my body, and distracts
My mind; no other passion works like this!
Well then, if it be Love! where's the wonder?

The

The wiſeſt, braveſt, and the greateſt men,
Have been in Love as much, or more then I;
—— But why then was I, thus long without it?
Why did not bright *Cleandras* beauty burn?
Why was not this fire kindl'd untill now?
How comes *Valeriana* by this power?
To wound me deeper, then *Cleandra* did!
My Kind, Loving Heart, how comes this to paſs?

{ Valeriana *ſighs,*
{ *and groans aloud.*

Ormaſ. Ha! Her ſpirit by that ſigh informs me,
That double groan, ſtruck through my wavring ſoul,
O thou Divineſt power! what ere thou art!
I do ſubmit, *Valerianas* groans
Are all ſufficient arguments for Love!
It ſeems, my ſtony heart, was proof againſt
All charms, but deep fetch'd ſighs, & dying grons;
By which, tis now made ſupple, and ſo ſoft,
That it is ready to take any form;
That ſick *Valeriana* ſhall direct; ——
—— Great God of Love, forgive my paſt neglects,
And now reſtore this Lady to her health,
Then I with Inſenſe will thy Altars load,
Thy Temple with thoſe Trophies, now adorn,
Which my whole life prepar'd, for *Mars* and *Jove.*
Since they allow me to ſubmit to Love!

{ Valeriana *wakes,*
{ *and calls.*

Vale. *Druſilla.*
Ormaſ. Madam, your Servants do all ſleep, but I.
Vale. I would not have wak'd you, *Ormaſdes.*

Ormas. You have not Madam, I have not slept yet;
Pray let your Servant know what tis you want!
Vale. I want assurance of a thing I doubt.
Ormas. Can I give you that assurance?
Vale. Yes.
Ormas. And will you not lay that command on me?
Vale. Do they all sleep?
Ormas. They do.
Vale. *Ormasdes* I would know, what I do fear,
You are pre-ingag'd never to tell me;
Ormas. By your fair self, I swear, I'm not ingag'd
In any kind, but may, and will impart,
What ever in my knowledge, you inquire.
Vale. My first doubts does still remain, that the Queen
Upon assurance of my suddain death,
Has won you, thus to flatter my last hourt,
Like glittering Sun-shine upon dying Flowers.
Ormas. Madam, by all thats holy, she has not:
What shall I say? what do't to gain your faith?
Vale. You have done it now; I am satisfied.
And do believe all's truth, *Ormasdes* speaks,
But I do fear this truth appears too late.
Orm. Why Madam? have you made vows against me?
Will no repentance? nor no penance serve,
To wash away my Sins against your Sex
Will you, that Universal quarrel wed?
And bring distruction, on your Servants head?
Vale. Vows *Ormasdes*, and those against you made!
Oh do not take away the Joy you gave,
By such a thought; I never wish'd, nor pray'd,
For blessing upon Earth, beyond your Love,
Which you in charity, so amply shew,
That I do doubt I dream, what I injoy.

Ormas.

Ormaſ. Madam, you do now misjudge my paſſion,
To call that charity, which may be love:
For ought I know; this ſo late acquaintance
With my new heart is ſhort, and my tranſports
So great, it muſt be madneſs, if not love:
For, give me leave to ſwear, that I will know
No other Joys then yours, nor thoughts admit,
But with deſign to ſerve, and honour you.
Vale. I do now wiſh the Gods my life would ſpare,
And make me worthy of *Ormasdes* care.
Ormaſ. Madam, you ſpeak a Language of reſpect
To me, who merrit nothing but neglect;
Your favours flow ſo faſt, they over-whelm
My heart with joys, and raiſe my ſoul ſo high,
It turns amazement into extacy.
Vale. I ſhould not talk thus, if I did not ſee't;
Tis harder for you now to hide, than ſhew't:
I do not fear your paſſion will go leſs,
But doubt by dearly to loſe, what I poſſeſs.
Ormaſ. You cannot dye Madam, I have no fear
To find ſo great a curſe, from Heav'n ſent,
I onely doubt I ſleep; and fear to wake
Leaſt this abundant bliſs ſhould vaniſh quite,
And ſo involve me in Eternal Night:
May I preſume to beg a favour yet?
Which will my fancy fix, and ſo confirm
My doubtfull ſoul tis real, and no dream.
Vale. You may.
Ormaſ. I beg that Ring you wear; but if of price
Too great for me; pardon my Avarice.
Vale. Tis a trifle, ask ſomething of more worth.
Ormaſ. Sure nothing can of greater value be
If you repent, what you now promis'd me.

Vale.

Vale. You ask, what is not in my power to give!
My dying Mother with this Ring bequeath'd
Her curse, if ever I did part with it!
But to the man I meant to make my Lord.
Ormas. Tis a charm not to be dissolv'd by me;
Who dare not touch it, on the terms, you name;
I was ambitious to wear it Madam
But onely as your servant, not your Lord.
Vale. It never can be had, on easier termes;
Ormasdes you must have this, and me together,
Alive or dead, you must have both, or neither.
Ormas. All my Limbs do tremble, at what I hear,
I dare not understand the words you speak,
Least my mistakes do give you an offence,
Beyond a pardon, for such impudence.
Vale. You do not mistake me, nor can you err!
If you'l avow, this kindness that you shew.
Ormas. By all our Gods, I think my flame is Love,
I know no other name for what I feel,
But if you doubt? propose a way to try,
And as it proves, declare my destiny.
Vale. I will consider on some way to try,
But must submit unto this drowsinesse,
For a minutes time, twill take me from you!
Pray Sir, command the musick now to play.

[*He steps to the Door then.*]

[*Musick playes awhile.*]

Ormas. She has talk'd her self into a Repose,
Now I will try to get a little Rest.
That my tir'd fancy, may at last be fixt.

Valerians

Valeriana Counterfeits to sleep, Ormasdes lyes on the ground by her Couch, and while he sleeps, she puts the Ring on his finger; then the Musick ends.

Vale. So — when he calls to mind, what I have said;
He can expect no more, then I now give;
— Great goddess of pure hearts, protect my fame,
And this rash act, forgive; which frights me now;
To such repentance, such suddain pain,
I am resolv'd to take it off again, ——

She offers to take it off, and cannot.

— His hand is so fast clos'd, I cannot do't;
And to wake him in the attempt, is worse;
Such boldness may a double censure get;
I blush to think how rashly I begun,
And now repent the folly I have done; ——
—— His hand opens; ——

She takes off the Ring, Musick playes; she sleeps in earnest, while the Musick is.

And now tis mine again.
Oh blest accident!

Enter the Queen, and Train.

Queen. Wake them not; has *Ormasdes* walk'd to night?
From that corner, hither, in his sleep?
Did any of you hear them talk ith' night?

Doctor.

Doctor. Not I Madam.
First Lady. Nor I.
Second Lady. I heard none stir Madam.

{Ormasdes *wakes and stirs up.*

Ormas. The Queen; is it so late?
Queen. You have had a hard Lodging my Lord.
Ormas. I have had the happiest night Madam;
And am Richer far then both the *Indies*; ——

{Ormasdes *starts, and looks distractedly for something lost.*

—— Ha! I am undone, undone for ever!
Qu. What look you for my Lord? what have you lost?
Ormas. I had it now, just now, on this finger!
I look for Treasure Madam, worth the World;

[*He Searches.*

—— 'Twas no dream, it must be here abouts!
—— I beg your pardon Madam, for this search,
Which does concern my life, and honour too.
Queen. This is the strangest passion, I ere saw,
Has your great loss, no name to know it by?
Ormas. Yes, I have lost *Valerianus* Ring.
Queen. You did but dream, see, tis on her finger:
Ormas. How! tis so indeed, do I not dream now?
Or do the Gods us men with shadows mock?
When we do seek such great felicities,
As they allow us not to have below!
—What a strange height of bliss? am I fall'n from?
Has this one night, such mutual friendship gain'd?
That the prophetick Ring, could be obtain'd!

Ormasdes.

Ormaſ. I know not what to ſay, nor what to think!
I know not when I ſleep, or when I wake!
Yet muſt believe that Ring, was mine this night;
And I have loſt that Treaſure Childiſhly:
Some kind friend ſtrike me hard, that I may feel
I now am waking; your pardon Madam
For my diſaſter makes me almoſt mad.

[Valeriana *wakes*

Queen. How have you ſlept *Valeriana*?
Vale. Very well Madam, for one ſo weak!
Ormaſ. Did you not wake about mid-night Madam?
Vale. Not that I remember.
Ormaſ. Was ever man ſo much abus'd in's ſleep?
Vale. Ormaſdes, what means your diſorder'd looks?
Queen. He finds his waking fancies are much leſs
Delightfull, then his ſleeping happineſs.
Orm. I dream't Madam, that Ring you prize ſo much,
Was this night, by you, put on my finger;
When a thouſand, thouſand joyes fell on me,
Which now waking, I have no name for.
Vale. My Ring *Ormaſdes*! and on your finger!
And by me put on! twas a dream indeed!
I hope, you do not waking, think it fit,
That I, ſhould waking do ſo bold an act.
Ormaſ. Madam, it does not become me to ſay
I wiſh, what you do not allow; nor dare
I tell ſo great a lye, as to deny
The joy I dream'd of when I thought I ſaw,
And did believe I felt, it once was mine.
Vale. Tis far from my ſerious thoughts *Ormaſdes*,
After ſuch high paſſion, as I have ſhew'd,
Now to raiſe any diſcontent in you,

But

But do not lessen your esteem of me,
By the acquisition of such favours,
As you your self in others would condemn!
Have we not both, at first sight, done enough?
To justifie, what we professe; I fear
Too much on my part, did not *Cleandra*
Own all that she has done, on my behalf.

Ormas. I submit, and will wish, and think, and do
What the wise Queen, and you advise me to.

Queen. *Ormasdes* has not lost his time I see,
Nor my design for your recovery
Fall'n short: the gods in their good time will bring
You to give, and him to accept the Ring.
May your new friendship never know decay,
But freely both command, and both obey:
—I must now leave you for an hour, or two.

Ormasdes leads the Queen to the Door, and returns.

Ormas. Madam, is this a fit time to enquire
Nearcus Story? may I now desire
You, to unriddle the bold claim, he makes?

Vale. You shall hereafter have it all at large,
Only know now, he us'd a violence,
In shew, with such unparallel'd deceits!
Such insolent demands, so cunning couch'd!
His threats, with humble looks, so plain disguis'd;
That at first sight, I found, I was surpriz'd;
Then, to avoid his purpose, I was fore'd,
To use such doubtfull words, to bring me off,
His madness did interpret his own way;

While

While I was safe, by what I wisely said,
To farther my escape, when so afraid!
Thus was *Cleandras* trust, and mine abus'd;
A baser treachery, was never us'd.

Ormas. You have inform'd me fully of his fact.
I suddainly will find *Nearcus* out,
And hurle such vengeance, on his curs'd head,

[*Aside.*

That all the World shall say, tis well he's dead.

[*They carry off* Valeriana.]

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[*Enter* Nearcus.]

Near. Tis strange, I hear not of *Ormasdes* yet!
If he oblige me really! I'm his,
If not! I shall resume my first resolves,
This his delay, begets more jealousies
Then my impatient burning heart, can bear.——

[*Enter* Ormasdes.]

Nea. --Now Sir, how have I prosper'd in your hands?
Ormasdes. As you deserve.
Nearcus. How is that?
Ormas. With much scorn rejected.
Near. Is that my merit, in your opinion?
Ormas. In mine, as in *Cleandras*, and in all!
Who have heard the ground of your false claim,
Which the fair Princess, and her Servants tell;

— A Treachery so base, an act so foul!
That all do think *Nearcus* has no soul.
Near. This you dare justifie?
Ormas. I had not dar'd to tell it else! me thinks
My looks might shew, my business was so find
You out, and now to let you know, I must
Defend the Princess, in a cause so just.
— Before I knew *Valerianas* heart,
Or was at all acquainted with my own;
I Judg'd your cause, against her innocence.
But now inform'd the right from all, I find
No argument, in Justice to compell,
Such a forc'd promise to *Nearcus* made,
Should now to *Leonatus* be perform'd.
Your juggling Arts, and your disguised Name,
With your unworthy force, ore-throws your claim
Near. You are become a subtle Orator,
Since you convers'd with Ladies; but I shall
Your great Eloquence, with this steele convince;
I am not to be frighted by big words,
We now must try the temper of our swords.
Ormas. We must indeed, though I lament, my hand
Should harm a man, unto the Queen aly'd.
Ne. Shall that scruple, & this good sword once more
Teach you to call for help? as heretofore!
Ormas. I may change your opinion, with my own.
Near. Come then.

They Fight, Ormasdes *runs him through, Disarmes him.*

Ormaf. Get Surgeons for *Nearcus* presently;
My hurt is slight. [*Exit* Ormasdes.

Enter Surgeons, or Servants, who carry off Nearcus.

Enter the Queen, in Valerianas *Chamber, with her, and attended by Old* Titus, *Old* Nearcus, *Lords and Ladies, a full Train.*

Queen. 'Tis by your good nature, *Valerina*,
That this mans evil spirit threatens us;
Had you reveal'd *Nearcus* treachery,
His punishment had suted with his crime.
Vale. Madam, I do confess my lenity
May have imbolden'd him to higher ills,
Which my just complaint, might have prevented;
But then, how hard a censure should I again?
By ruining so Eminent a man.
Who from his principles of honour fell,
Through love to me; though I cõtemn'd his hopes;
His passion made me pitty his distress,
So far, as his first errour to forgive,
In hope he might in better order live.
Queen. You argue well, and ought to justifie
Your gentle disposition, to forgive.
Mercy, does a young Princess, much adorn;
But I am bound to vindicate my self,

My Nation suffers, if I be not just,
To punish crimes like this! I break my trust;
He is the first, that ever dar'd asperse
The *Citherean* Name, by such a fact,
As no past Chronicle, can parallel!
I shake to think, how great your danger was!
And how much greater might have been my shame
To trust a man, who values not his fame.

Vale. Let not his faults your anger higher raise,
The punishment he feels, by ill success,
Is a just doom, for his unworthiness.

Queen. His sentence must, to after times appear,
Least my story be blemish'd with a thought,
That I, did wink at such a crime as this!
My people will exclaim, the Gods will frown,
If such a wickedness unpunish'd pass!
He must dye *Valeriana*, his house
Be burnt, the ashes scatter'd in the Ayre,
With prayers, appease our *Citherian* Gods,
We cannot offer a less Sacrifice.

Vale. For my sake, let his doom, be banishment.
If I have any favour in your Eyes?
Make not me guilty by that Sacrifice.

[*She kneels.*

Queen. Rise Madam, you shall govern as you please.

[*Enter to them* Ormasdes, *and Young* Thus.

Queen. *Ormasdes*, are you here, by that vil'd man
Ormas. It is too little, to be call'd a wrong,
I come now, to beg *Nearcus* pardon;

Twas I that did inforce him to this fight.
Vale. And I, most wrong'd, who freely do forgive;
Queen. The wrong was done to me *Valeriana*,
I put you in his power, my truft, he broke;
My honour, for your fafety, was ingag'd!
Our Nation fuffers by his Villany;
The *Citherean* honour calls for Juftice,
Againft fo barbarous a breach of Faith;
Nor was it you provok'd, but were compell'd
By him to fight, for innocence afpers'd!
Ormaf. Madam, though I fhall never juftifie
Nearcus actions; his misfortune may
Admit excufe; Becaufe humane nature
Is fubject to paffions, which the beft men
Can never mannage, as they ought! how then,
May *Valeriana*'s beauty guilty be?
That did excite *Nearcus* love; and led
Him into this diftraction, paft his power!
To manage his own heart, (as we think beft;)
If fo! tis fhe has turn'd him to a Beaft;
But when your Majefty fhall call to mind,
The gallant fervice by this Mad-man done;
You will then pitty his Diftraction.

{ *Enter to them* Nearcus, *brought in a Chair.* }

Queen. What means this boldnefs?
Near. Madam, I come not to beg your pardon;
But to juftifie my actions, and my felf;
Againft *Ormafdes*, who does now with-hold
Valeriana, my betroathed Wife,
Confirm'd by vows, in preſence of the Gods.

Queen. Now *Ormasdes*! is he fit for pardon?
Ormas. Yes Madam, as a distracted person!
Near. Why do you wrong my person, and my cause?
To call my just Title, a distraction;
Do me Justice *Cleandra*, or give me death!
Queen You may have both your wishes in good time:
(*Leobulus* guard him to the Castle.
Vale. Pray Madam, let his doom be banishment,
Because his Crime, went not beyond intent.
Queen. Madam, he must thank you, for his life then;
—— *Cleobulus* see him a close prisoner,
Untill his wounds, permit his banishment.
Near. I do your proffer'd mercies, all refuse,
And either Death, or *Valeriana* chuse.
Queen Lead him to banishment: make him obey.
Near. Hold a little: —— *Cleandra* looke, this way,
Tis *Leonatus* calls; he who at foyles,
The young Prince your Brother, slew;
And fled your Fathers rage, (untill his death!)
Then shelter'd by this borrow'd Name, return'd,
And in *Nearcus* Family secur'd,
By this disguise; liv'd as his onely Son,
Who dyed, as I return'd; —— is it death yet?
Qu No, this insolence, shall not change your doom,
Nor your confest disguise, (long known to me,)
Force a punishment beyond the merrit
Of that sad mishap! which I believe
Was fatall accident! no purpos'd crime!
Though my Father look'd on his onely Son,
By your hand slain, with such revenging rage!
As might his loss become, and him ingage
To throw out vows, that Justice should persue
So great a Traytor, as he then thought you;

For

For your succession after me, became
His fancies object, which encreas'd your blame.
— But I, who have exactly been inform'd,
Of my dead Brothers love, and yours, now must
For that sad accident, to you be just.

Near. I'le rather quit my innocence, then own
Your mercy, when you Justice do deny;
Give me the fair Princess, or give me death.

Queen. I cannot with Justice, give you either;
How can I, a free Princes will compell?
Or how *Ormasdes* true pretence deny,
Or how afford you death, for that offence,
Which your unluckie hand, did act by chance.

Near. Wou'd I had dyed, the day of my return,
Since great *Cleandra* dares not do me Right;
But suffers false *Ormasdes* to possess,
What is my due; I all your mercy scorn,
And will the worst of Tyranny endure.

Queen I have imploy'd you as my Brothers friend,
Thus long not at his Murtherer connivd!
And untill now, by force compell'd my face
To frequent smiles, in favor of your worth,
While my heart ak'd, to think what you had done!
But you of late, unworthy our great Name,
Have scandaliz'd the *Citherean* Fame
Boldly to own a Crime so great! as may insence,
The world to question your first innocense.
Which clearly shews, you are for mischief built,
That dar'd to entertain so base aguilt!
— My mercy may prove sin, unless betimes,
My Justice do prevent your farther crimes.

Near. Must I beheld? and baited thus to death!
Be torn, and tortur'd by a womans breath?

Queen. See my Command obey'd *Cleobulus.*
— I shall take order for an Equipage
Fit for your great birth, and shall now confine
You to an Island near, from whence you may
Return, if you out-live me, and mine!
— Remove him hence.

Ne. Hold a while! — curse on, curse light on you all,
For this unjustice, which you mercy call;
Tyrants, cruel Tyrants, your juggling Art
Lay by, and strike a Dagger through my heart;
— If *Ormasdes* any honour have in store?
He'l fight another bout upon the Shore,
As I take ship; and if I chance to Dye!
My soul shall then applaud thy Victory,
And sing thy praise to the infernal Ghosts,
That they may chuse thee Captain of their Hosts,
When thou com'st down! — Let not a Ladies word
Destroy, by piercing deeper then thy sword! —
— Will you not answer? cruel, and unjust!
Ye gods! why put you Scepters into womens trust?
Who crushes me to raise a Cowards Name!
Whom I will in the *Elizium* fields Defame,
No honor'd Ghost of *Troy*, shall there own thee,
The *Grecian*, and the *Roman* Souls, with me
Will trample on thy Cowards neck with scorn,
— Poor shadow of a gallant man, only born
To lye in Ladies laps, perfum'd, and curl'd!
— I'le Post thee Coward, in the other World.

They force him away, on the Queen beck with her hand.

Admiral.

the bleſt Inſtrument of your eſcape; the Honour will be ample recompence for any hazzard I ſhall run: I have Madam, a ſtrong Caſtle within the Forreſt, about a League from hence, thither I can convey you firſt, and then whither you pleaſe.

Selin. Pray my Lord, leave me a few minutes,

[*Exit* Cleonel.]

that I may conſider this great concern: —— 'tis very like, that he who would have raviſh'd, may conſent to poyſon twenty ſuch as I, rather then looſe his hopes of *Hungary*: —— I like well to fly from this near death, but I like not to truſt my ſelf to *Cleonel*, there may be more danger at his Caſtle, then in the Death I would fly from, If I diſcover my ſelf unto *Ordella*, ſhe will ſolicite me for *Philocles* (who I muſt never hate) this will prove more deſperate then all the reſt: —— I muſt truſt *Cleonel*, though he be of a fiery Spirit, his honour was never yet tainted: —— I will look kendly on

[*She calls* Cleonel.]

[*He Enters.*

him, and ingage him if I can to be true to me: —— My Lord, I have weighed my dangers, and your counſel to avoid them, and I will truſt my ſelf to you, ſo you will ſwear to carry me directly unto *Belgrad* (and not to your Caſtle) I have friends in *Hungary*, who will protect me, and there I ſhall have time to conſider of your hazzards for me.

Cleo. By our Houſe-hold gods I ſwear to do it, by this fair hand, I will obſerve my Oath, and what

what ever elſe you ſhall command me: ——— though it be late, we muſt this night depart, you muſt make ready, while I take order for my Servants, and my Horſes.

Selin. May I not ſee the Princeſs e're I go? will not to morrow night be time enough?

Cleo. To morrow night brings death beyond all power to hinder; we ſhould be going while we talk: ——— Let no fears diſturb you Madam, I can command the opening of the Ports at any hour; all ſhall be according to your wiſh.

Selin. Heaven grant it *Cleonel* ———

When I remember the ſtrict vow you have made,
It were Impiety to be afraid.

[*Exeunt* ſeverally.

{ *Enter* Phillocles, *and Guard.* }

Phill. Let the Boy only ſtay, and ſing the Song I like.

The

The SONG.

COme, come, thou glorious object of my sight,
Oh my Joy! my Life, my only Delight!
May this glad minute be
Blest to Eternitie.

See how the glimmering Tapors of the Skie
Do gaze, and wonder at our Constancy;
How they crowd to behold!
What our armes Do infold!

How all do envy our Felicities!
And grudge the Triumphs of Selindras *eyes.*
How Cynthia *seeks to shroud*
Her Cressent, in you Cloud!

Where sad Night puts her sable mantle on,
Thy light mistaking, hasteth to begon;
Her Gloomy shades give way,
As at the approach of day;

And all the Planets shrink, in doubt to be
Eclipsed by a brighter deity.
Look, Oh look!
How the small
Lights do fall,
And Adore,
What before
The heavens have not show'n!
Nor their god-heads known:

Such a faith!
Such a Love!
As may move
Mighty Jove
From above
To descend, and remain,
Amongst Mortals again.

Enter Ordella, *to visit him as in his Chamber, the Guard at the door appearing.*

Phil. Thou art welcome *Ordella*, let us sit, and talk sadly.

Ordella. My coming is to divert this sadness which you too much indulge.

Phil. Does not my sorrow become me *Ordella*? canst thou wish me merry, when thou considerest my Condition? who is there now in *Greece* more scorn'd then *Philocles*.

Ordel.

Admi. Tis strange, that none of us should know him!
Young Titus. The general opinion he was drown'd,
Made us not see through his disguise;
Admir. But his strange passion does amaze me most.
Ormasdes wedding, will his frenzy cure;
When love does see no possibility,
Desires, and hopes, will vanish by degrees.
You. Titus. We see dispairs, work often other wayes.
Queen. He has disturb'd me, but I'le forget him;
— *Valeriana* come, let us consult
The Ceremony of your Wedding day,
Ormasdes joys, and yours, will blow away
The farther thought, of *Leonatus* crimes.
Vale. Our Wedding Madam! I see no reason
For so great a hast! now we are secure.
Or. Madam, since you have rais'd my hopes so high!
It were a sin, to doubt my destiny.
Yet say, when shall my thoughts so fixt remain?
That I may never think I dream again.
Vale. Ormasdes, not too fast, we must proceed
With much discretion, to so great a deed!
The eyes of all this Nation, do behold
Our actions, and may think my part too bold,
If I again shall do; what I repent!
It would deserve a double punishment;
My over-hasty Love, was once my crime,
I must redeem that fault, by taking time
To finish, what so violent begun,
Least into greater errours, I do run; —
— A year or two's delay, will add much grace
To our young Love, which Time cannot deface.
Orma. Why have you led me forth, with gentle gales?
Into this dangerous deep? why fill'd my sailes,

With such propitious winds? as would convey
Me safe to my wish'd Port, the neareſt way.
Why do you now abſtruct this happy courſe?
As if you wish'd for ſtorms! or ſomthing worſe!
Why thus forſake the Light? to ſail ith' dark,
As if you ſought out hazzards, for this Bark,
In which, you are the onely fraight, that I,
Can fear to loſe; by my mortality.
Oh! do not then my Joyes to time betray,
Leaſt you do ruine all, by your delay!

Queen. How *Valeriana!* muſt this Scene of Love,
Fall from its height? and now no farther move!
Does your quick conqueſt of *Ormaſdes*? make
Him leſs worthy? when we ſuch pris'ners take,
As might our ſelves command! if they will ſerve!
We cannot give them more, then they deſerve;
Conſider well, leaſt you, your ſelf deſtroy,
If thus, you do defer *Ormaſdes* joy!

Vale. Madam, you, and the world too well do know,
My Love to him, can now no higher grow!
I onely thus ſtand off, leaſt he deſpiſe,
A conqueſt gain'd, without an enterprize.
And that my injur'd Sex, hereafter may
Judge of my innocence, by this delay;
Honour forbids, that we in haſt ingage,
Raſh actions often, ill events preſage.
Though I, (like a tall ſhip that ſpreads her ſails
When ſhe is carried on, with proſperous gales;
To her wiſh'd Port!) do ſigh, to be delay'd,
And blame the Remora, by which I'm ſtaid.

Ormaſ. Honour, and Fancy, at great diſtance ſtand,
You have no argument for this command,

But

But your own nice, unneceſſary thought,
By which your virtue, may become a fault!
Tis true, that my neglects to woman kind,
May urge, that I ſhould now no favour find;
Till my whole life be ſpent, to gain a bliſs,
To crown my lateſts hours with joyes, like this!
I do confeſs ſuch judgement were my due
From all the women in the world, but you, —
Who have no argument, nor a pretence,
Why you, ſhould prove the Rod for my offence.

Vale. *Ormaſdes* true, I only now would prove
By ſome ſhort time, the temper of your Love;
And ſhew the world, that mine was not in haſt,
Though its firſt motion mov'd ſo fierce and faſt!
It makes me bluſh to think, that this great Queen,
And her whole Nation, have ſuch weakneſs ſeen!
As all commanding Love, forc'd me to ſhow,
Oh! tis a bold attempt, when women wooe!

Ormaſ. What ere the vulgar think, great Princes may
The dictates of their greater ſouls obey;
Tis a ſelf-doubting ſin, when you alone,
Dare not avow, what gods, and men do own.

Queen. Theſe cautious wayes, are only fit for ſuch
As have ſuſpected virtues; you are much
Above the reach of Cenſures; —— was I,
That woo'd him firſt, mine be the infamy,
Who boaſt the active part, with the ſucceſſe,
And would not for the world, it had been leſſe!
It does become me, now to ſee your hands
United, as your hearts! —— If my commands
Be ſlighted! and my ſelf not underſtood!
When I require what's for your mutuall good,

With such propitious winds? as would convey
Me safe to my wish'd Port, the neareſt way.
Why do you now abstruct this happy course?
As if you wish'd for storms! or something worse!
Why thus forsake the Light? to sail ith' dark,
As if you sought out hazzards, for this Bark,
In which, you are the onely fraight, that I,
Can fear to lose; by my mortality.
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Does your quick conqueſt of *Ormasdes*? make
Him less worthy? when we such pris'ners take,
As might our selves command! if they will serve!
We cannot give them more, then they deserve;
Consider well, least you, your self destroy,
If thus, you do defer *Ormasdes* joy!

Vale. Madam, you, and the world too well do know,
My Love to him, can now no higher grow!
I onely thus stand off, least he despise,
A conqueſt gain'd, without an enterprize.
And that my injur'd Sex, hereafter may
Judge of my innocence, by this delay;
Honour forbids, that we in haſt ingage,
Rash actions often, ill events presage.
Though I, (like a tall ship that spreads her sails
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To her wish'd Port!) do sigh, to be delay'd,
And blame the Remora, by which I'm staid.

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United, as your hearts! —— If my commands
Be ſlighted! and my ſelf not underſtood!
When I require what's for your mutuall good,

I ſhall

I ſhall repent the kindneſs, I have ſhown,
And wiſh, you never had *Ormaſdes* known.

Vale. Madam, when you command, I muſt ſubmit;
— But will *Ormaſdes* waking think it fit?
Now to accept this Ring? and ſafer keep
What he deſires, then when h' laſt did ſleep;
I had ſome pleaſure, and no little pain,
To put it on, and ſteal it off again.
But now, ſince gods and you, do all agree!
Receive this bond of my Captivity.

Ormaſ. I kiſs the hand, that freely gives it now,
May Thunder ſtrike me dead, when I do bow
To other Earthly Power, or wiſh a bliſs,
That Heaven can give, the Gods allowing this!
Ormaſdes heart, ſhall into inſence turn,
And in bright flames, before this Altar burn;
So long as my fair Saint, does not deſpiſe,
To look upon ſo mean a Sacrifice ——
—— To you great Queen, I know not what to ſay,
How to expreſs a gratitude, that may
Declare the glory of your life to be
A perfect pattern, for Poſterity.

Qu. *Brave Lord*, your *Triumphs*, & your *Trophies* ſtill
Increaſe our wonder! and our Nation fill
With ſuch Eſteem, as all my people may,
With Honour, keep your Wedding, Holy-Day.
And in our Story, after Ages ſhow,
Friendſhip, and Virtue, did together grow.

FINIS.

Imprimatur,

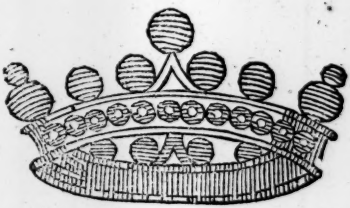
May the 3d.
1664.

Roger L' Strange.

PANDORA,

A

Comedy.



LONDON,
Printed by *T. Mabb*, For *John Pleysere*, at the *White Bear*, in the Upper-Walk of the *New-Exchange*; And *Thomas Horſ-man*, next Door to the Signe of the Three *Kings* in the *Strand*, 1664.

The Names of the Actors.

The Prince of *Syracusa.*
Theodocia his Daughter.
Pandora, a great Lady of the Prince his Family.
Lindamira, a Lady of Quality.
Lonzartes, Right Heire to the Principality.
Clearcus, a Lord of the Prince his Kindred.
Silvander, a Young Lord of the Court.
Aristonicus, *Clothero*, *Ormuseus*. } Three Councellours.
Teretia, *Philora*. } Ladies Attending the Princess.
Three more Attending Ladies. } For *Pandora.* And *Lindamira.*
Men-Dancers.
Women-Dancers
Sanga, and *Geta*. } Lacquies.
An *Old-Woman.*

THE
Prologue.

Lovers to You I come, without a Bribe,
From one ỳ boasts himself of your own Tribe,
And therefore hopes, that your good Natures may
On his behalf, above your Judgements sway:
What you'le see here is naturall, all pretence
He disavowes, to Wit, or Eloquence:
With Friendship he presents you, and with love,
Such as are wont in his free breast to move,
Such passions as he feels, our Author writes,
And humours such, as he observes, indites:
From Conversation bringing to the Stage,
What he does think, will please the present Age.
And if you do not grudge your time here spent,
He will accept it for a Complement.

THE

Prologue.

PANDORA:

THE

Scene in *Syracutia.*

First Act.

Enter Lonzartes *and* Clearchus *in long Grey Cloakes over their Rich Cloaths, with* Sanga *and* Geta, *two Lacques carrying Lanthorns, the two Lords Enter a private House, the two Servants stay.*

San. Come *Geta*, our Lords have no more use of us, we may go sleep!

Geta. Tis a fair time indeed to sleep, when day begins to break? — this is a lew'd life, that our Lords do lead.

San. Why man? the Night was made for labourers to rest; and for great Lords to Revel in; come away.

Geta My Lord, is not half so ill as thine.

Sanga. Whats that to thee, or me, come away; we'l go to Beggars Hall, and be as merry as our Lords.

Geta. No, no, I will no more fully my credit, in thy company; I converse with our tall Dary-Maid, who affords me Honours, thou canst not guess at *Sanga!* Oh the great Felicities! that do belong to chast imbraces?

San. I like Imbraces well.

Geta I mean by Wed-lock man.

San A Cox-comb thou art, and a Cuckold thou wilt be; adiew Fool.

Geta. Adiew Rogue.

Exeunt severally.

A noyse within, Re-enter Clearcus, *and* Lonzartes. *in the Dark.*

Clearcus. Botts on thy slippery heeles; we are undone!

Lonzartes. Let us draw, and stand upon guard, I hear some call within!

Cle. What was that strange noyse, you made?

Lon. At the bottom of the stairs, I fell, which gave the Alarum to the doggs, and they wak'd all the Family!

Enter Old Woman.

Woman. Oh my Lord! what have you done? all the House are up, pray stand close a while, — are you alone?

Cle. Yes, yes. *Exeunt Old Woman, Lon.*

Lonzartes. Thou art a very Villain *Clearcus*, thus to betray a poor Wench, that loves thee; and to force me accept a Favour, I abhor to think on.

Cle. Be the blame mine, I have no joy in any thing, unleſs my Friend Participate; — if I have any skill in Woman; you will thank me for this favour, and ſay, you never had the like of *Angelica*.

Lon. Suppoſe ſhe will not conſent? muſt I raviſh her? — you ſay ſhe knows not of my coming.

Cle. I ſwear ſhe does not.

Lon. Would I were out again, theſe Romances pleaſe not me; — pray how muſt I proceed?

Cle. Thus, ſhe is in Bed, the Room is dark, I'le entertain her with diſcourſe, while you undreſs; then I'le retyre, and ſoon return with Light, to let her ſee my friend and I, muſt be as one man to her.

Lon. I wonder all women do not hate thee, thou doſt abuſe all them that truſt thee.

Cle. You are deceiv'd *Lonzartes*, ſuch ſilly girles, do take it for a complement, to recommend them to a Noble Friend!

Lon. Well, I muſt now be ſubject to thy will, and do ſubmit to do, what I deteſt! — me thinks this is a kind of Rape I undertake; — thou art too wild for my Converſe *Clearcus*.

Clear. Hold your peace.

Enter Old Woman.

Woman. Hiſt, hiſt, my Lord!

Cle. Here, here.

Wom. Give me your hand, softly, softly, follow me. {Exeunt *Woman leading them off, holding hands.*

{*Enter the Old Prince of* Syracusa, *with* Silvander, Aristonicus, Clothero, Ormuseus, *and train.*}

Prince. How does *Lonzartes* bear his Suppression *Aristonicus*? now he is full-man grown.

Ari. Like a wise man Sir, that will not seem to see, what he cannot remedy.

Pri. I have better thoughts for him, then he has for himself; if *Clearcus* spoyle him not!

Ari. When more years have overcome some evils, incident to youth, I hope he will be worthy your highest favours Sir.

Pri. Some of you should advise him to a little more sobriety, then *Clearcus* will allow of; —— I apprehend *Silvander*, that the *Corinthian* will quarrel, for my refusing to treat his Marriage with *Theodosia*, whom I design another way; —— —— she has aversion to him.

Sil. The Princes may be excus'd for her dislike, unto so fierce a man, the *Corinthian* Prince, is all fire, and fury, which does fright, not win affection.

Pr. If *Theodosia* will be advised by me, I shall provide better for her; —— you know *Lonzartes* right *Silvander!* if he were reclaim'd, I would wish him to my Daughter.

Sil. I have some thoughts Sir, that *Lonzartes* does Consort with wild *Clearcus*, and complies in all his Vanities, onely to avoid your Jealousie, of his

his higher thoughts of interest in the State? he is no fool Sir.

Pr. I wish it prove not too much his Nature, to be so debauch'd, for he has not higher thoughts of State interest, then I have for him; he has been wrong'd *Silvander*, and I will endeavour to do him right if he'l be worthy of it. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Lonzartes *and* Clearcus *in a Garden.*

Cle. Why, this grave face to me *Lonzartes?*

Lon. Thou art so wild, that I have lost my credit by conversing with thee, which I must redeem, by keeping better company hereafter.

Cle. Wisely resolved, and in good time declared; —— I have indeed observ'd, that you of late converse with Ladies, and delight in rich lac'd Sattin, and in Silver Petticoates; as if you meant to turn Apostate, from the freedom we have had, and now seek your game in secret, my *Lonzartes.*

Lon. If I should, pray which is most Honourable? And most suitable to my Quality? The dayly terrour of getting such diseases, as inhabit your dark houses, has frighted me into better purposes.

Cle. Your Quality! I wish your Princeship had all the Ladies you desire, so I might have like freedom with their Maids.

Lon. I shall not spoyle your Market, but leave you those cheap Cattel, at your own price.

Cle. See the difference now, between your Pride, and my Humility; you have studied, learn'd discourses to, such as must justifie your conversion (as you call it) but have never weighed the difference of our crimes; —— such thoughts *Lonzartes*, do move, my tender Conscience, to take what I

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can find, for ready money; which I freely enjoy, without those frights you daily feel.

Lon. Thou dost mistake me, and exclaimest against crimes, I never understood.

Cle. You can counterfeit I know, and may cozen all the World but me! I will not give my freedom up, to such follies as you serve, to be Master of all your wishes.

Lon. I shall not labour to convert you, but will take leave to dispise your mean waies, while you envy mine.

Cle. Envy! by *Violinas* eyes, I do dispise you, and your wayes, and will wager any thing you dare, that I enjoy this night a beauty more exact, then any cloath of Gold Dame you treat with, I envy you! no, I pitty you *Lonzartes*, that after such experience, at your years, you should be fool'd so; —— confess now seriously, if you have ever met a better shape, a softer, or a whiter skin, or any more sweet, or more bewitching fair, and lovely, then my *Angelica*.

Lon. If I have not! what then?

Cle. Why? she shall be Fine, and rich araid, when I so please! I can call her *Sultaness* too! and by my fancy, raise her above those, the World allows of.

Lon. I do believe thee, and thy fancy, alike Extravagant.

Cle. But why so serious on the suddain? and so dull? you shall have good Chear, and good Company to night, at the old place.

Lon. I shall get an ill Conscience by it!

Cle. That sauce, agrees not with the Dainties we

we must feed on, pray lay by your Conscience, untill morning.

Lon. I wish I were well rid of thee, all thy *Rhetorick*, shall never ingage me, to meet such company again.

Cle. Why pray, how can you spend your time better?

Lon. I do begin to hate my self, and will love thee no longer.

Cle. Very good; —— Are not you the most debauch'd man in *Syracusa*? (except my self!) how come you by this Impudence? to blush for going to a merry meeting? Is not your own Lodging, beyond a Scandal? are not all the Wenches in that Street, your Pentioners? —— not love me! I will study to scorn you, and your love for ever; I dispise a man that does forsake his Principles.

Lon. I begin to hate thy over-much lewdness, and to see my own Deformities.

Cle. Not love me!

Lon. Come, I do love thee, too well I love thee, shall we go home, and put off this meeting?

Cle. Lonzartes, though I do love your Friendship, I do hate this Humour in you, that thus would lay a blemish on me.

Enter to them Lindamira *and* Teretia, *not at first seen.*

Ter. See *Lindamira*, the two wild Princes are in our way, how shall we get by 'um?

Lin. Put on a confidence beyond theirs, and 'twill amaze them!

Ter. Can that be ?

Lin. I'le be your Forlorne Hope, do but ſecond me, and I'le ſecure your paſs this time; —— You'l ſee them ſtart, ſhoot aſide, as from a *Bazaliske!* the honeſt woman!

Ter. Barbarous! —— I have heard indeed, they ſhun all virtuous women!

Lin. They alwaies look over us, as if they ſaw us not; but where they have an intereſt, or hope to gain it, they can like ſubtil Serpents, humbly creep, to flatter and betray.

He now ſees the Ladies.

Cle. A prize, a prize *Lonzartes*, each of us one; let us reconcile for this booty, and diſpute at leaſure; —— yon cloſe walk invites; —— which will you aſſault?

Lon. Neither, they are both virtuous?

Cle. Who knows that? have they done ſucking?

Lin. Doſt thou think there be none virtuous, beyond their infancy!

Cle. Yes, much too many, but I hope better of theſe; give me the woman, and keep her virtue to your ſelf: —— I'le charge 'um both, there may be a Critical minute for me; —— fair Ladies.

Lin. Hold my Lord, you are out at firſt, one of us is very brown I aſſure you.

Cle. You do not think your ſelf ſo, or if you do, you think brown the beſt Madam.

Lin. I do indeed, think my beauty ſuch, as may prejudice your Lordſhip, if you dwell on it; which gave me boldneſs, to interrupt your ſet Speech; leaſt you engage paſt retreating; —— our buſineſs is to find the Princeſs.

Cle.

Cle. And ours, to entertain those, who have nothing else to do.

Lin. How would you entertain us my Lord?

Cle. As young Gallants, use to treat fair Ladies; with love, and our best service.

Lin. I have no imployment for so great a Servant as your Lordsh p, and for love, I understand it not.

Cle. That you may do is my ambition.

Lin. Nay, if you be come to ambition already! I guess your love will grow to such a Monster, in a moment, that I dread the thought on't.

Cle. You cut me off so short, you cannot apprehend, what I would say.

Lin. Therefore I do it, because I do not care to hear.

Cle. What have I done Madam, to merrit this neglect from you?

Lin. In the behalf of all our sex, I am the chosen Champion, against all men, who do believe, all Women do admire 'um.

Cle. When shall I have leave to speak? that I may inform you better.

Lin. When I have done.

Cle. When will that be?

Lin. When I am gone.

Cle. How can you be inform'd in absence?

Lin. As much as I desire to know, I know already; —— my good wishes shall attend your Lordship; —— come *Teretia*; we may finde the Princess in the other walks.

Exeunt.

Lon. Now Sir, how do you like this Ladies mettle?

Cle. Why well, I like her, and her humour very well.

Lon. You thought her a ſure prize.

Cle. I did but hope ſo at the firſt, now I am ſure of her, ſhe is my own, if ever we do meet alone;—by this ſeverity, ſhe has cozen'd *Teretia*, and you, and confirm'd me.

Lon. I muſt laugh, to think how thou art miſtaken, in this innocent freedom virtuous women uſe, and would give a good ſumme, to ſee thee but converſe a moneth or two, with perſons of Honour, which I believe would reclaim thee, and fix thoſe virtues, now loſt in a *Chaos* of wild actions.

Cle. I marry, if you could ſhew me a woman, that would not be won; I would fancy ſome delight, to paſs away an hour or two, at ilde times; but all that I do meet with, are mine, before I wiſh it; ſo that I am alwayes forc'd to ſtand upon my guard amongſt 'um.

Lon. Thats no wonder, amongſt thoſe women you converſe with;—ſhall I chuſe you a miſtris? and if you get her! let the reproach be mine.

Cle. Shall ſhe be worth my pains? if ſo! I will think on't, when I have time to throw away;—come will you go with me yet?

Lon. I'le ſtay here a while.

Cle. I'le go before then, and make ready for you.

Exit.

Lon.

Lon. What pitty tis, ſuch parts ſhould be ſo drown'd! —

Though I reſolve to quit, I'me guilty ſtill
If longer I do countenance his ill.

Enter to him, as in the Garden, Theodocia, Pandora, Lindamira, Teretia, *and Ladies, and* Silvander.

Theodocia. Lonzartes I have been laughing at *Lindamiras* relation of *Clearcus* humour; ſhe ſayes, he has abus'd him his own way, in the behalf of all honeſt women, whom he declares againſt.

Lon. The encounter indeed was pleaſant, but the ſucceſſe is beyond her gueſs: for ſhe thinks, that her neglects, have daſh'd his hopes, by which he is grown confident, that her ſeeming ſcornes, were onely to dazle our eyes, while he doubts not to gain an intereſt.

Lin. I wiſh him joy my Lord, of his quick Victory, the next encounter, will decide this difference of Opinions.

Pan. But how dare you *Lindamira*, enter the liſts of wit? with young *Clearcus*, who has the ſharpeſt tongue in *Syracuſa*.

Lin. There is no conteſt ſo eaſie, his whole diſcourſe to women, is ever of love, or ſomething like it! and does believe that all our ſouls, delight in nothing elſe, which makes me interrupt him ſtill as he begins, and never hear him out.

Sil. Is that civil, to a perſon, of his Quality?

The. Is he not angry, when you ſlight him ſo?

Lin. No Madam, I am his mirth, and he is mine.

Lon.

Lon. If *Pandora* would permit! I do fancy his converſion might be wrought by her, and his Eclips'd virtues, made to ſhine brighter then his vices do.

Sil. 'Twill be a noble undertaking Madam.

Lin. I wiſh he were within my cure.

Pan. We'l joyne our forces *Lindamira*, for I ſhall eaſily conſent unto ſo good a work, as may reclaim ſo great a perſon as *Clearcus*; a man ſo near alied unto the Duke! — but how muſt this Charitable work be done?

Lon. If you Madam, will admit his viſits? for a Moneth or two, the cure of courſe will follow; for he who never yet convers'd with civil woman, will ſurely be concern'd, when he ſhall ſee the harmleſs mirth, that virtue does allow, to perſons of your Quality!

Pan. So, I be ob'liged no further then to civil viſits, his birth does require that for him, which I deny to no man.

Lin. Leave the reſt to me.

The. How happy are you Couſin, that may diſpoſe of your ſelf as you pleaſe! I muſt ſpeak, and look, and move, as my Father, and the State directs me.

Pan. Great Princes indeed, are bound to ſome ſtrict Rules; moſt Subjects underſtand not?

Lin. Your Highneſs complains without a cauſe, we hear the Duke will leave you to your own choiſe, only he will recommend.

The. When Parents recommend, tis ſo like command, it frights me to think whom it may be.

Pan.

Pan. Now you are safe from the *Corinthian*, have no fear untill you see occasion for it.

The I wish my dear Cousin, you would marry too, I should then like it better I now dread to put on that yoak, by all the World so much desired?

Pan. Will my being in the pound, get your Highness out off it? why would you have me run the hazzard, to loose that happiness I now am sure of? by a single life; —— If men did ever appear in their own likeness! we might chuse some one, amongst many, worth the having, but in our sights, they are alwayes disguis'd in such shapes, and humours, as they believe we like best, and so cozen us, and themselves too; for if they make us unhappy, it seldome failes, but we make them so.

Lin. No Oracle ever spoke truer; I am of your Sect Madam, (as to matters of Faith!) yet I would gladly have a Husband, though it be dangerous to put my heart into anothers keeping (And as my learn'd Author sayes,) to give my freedom up, unto I know not whom! (nor ever can do, till I have him) —— this were a sadd condition Madam, if we had not the same Arts to cozen them, that think to cozen us.

The. Would I could get a merry heart, like yours *Indamira*.

Lin I'le present your Highness with a piece of mine, I have enough for both.

Enter

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. Madam, The Prince calls for you;

The. I attend him, pray Cousin go with me to my Father.

Exeunt Ladies.

Lon. A few such Excellent women would make this World a Paradice! — how have I walk'd in the dark, till now? how strangely been misled, by my affection to *Clearcus*? that have approv'd, and acted in all his ills; begun upon design, and led on, till custome has almost chang'd my nature, but will no more.

Enter Clearcus *to him.*

Cle. How now *Lonzartes*? walking alone? take heed the Devil find thee not at leasure.

Lon. A greater then thy self, can hardly find me.

Cle. Very gravely replyed, if I mistake not, you are whimpering after some great Lady, and now practizing to play the fool wisely, to spend your time, adoring you know not who, nor why.

Lon. Thou art still ith' wrong.

Cle. Let us meet then, at the old place to night.

Lon. That's a freedom, I shall never take more, you have converted me, beyond all the Homilies I ever read, you have made me ashamed of my self for being so long like you.

Cle. Oh Hypocrite! what new piece have you got?

got? that I must not be trusted with; come tell me, and I'le cry up your Austere purpose, and rail at your conversion, as if I did believe it.

Lon. When you see me next in ill company, I am then that Hypocrite you mention.

Cle. Out upon these tender Consciences, they spoyle more mirth, then they are worth; let old folks hear Homilies, while we enjoy the time we have, and not whine away our youth, on dreams of virtue, which signifie we know not what.

Lon. Peace *Clearcus*, thou art not half so ill as thou appearest; but dost glory in talking worse, then thou canst be.

Cle. What should we talk of more then what we most delight in?

Lon. Of nothing less, because we often do delight in what we ought not own; — Is't not enough to offend the Gods through frailty, which perverse nature does invite us to; but we must provoke Heaven, beyond sence, and appetite, by our discourse, as if we studied to defie those Powers, we ought to tremble at.

Cle. I hate Hypocrisie.

Lon. And I abhor to aggravate my crimes, by such unnecessary boastings, as thy wild brain delights in; when I offend I am sorry for it, dost thou all honesty dispise, all virtue slight?

Cle. How *Lonzartes*, will you confine honesty, and virtue, to the fruition of one woman only? Fie, what a scandal is this to man-kind, as if there were no honesty, nor virtue but in such chast breasts as yours? what an affront to this good company, pray speak Gentlemen, is any here

of

of his opinion? can you *Lonzartes* ſhew me one young man, that looks as he were guilty? or any ſo old, who would be thought ſo weak? — Is this a fit deſign, to ſet up your Title to the Dukedom?

Lon. I ſee this is not the hour for your Converſion.

Cle. Nor ſhall ever live to ſee that hour, I hope.

Lon. Nor you I fear, ever live to taſt, and reliſh the true felicity obtain'd, by ſuch a conqueſt on thy ſelf; but I will pray for thee, and thy converſion.

Cle. I had rather your Lordſhip were at *Jeruſalem*, then ſee that day of my converſion; what have I done *Lonzartes?* to deſerve ſuch ill from you, do not provoke me to a revenge.

Lon. Revenge, for what?

Cle. Can you aske for what? ſuppoſe the gods ſhould hear your prayers, and turn my heart, how miſerable a man were I, how ſhould I ſpend my time, for forty years to come; Is it not enough to forſake your cauſe, but you muſt ſeduce me too? *Lonzartes*, if you pray for me, I ſhall curſe you heartily; I dare ſtay no longer with him.

Exit Clearcus.

Lon. If this brave man this humour could expell,
His virtues would his vices far excell.

I have put on this Cloak of wantonneſs onely to avoid being thought a ſerious man, leaſt the Duke grow jealous of my pretentions to his Crown; — while the Duke is civil and I am ſafe; — he ſhall be ſo too? — But if I finde deſignes

designes against me; I have Friends, and force enough, to gain my right by this; — Oh but *Theodocia* does unman me quite; — when I look on her, all these high thoughts do vanish, and I become the humblest creature in the Court: —

I have no Title, that I ere shall owne,
Unless she daine to raise me to the Throne.

C THE

The Second Act.

Enter Lonzartes *alone*, Clearcus *hearkning at the Door.*

Lon. OH *Cloris, Cloris!* what ſtange unwonted pains I feel? what fears? what new diſeaſe conceales my blood? — if it be love, twill not offend the gods, becauſe my ſoul does now rejoyce to find, Beauty and Virtue ſo divine, that both may be well worſhipp'd at one Shrine.

Clearcus *chaps him hard on the Shoulder.*

Cle. Are you talking in your ſleep *Lonzartes*? or is it ſome divine meditation, thus tranſports you?

Lon. You are too rude *Clearcus.*

Cle. I cry you mercy Sir, you can be angry then I ſee; I thought your converſion, had ſet you above ſuch paſſions, as we wicked men are ſubject too.

Lon. I do confeſs thou didſt make me ſtart, and ſpeak haſtily, but I am not angry, nor can be with thee. *Imbraces him.*

Cle. I'le try your temper preſently, — Oh! Beauty and Virtue ſo Divine, both may be worſhipped in one ſhrine; Ha, ha, ha.

Lon.

Lon. What of this, you heard me repeat an old Song.

Cle. An old Song to a new Tune *Lonzartes*: doſt thou pray for my Converſion this way? muſt I get a *Cloris* to ſigh after? —— as thou doſt; —— I have heard all, and have obſerv'd thee too, I and do gueſs who *Cloris* is, —— come, tell me quickly, that way to oblige me to ſilence; for if by my own skill, I do diſcover her, I'le lay thee open to the World, tell me who *Cloris* is, leaſt I tell thee; Adiew. *Exit.*

Lon. How can he diſcovee that I love, when I know it not yet my ſelf? —— Yet I may admire her, and by my adoration of her virtues. ——

Be by them, from all meaner paſſions freed,
When this new virtue, ſhall my vice exceed. Exit.

Enter Geta.

Geta. What the Devil ailes my Lord? his wonted mirth is changed into *hey boes*, and twenty times a day, he ſends me on ſleeveleſs Errants, that he may be alone; I think Lord *Clearcus* will prove the wiſeſt man at laſt; —— I have been five times this morning to enquire, if the Princeſs be in health! if ſhe be ſtirring, or if near ready! if ſhe go to the Temple! —— And after dinner I muſt enquire, if ſhe have dyned! if ſhe comes forth in publick! if ſhe ride abroad; and thus twenty times a day, he tires me, with theſe ſilly Errants, when I might aske them all at once, and ſave much labour; I'le try if I can find ſome way to contract theſe Embaſſies; —— tis well for my Lord, that his man is wiſer then himſelf. *Exit.*

Enter Silvander *with* Lindamira, *and her Maid.*

Sil. Do not my looks *Lindamira* enough expreſs what I would ſay?

Lin. Yes, to me, who do diſcern your paſſion thus ſuppreſſed, more clear, then by thoſe loud noyſes, which ſome Lovers moſt delight in.

Sil. But how ſhall I be aſſured, this is not Raliery?

Lin. Cannot you judge by my looks, as well as I by yours? what kind of ſecurity do you require? I have no Citizens that will be bound for my good behaviour!

Sil. A ſerious word or two, with a kind look confirm'd, will ſecure me againſt the World.

Lin Will this look ſerve? and I am yours, ſuffice for words? with this hand given from my heart! ingage beyond your wiſh.

Sil. It does, may I be——

Lin. Nay, no ſtrange lines I beſeech you, make me not jealous by profeſſing more then I expect.

Sil. I am confirmed.

He Kiſſes her hand.

Lin. I ſhall try your temper, if my merry humour hold!

Sil. 'Tis that free Innocence, I moſt adore.

Lin. And that I can afford enough off, at an eaſie rate.

Enter

{ *Enter* Clearcus *to them,* }
{ Silvander *goes off.* }

Lin. Your Lordſhip was going another way, pray let not me divert you, my lodging is far off.

Cle. Madam, I have long ſought an opportunity to kiſs your hands there.

Lin. You may do it here, and ſave the labour of going ſo far for nothing.

Cle. Do you call that honour nothing, which I do prize above the World? and would give all my intereſt on Earth, to purchaſe one kiſs of your fair hand, by a free conſent.

Lin The World is little beholding to your Lordſhip, for ſo low a value, that will give all your intereſt on Earth, for a kiſs of my hand, and this I muſt in civility, look, as if I did believe.

Cle. I'le ſwear it Madam.

Lin Thats as eaſily done, as ſaid, but I am hard of Faith.

Cle. How ſhall I obtain more credit?

Lin. I'le ſhew you a ſhort way; bring me a conveyance of half your Land, and you ſhall have two kiſſes of my hand, three if you pleaſe; and as you like your Market, you may have more, for the other half of your Eſtate! and this is much cheaper then to give all the World for ſuch an honour.

Cle. Why do you mock me? who truly love, and honour you above all women! by thoſe fair eyes I do.

Lin. How can I believe it? when I know you talk thus to every woman that you meet.

Cle. May my hopes nere prosper, if you are not the only object of my heart.

Lin. No touching good my Lord, my Affairs calls me away, I must be gone.

He proffers to kiss her hand.

Cle. And I must wait on you home Madam.

Lin. Ile rather stay here this Twelve-month, then give your Lordship that trouble.

Cle. Am I such a Monster, in the opinion of all Women, as you make me?

Lin. I must take care you make not me one; — Oh happy deliverance!

Enter to them, Theodocia, *and* Pandora, *and* Silvander.

Cle. This is such a piece of nicety, as I nere met before; —— these are no company for me.

Exit.

The. Stay *Clearcus*, I would speak with you; — my Cousin *Pandora* tells me, you Court *Lindamira*, which her self does not much deny.

Cle. I am practizing I must confess, how to talk to Ladies, and have learnt some Speeches to that purpose, whereof *Lindamira* has had her share.

The. You have mocked her then! and intend her onely for your mirth!

He makes a legg.

Lin. Methinks his silence, and that legg, shewes more love to me, then I know what to do with.

Sil.

Sil. Excellent Girle! how she playes with his wanton humour! *Aside.*

Enter to them Lonzartes.

Cle. Nay, if *Lonzartes* fall on me too? I shall be over-whelmed with wisdome.

Lon. Now there is some hope of him, his look is Civillized already.

Pan. Are you not pleased *Clearcus?* to see the whole Court concerned for you? to see your self so valued, methinks it should stir up the Noble Blood of your great Ancestors, to set you on to such actions, as may out-shine their stories, and not loose one day more, in your wild waies.

Cle. Madam, Your Language, and your Looks, agree with your great soul; I can be proud to be so taught, when the Princess *Theodocia*, and you direct, twere great stupidity to shew neglect; —— but in my Opinion Madam, one of a Family is enough to be a Saint; —— twould take from great *Lonzartes* credit, and render his conversion no rarity; if I should become virtuous too.

The. *Pandora*, and I, are much obliged to you, for your good opinion of us, I wish all our Sex were so too.

Cle. My opinion and my practise, differ very much Madam; I do honour virtue in your Sex, as much as any man; but my Tallent lies the other way, *Lonzartes* does enough Illustrate the *Platonnick* Name, and Eminently maintain, that high *Seraffick* flame, which is above my reach.

Lon. Tell me now *Clearcus*, is there not more

relish in this Conversation? then with your *Getinas*, and your *Angelinas*! —— that blush shewes well, there is some hopes of grace in that blush.

Cle. Hold your pratling, my conversion does not belong to you.

Lon. I hope I may direct you to a Lady, that will work that wonder.

Cle. Hold your peace then, till we be alone.

The. We'l be gone *Pandora*, and not hinder so good a work; —— you shall neither of you go with us, —— but if you please *Clearcus*, *Lindamira* may walk with you a little longer.

Cle. No Madam, I have enough of her already, she out-wits me; we shall nere agree.

Lin. I have got credit enough for a young Souldier, by my honourable Retreat, from so hot a charge.

{*Exeunt* Silvander, *and* Ladies.

Lon. Let us now persue our Argument, for thy Conversion.

Cle. It comes on a pace; —— what a fine Gentleman are you grown, since the Spirit of Chastity has possest you? and I must live chast, that I may have the Honour, and Felicity to be in love! —— to be a fool! to intangle my self in netts, that I shall nere get out of! I'le none of it.

Lon. Let my old Friend-ship so far prevail, that on my request you will sometimes converse with *Pandora*, if thy visits do ingage her to undertake thy cure! and she do work that Miracle! she must value what her self has made worthy of her self;

ſelf; for ſo wilt thou be, if thy wandring fancy, were once fixt?

Cle. So then all this buſsle, is to make me in love; though you know, I have been a thouſand times in love already.

Lon. I *Clearcus*, I know thy thouſands, but I would have thee once in love.

Cle. I never will be mad, as you are; yet to give you, and the World ſatisfaction in this point; I will condemn my ſelf to one Months pennance, and make experiment to look, and talk as idlely with *Pandora*, as you do with your Divineſt *Cloris*! — If I were ſure *Pandora* were not to be won; I could fancy a pretty kind of paſtime, by raiſing my deſires to hopes of what I cannot have! but I could never meet a woman yet, that was impregnable; and my nature is not capable of being converted, by any that I can conquer; — Pray Sup at my Chamber this night.

Lon. I will not fayle, if you will go with me unto *Pandora*? —

And viſit her, while this good motion's warm,
'Gainſt all your feares, I'le fit you with a charm.

Cle. I go.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Pandora *with* Lindamira *and* Ladies *in her* *Chamber, and* Silvander.

Pan. Lindamira you muſt be my ſecond, they will be two, to one elſe.

Lin. Gladly Madam, I cannot wiſh a gentler Enemy, then him that thinks he has me at his mercy.

Pan. But if you be over-ſharp upon him, you may hinder the great work, we undertake! and make him hate all honeſt Women for our ſakes.

Lin. I ſhall uſe him with more Art, and lead him on with hopes, that all our Sex do ſcramble for him; —— if I can fit his Fancy, and his Wit, I'le ingage him in a concern for you, and then mannage my young Gallant to my will, till I confute his common places, ſo often urged to the prejudice of Ladies, I cannot fancy better ſport, then to ſee him mad in love with you Madam.

Pan. The gods forbid, I would not cure him at that rate, for my own ſake, and his; leaſt that prove a greater evil, then he now has; I ſhall be very careful, to give him no incouragement, for thoughts of that nature, my undertaking is not beyond a common civillity, as to all others of his Rank.

Lin. That will do it, if I miſtake not; —— and catch you both I hope, —— here he comes?

Enter

Enter Lonzartes, *and* Clearcus.

Lon. Madam, I have brought my Friend to kiſs your hand.

Cle. Thus far Madam, in order to my ingagement, I have given you the trouble of the firſt viſit, I ever made againſt my will.

Pan. Your Lordſhip, does me honour; came you now from Court?

Cle. Yes Madam, and left the Princeſs *Theodocia* in great complements with her kind Father, who has now declared againſt the proud *Corinthian*, and given *Theodocia* her free choice where ſhe pleaſe.

Pan. You tell me News, beyond my hopes, this will raiſe the Princeſs drooping Spirits again; I wonder ſhe is not here by this time.

Lon. The Duke and ſhe, are not yet parted Madam; — how now *Lindamira*, are you tongue-tyed? no welcome for my Friend, to encourage him to like of civil company; — You look as if you feared to looſe your Gallant.

Cle. No, no, ſhe knows ſhe has too faſt hold of my heart, to part ſo eaſily.

Lin. Tis Honour enough for me, to be in the number of your Martyrs Sir.

She Sighes.

Pan. How long have you two been acquainted?

Lin. Ever ſince laſt night Madam.

She Sighes.

Pan. And doſt thou ſigh already?

Lin.

Lin. 'Tis onely to give you warning, by my harmes.

Pan. I thank your care, but I am arm'd againſt the World.

Cle. That's good News *Lonzartes*, there is ſome hope, ſhe has made firm reſolves againſt Wedlock; that I may aſſault her with ſecurity. — *Aſide.*

Lon. You may, you may.

Cle. Madam, You ſpeak, as if you held mankind at a defiance.

Pan. By way of Marriage, I do, but I can value all men that I ſee worthy.

Cle. He muſt be a bold man, who does deſigne beyond the favours you allow, but have you made vowes againſt marriage Madam?

Pan. No vowes, but ſuch reſolves, as are unchangable.

Lon. You are ſevere to men.

Lin. If all Women were of your opinion Madam? how ſhould the World be Peopled?

Cle. I marry Madam, that was well urg'd.

Pan. I thought I *Lindamira* you would have been on my ſide

Lin. So I am, when you are in the right, this is our common cauſe; Suppoſe you bring theſe two Lords, and they bring twenty more, to be of your judgement, and this Hereſie ſhould ſpread; what will become of us, who think of nothing elſe but Marriage?

Lon. She tells you true Madam, when her own concern is at ſtake, you may excuſe her.

Pan. I do, and will make good my argument alone. *Cle.*

Cle. Never to Marry Madam?

Pan. Never my Lord, is my full reſolve.

Cle. You are the happieſt, and the wiſeſt Lady living! and I the joyfulleſt man, if you'l permit me to adore you at this diſtance, for I am of your own opinion Madam.

Lin. Two Fannaticks well met.

Pan So long as your reſpects be free from love, my houſe is open to you.

Cle. You are all witneſſes, that this Lady does adopt me her avow'd Gallant, on the conditions before mentioned: —— you give me leave Madam to talk of love, and to carry up this jeſt, as high, as he who really does love.

Pan. I do, ſo it be ever in Publick; all private viſits, and all whiſperings are excepted.

Cle. 'Tis enough Madam; —— This is a pretty kind of Entertainment, I never thought of: *Lonzartes* thou art in the right, this will be ſport beyond my hope.

Lon. But how does *Lindamira* like, to ſee her new Gallant, thus taken from her?

Cle. 'Tis her own fault, ſhe might have fix'd me another way, if ſhe had been wiſe.

Pan Indeed *Lindamira*, I thought not of your concern, and did conclude too raſhly, but I will uſe my intereſt on your behalf.

Lin 'Twill not be needfull Madam, I know all his profeſſions to you, are meant to me.

Cle Very prettily contrived, —— This is a new kind of wit I never heard of; ſo then you are to love me, in ſpite of your teeth, and I you, in ſpite of mine; what will this come to at laſt?

Lon.

Lon. Mirth man, all the year a constant mirth: —— Is not this better then spending your time in a smoaky house, with your old Acquaintance?

{ *Silvander*, and *Lindamira* do converse while the others talk.

Cle. I cannot tell you that, till I have tryed this, as long as I have the other.

Lin. Pray my Lord, do not perswade your Friend, all this earnest is a jest, I allow you as much mirth as you please, so the conclusion be serious.

Pan. We leave the success unto the Fates; —— *Clearcus* may in time have pitty on you *Lindamira*, he does not yet believe, you are in earnest.

Cle. Nor ever shall do Madam, till I see her heart break, and then 'twill be too late.

Lin. He dissembles well, for so young a Schollar Madam.

Lon. We have done all well me thinks, and now tis time that we retire.

Cle. How soon may I make my next visit to you Madam?

Pan. As often as you please my Lord, at publique hours.

{ *Exeunt* Silvander, *and two Lords.*

Lin. How did I perform my part Madam?

Pan. You fell too soon into your humour, he sees you mock him.

Lin.

Lin. That's all I ayme at, he has too much wit to be abuſed; my onely buſineſs is to let him ſee, that he cannot cozen me; —— I believe you will ſee this Scene changed, at his next viſit, if I have any skill, you will be troubled with him.

Pan I am arm'd at all points, againſt all men, and him moſt.

(*Enter* Theodocia, *and* Ladies.)

The. Oh Couſin! I am freed from all my fears, and come to rejoyce with you.

Pan. I have rejoyced already Madam, and have begun a Scene of mirth, will hold us long; —— Had your Highneſs come a little ſooner, you had found the late Convert *Lonzartes*, and his Friend *Clearcus* here, who is become my avowed Gallant, and looks as if he liked our company already.

The. Then you have hopes to cure him; —— Pray order it ſo, as I may come to your next meeting, my heart is now ſo light, that I could play with any thing; —— Can I have no part in your Comedy?

Lin. For two reaſons, your Highneſs can onely be a looker on, tis petty Treaſon to make love to you, though in jeſt; and then your beauty is too dangerous to be dallied with; theſe be edge-tools, too ſharp for us to play with.

The. Why may not Princes participate in ſuch innocent mirth? we make ſtricter Rules then need; true virtue will ſhine through ſuch thin clouds without a prejudice, and be above the reach of vile tongues.

Pan.

Pan. I Madam, if you could ſhew a rule, to diſtinguiſh between Innocence and Guilt; — But we often ſee that Angelical virtues are aſperſed, by malicious tongues, and no quality exempt, from rude cenſures.

Lin. I differ in opinion; Princes may enjoy harmleſs mirth, as freely as we; to be too much reſerved, does look like diſguiſe.

The. I would be ſo merry *Lindamira*, as ſhould defie all ſcandall, and with an open face juſtifie it to the world; to wear alwayes a ſtiff-ſtate face, is intollerable.

Pan Private perſons may be bold that way, when few eyes obſerve, — But Princes are ſet on *Pirameds*, for all to ſee, and immitate.

The. You ſhall not fright me from your mirth, with this grave Lecture, are they not, both my near Relations, whom you endeavour to reclaim? why may not I ſhare in ſo worthy a deſigne? — I fear *Lindamira* ſhe doubts leaſt I may gain her Gallant from her.

Lin. She may well be jealous, if your Highneſs undertake him, I ſhall have ſmall hopes, if you two quarrel for him.

The. VVhy *Lindamira*? is *Silvander* vaniſhed?

Lin. No Madam, the more Trophies I can fairly get by Victories on others, will raiſe his Conqueſt higher, who gaines me from the reſt.

The. Thou art ſafe, and mayeſt ſay any thing, *Silvander* is thy ſecurity againſt all ſcandal, though you carry it thus unconcern'd, the ſecret ſpread.

Lin. *'Tis time it ſhould do ſo, now we do own*
Our love, tis fit the ſecret ſhould be known.

Pan.

Your Highneſs may aſſiſt, while you look on,
Though onely we, the active part do own.

The. Let us retire to council then.

Exeunt.

{*Enter* Teretia, *and* Geta.}

Ter. What is thy buſineſs honeſt *Geta*? How does *Lonzartes* thy brave Lord?

Geta. My Lord is in good health of body Madam, his brains are only out of order.

Ter. How meaneſt thou *Geta*, has he got a blow on his head?

Geta. Only ſome fumes from his heart Madam, makes his head addle, tis call'd the Spleen of late, and much in faſhion; his Lordſhip does deſire to know the Princeſs mind this morning, what ſhe meanes to do all day?

Ter. This will be a hard queſtion to the Princeſs faſting, why would he know all this now?

Geta. Becauſe he has ſome great affairs for me to mannage, and cannot ſpare me to ask, ſo often as I uſe to do.

Ter. Of what nature, be thy particular queries *Geta*?

Geta. He would know how ſhe ſlept laſt night? in what health now? by what hour ſhe will be dreſt? when to her devotions? and then, where ſhe walks this morning? and if ſhe dine in publique? then how ſhe intends to paſs her time till night? elſe I muſt come twenty times, for

what you may at once diſpatch me.

Ter. And does *Lonzartes* ſend thee, to enquire all this at once?

Geta. Theſe women are ſo ſilly, they cannot reach a deep deſign; —— No but he does every day make me trou le my ſelf, and every body that I meet, to ask theſe queſtions ſeverally, which I would do at once, to ſhew him I am a man of quick diſpatch. } *Aſide.*

Ter. Oh! is that the matter? I can fit thee with one anſwer to all theſe; —— Tell thy Lord, the Princeſs did take cold laſt night, and will keep her bed all day.

Geta. I like it well, and wiſh her Highneſs would do ſo this moneth.

Ter. Out Traytor, I'le make thy Lord braine thee for that wiſh.

Geta. Why Madam? I meant no harm, 'twas but to ſave you the trouble, and me the ſame queſtions to morrow, and ſo on till Dooms-day, I think.

Ter. Well Sirra, for this time, 'le not complain of you, this Jeſt ſhall excu e your knavery.

Geta. This will be a play day for me, I like this lying a Bed well.

Exeunt.

THE THIRD ACT.

{ *Enter* Lonzartes, *and* Clearcus. }

Cle. TEll me then who *Cloris* is?

Lon. I dare not truſt thee yet.

Cle. I will know now, or break all Friendſhip with you.

Lon. I ſwear I muſt not yet.

{ *Enter to them* Theodocia, Pandora, Lindamira, Teretia, *and Ladies, and* Silvander. }

Cle. Then look to your ſelf, leaſt I diſcover *Cloris*.

The. Where did you leave my Father *Lonzartes*?

Lon. I have not ſeen the Prince to day Madam.

The. I was told, that you were walking with him juſt now.

Cle. That may well be Madam, for his braines do crow of late; —— do ye ſee how he ſtands; —— *Lonzartes* the Princeſs ſpeaks to ye.

Lon. To me, does your Highneſs command me any thing?

{ Silvander, *and* Lindamira *entertain themſelves in whiſper.* }

Cle. Did not I tell you Madam, that his brains are turn'd, he neither hears, nor ſees of late; — The *Idea* of his *Seraffique* love, takes him wholly up, from all converſe with us mortals.

Lon. Hold your prateing, or I ſhall be angry.

Pan. What has made you ſo grave of late *Lonzartes*? all your wonted mirth is gone.

Lon. No man is alwaies in good humour Madam.

Cle. He's in love Madam, on my knowledge, o're head and eares in love.

Pan. In love, *Lonzartes*, I thought you had not been at leaſure, to be in love; — Tis your fault *Clearcus*, that have not councell'd your Friend better.

Cle. Thus am I chid for your follies, who reject all my councels, and refuſe all my approv'd Antidotes, which do preſerve me againſt that Serpent (you call Love) while he convers'd with me, he was ſafe Madam.

Lon. Thou haſt fool'd enough *Clearcus*, the Princeſs and all the company are weary of it: — If your Highneſs allow him this freedom, he will grow troubleſome.

The. Is it Love *Lonzartes*? or is *Clearcus* onely merry with you?

Lon. Your Highneſs knows him too well, to credit all he ſayes this way, he is at this time, very angry that I have chid him for his lewd life, and have with-drawn my ſelf from his ill company, which he imputes to my being in love.

Cle. I ſay he is in love, moſt ſeriouſly in love; ſhall I unmask this grave Reformado, and ſhew you the Lady now?

The.

The. If *Lonzartes* be content, I would gladly see her, whom he thinks worthy of his heart.

Cle. No matter for his consent Madam, so you like it; — And thus I begin my tryal; — By your good leave Lady— Tis not here; — nor is it this; — nor is it you Lady? *He holds them all to Lonzartes, one by one.*

Lin. I lament the losse of such an honour.

Lon. Thou art become a pretty fool *Clearcus*, dost thou not observe how all the Court do laugh at thee?

Cle. Yes, and shall make them laugh at you, e're I have done; if *Pandora* will make the next tryall.

Pan I am content to try, what this will come to.

Cle. Now Sir, have at you; — Tis not your good fortune neither Madam.

The. How can you make *Lonzartes* an amends, for all this abuse.

Cle. I will give him present satisfaction, if your Highness will permit me to bring him to you?

The. To me! think you *Lonzartes* is in love with me?

Cle. Tis a *Cloris* in the clouds, one much above his reach, which you onely are Madam.

The. With all my heart, I shall be proud to own his conversion, as a Trophie of my honour.

Cle. See if his guilt do not make him avoid the tryal; —— stop him there; —— *Lonzartes* the Princess calls you.

Lon. I'le cut thy throat. *Lonzartes is going out.*

Cle. He threatens me, — guilty I'le warrant; — now Madam, do you see no alteration in his face? —

face? — no change yet? — speak all, — you are all assistants in this Judgement. } Lonzartes *throws him off in anger.*

Lon. It will disturb a Saint, to be thus subject to the fancies of a fool.

The. Be not disturb'd *Lonzartes*, you take this in earnest, which we look on as a jest, only to pass the time; *Clearcus* has more wit, then to be in earnest.

Lon. I hope your Highness will not prefer his follies, before my professions, who disclaim such a presumption.

The. If you turn this jest to earnest *Lonzartes*, I shall believe *Clearcus*; — I take it now as Raillery; — I wonder *Lindamira* you get not hold of some young lovers heart?

Lin. I have twenty in store Madam, more then I know what to do with.

Pan. Then you allow as many lovers, as you can get, and mean to chuse the best.

Lin. I think tis credit for women to be admir'd and honour'd by worthy men; it shews a value, to move so many to a general Esteem, and must be the womans fault, if she deserve a censure.

The. You are in the right *Lindamira*, men may designe, but women may destroy, faster then they can built; my thanks unto *Clearcus* for our mirth.

Cle. Mirth ought to be our business Madam. —

The angry gods affords cross Fates to give
Us griefes enough, and troubles while we live.

{ *Exeunt* Lonzartes *and* Clearcus *severally.*

Enter

Enter the Prince *and* Lords, *who meet the* *Ladies going off.*

Prince. We were now discourſing of your Gallant *Pandora*, have you hopes to work this miracle?

Pan. This Lady and I, have ventred our credits on this converſion Sir.

Prince. To reclaim him, were a good work; but ſuppoſe he fall in love with either of you.

Pan. At his peril that, let *Lindamira* look to her ſelf, I am ſafe.

Lin. I have a ſure retreat Sir, tis but ſeeming to comply, and he'l give ore; for he can love none that he can conquer, and I am reſolv'd rather to be vanquiſh'd, then not to be rid of him when I ſee my time.

Sil. *Could all her Beauty with my love expire*
Her flowing Wit, would ſtill create new fire
[*Aſide.*

Enter to them Clearcus *and* Lonzartes.

Prince You two I know, come now from exercizing of your Troopes.

Cle. No Sir, we went hence juſt now; I wiſh my Troop here to guard me.

Prince. Have you an Enemy in view *Clearcus*?

Cle. I have many Sir, that have rob'd me of

my peace, I cannot ſleep of late, but have a thouſand fancies, which do ſet my brains on fire.

Prince. Take heed it prove not love.

Cle. That is the danger Sir, for if *Pandora* do keep her reſolve for ſingle life; I may be in love; for I do feel ſtrange alterations that I know not what to make of.

Lin Have you no affection left for me my Lord? can you ſo ſoon forget your laſt nights profeſſions?

Cle. Now Sir, you ſee how I am aſſaulted, I ſhall be pull'd in pieces preſently.

Prince. Silvander and I, will ſecure you from *Lindamira.*

Cle. If I were aſſured you could Sir, I ſhould like her wit, and humour well, — but I fear, — if I ſhould be in earneſt, ſhe would be ſo too.

Lin. You ſee his inclination is for me Madam, ſo that what ever he ſhall ſay to you hereafter, is meant to me.

Cle. Nor ſo, nor ſo, ſweet Lady, I do reſpect *Pandora*, above all her Sex; you throw out hoocks to catch young Gallants, ſhe neglects thoſe are laid for her, thats my danger.

Prince. What riddle is this *Clearcus*? doſt thou deſire, that thy deſires may not be anſwered?

Cle. Yes Sir, from ſome perſons, for if my love be return'd, all ends in the fruition, (as moſt Examples ſhew,) But if *Pandora* keep her reſolve for ſingle life, then I can raiſe my fancy while I live, to Adoration of her beauty, and that virtue, with a continual delight, which will laſt while I laſt.

The. You are then my Lord, the happieſt lover living,

living, for you will find my Cousin, just as you wish.

Pan. Pray Madam, answer not too fast for me, for if I find *Clearcus* a person of such Noble Nature, beyond what I did ever hope to meet in man; I may change my Opinion of men for his sake; and therefore 'tis best to find some other sport, least we destroy each other.

He starts.

Cle. Look you now? I am Treypand.

The. Start not *Clearcus*, she but mocks you, you are both ingaged for this month to Entertain us, and your selves, no going off now.

Pan. I shall not break Covenants.

Cle. Nor I Madam, though I do sometimes reminde you of your resolve against Marriage, whereon depends my bliss, secure me but of that, and I am ever yours.

Pan I shall endeavour what I can, to give you that satisfaction.

Cle. I kiss your fair hand on that word, which has given new life to my doubtfull heart, and now I do defie *Lonzartes* gravity, to put his heart in a more loving dress, then mine shall be hereafter.

Prince. If *Lonzartes* can love too, my wonder ceases.

The. He is my servant Sir, and has a chief part in the Comedy.

Prince. I like your pastime well, but me thinks *Lonzartes* looks as if he were compell'd unto his part, and will do it scurvily.

Lin.

Liu. That's the ſport Sir, and will afford the more variety.

Lon. I ſhall be glad Sir, if I might be excus'd.

The. By no means Servant, what an affront is this, that I muſt beg your favour, in the face of the whole Court to own me?

Prince. You muſt not be ſo grave *Lonzartes*, all is for our mirth.

Cle Now Sir, have not I done your work for you?

Lon. Would thou were hang'd, hold thy peace.

Cle. Give me better words, or I'le talk aloud.

Lon. Was ever man thus hamper'd, between jeſt and earneſt?

Lin. They are comparing notes in private; there's Treachery in their faces; I'le play no more.

Prince. When begins the love *Clearcus*? this is only talking of it.

Cle. It is begun already Sir; if I had not valued this Excellent Lady above the World; I had not taine this care to ſecure my intereſt to a perpetuity.

Lin. Madam, you are not to believe a word of this, for he has with the ſame grave face, ſworn the ſame to me but Yeſterday.

Cle. That was in jeſt Madam, but now every action of my life, ſhall juſtifie each ſyllable I utter unto you.

Pan. I ſhall endeavour to believe it my Lord, and yet allow you the ſame Chriſtian liberty with *Lindamira*, and the reſt, as you had before.

Cle. Madam, you ſpeak, as though you did not value

alue my reſpects, now my whole ſoul is ſet to ſerve, and honour you alone.

Pan. I muſt confeſs, I cannot change my faith, ſo faſt as you do your diſcourſe; — And then is I remember my leſſon, is to keep my diſtance, leaſt I looſe my lover.

Cle True Madam, as to comply, but you are to ſee, and credit my ambitious love, and to admit it with the ſame Eſteem, I ſerve you.

Pan How can I do that, and not return you love for love? and then you will diſpiſe me; pray my Lord, at your next viſit, bring my part in writing, that I may not erre in it.

Prince he is in the right *Clearcus*, you now ſeem to ſeek ſuch contradictions, as all the Court will laugh at; conſult with *Lonzartes* againſt your next viſit.

{Exit *Prince* *and Train.*

Lon. If he will follow my adviſe, he may do well Sir; — now we are alone, tell me what crotchets next? prethee make me underſtand what thou wouldeſt have *Pandora* do?

Cle. I think you were beſt releaſe me the reſidue of my month, that I may go ſeek my wits, where I laſt left them; — muſt I ſee none of my old Friends, untill this month be over?

Lon. If you conſider your promiſe, not ſee one of them.

Cle. Then ſhall I be loſt, if thoſe preſervatives be all forbid me; I do find already love will be Predominant.

Lon.

Lon. The better for you if it be; —— let us now talk seriously; —— suppose *Pandora* may be won, can you fancy a happiness on Earth, beyond having her?

Cle. Yes, I do fancy that having twenty, is better then any one in Christendom.

Lon. Thou dost not love them, else, that one belov'd, has more variety then a thousand.

Cle. Make but that good, I'le marry her to morrow.

Lon. You think then she is already at your dispose.

Cle. When she once sees that I am in earnest, she will be, what I will have her; and the truth is *Lonzartes*, I do like her best of all I ever talk'd with, and have great fear that I shall be like other men, who never value what they have, which makes me covet what I cannot get.

Lon. Suppose some other do obtain her, while you are thus long resolving?

Cle. Nay, I am resolv'd no other shall ever have her.

Lon. And you resolve for her too.

Cle. Yes, she cannot in Honour ingage to any, while I pretend.

Lon. Art thou turn'd fool, to think thus? be more serious, or thou wilt be dispis'd.

Cle. Why do you not allow me some relief then? to live a whole month honest, will put my blood into a flame; I have tempted all I meet, and all within these Walls prove honest.

Lon. By your own Experience then, you will find that Courts are Nurseries of virtue, and are onely

onely ſcandaliz'd by ſuch vilde perſons, as would have the cleareſt innocence aſpers'd, that their own guilts might be no wonder; —— you find few virtuous perſons, amongſt Cenſurers.

Cle. That's true, but take heed *Lonzartes*, you do not lead me into ſnares that will deſtroy me, for I already find ſome inclinations towards *Pandora*, which I am aſham'd to own, leaſt I be laugh'd at.

Lon. You have reaſon, for there can none of us believe thee.

Cle. You have made me a fine Gentleman in a few dayes; —— if *Pandora* be of your mind, adiew to your Philoſophical love.

Lon. I hope thou art too faſt to free thy ſelf. ——

Thou playeſt with flames which undiſcover'd burn,
Until they do thy heart to Aſhes turn.

Exit Lonzartes.

Cle. Did ever man betray himſelf as I have done? by putting fetters on in jeſt, which already are become ſo fixt, I cannot ſhake 'um off, but muſt humbly beg to be allow'd to worſhip that Divine Nature I ſo much diſpis'd in virtuous women, and muſt now confeſs: ——

If I do neither Faith, nor Favour find,
The god of Love is Juſt, though he be blind.

Exit.

Note, that all the Play through, when Silvander *and* Lindamira *ſpeaks not, they are to whiſper as in private diſcourſe.*

Entey

{*Enter* Theodocia} {*and* Lindamira.}

Lin. If your Highneſs do conſider *Lonzartes*'s Worth, and his great Birth, as it deſerves; whoſe Anceſtor was not many Ages ſince, by yours put by this Dukedom, on a nice point, (as I have heard;) ſo that to me *Lonzartes*'s love, looks like a Divine direction, to his Reſtauration.

The. I am of *Pandora*'s mind for ſingle life, and have as ſmall a value for that idle paſſion you call love, as ſhe.

Lin. Your Highneſs may as well judge what they do in *China*, as gueſs at our Felicities that love? —— I can kiſs the ground that my *Silvander* treads on, with more reliſh, then all other joyes can bring me.

The. You have high fancies that lead you on to hopes, which you may never find.

Lin. Theſe hopes are more delightfull then an Age of dull life without them; if your Highneſs did converſe as much with me, as with *Pandora*, I ſhould convert you.

The. Why do you not then change her ſeverity againſt men?

Lin. I had not the Honour to be known to her, before her heart was ſet another way; but yet I'le try what I can do.

The. I wiſh *Silvander* may anſwer your expectation *Lindamira*; but if ſuch honour, and ſuch bliſs accompany your loves, why thus long carried on ith' dark? and why not yet avow'd?

Lin.

Lin. Tis now avow'd unto the Duke, though I took time to know my Gallant, before I did admit his love, and on long tryal found his silent looks, did speak more truth, then such loud noyses as most passions make

The. You praise *Silvander* as if you meant to sell him.

Lin. He is no Prince Madam, and is therefore safe from you.

The. The less safe, if I so pleas'd; — do you believe his virtue, and his love so great, that I could not win him from you for a Friend of mine?

Lin. I do, and shall not think him a loss, who can be won from me, by the greatest Princess of the World?

The. If I could once see such a man, I might change my opinion.

Lin. Why don't you try *Lonzartes?*

The. He is too much concern'd to be play'd with; — you dare not venture your fine man then?

Lin. I dare, and do desire it withall my heart, and do voluntarily ingage, not to work against your Highness.

The. And I am resolv'd to try his faith to you, it may cure *Lonzartes* to see himself neglected, when anothers chosen, though but in jest, for I can pitty, though I do not love him.

Lin. And tis my desire to have *Silvanders* faithfull love, made Eminent by this temptation.

Enter

{ *Enter* Lonzartes, *and* Silvander *to them.* }

Tbe. In what humour left you *Clearcus* my Lords?

Lon. In such as does become his greatneſſe Madam.

Tbe. Moſt brave men are often puffed up with vain glory, that does Eclipſe thoſe virtues, which themſelves do over-value.

Lin. Your Highneſs is ſevere to men, but all are not ſo vain.

Tbe. Moſt are, when we do value them too much; — yet I confeſs I am well pleaſed, when I find men worthy my Eſteem.

Lin. How does that appear? when your Highneſs does diſpiſe mankind by your reſolves againſt them.

Tbe. To ſhew how much you are miſtaken; unpin this Jewel; — wear this *Silvander* for my ſake; I'le own it to the World, that I do value men of Worth.

Sil. Madam, I underſtand not what this kind of favour meanes; I hope your Highneſs does not chuſe me for mirth.

Tbe. Do you *Silvander* raiſe mirth from my Favour? —— come with me *Lindamira*; —— I do command you to ſtand near us within hearing; —— I will not run the hazzard of any Cenſure, by this tryal to ſatisfie my curioſity concerning lovers, ſuch high *Romantick* lovers, who ſoar above the reach of all temptations.

Lin.

Lin. I shall obey you Madam, though I desire it not. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

{*The Men stand amazed.*

Sil. Can you guess *Lonzartes*, what this tends to?

Lon. 'Tis a Riddle far beyond my understanding. [*Exit Lonzartes.*

{Lindamira *Re-enters* to Silvander.}

Lin. Wake, wake *Silvander*, the Sun shines bright upon thee; *Theodocia* dotes on thy virtues, and will advance thy youth, much faster then thy own wishes can propose.

Sil. How *Lindamira*, have you so mean thoughts of me?

Lin. So high thoughts, why may not the Princess neglect the *Corinthian* for you? such things have been in story.

Sil. You speak, as if you wish'd it.

Lin. Can I wish you well, and not applaud it?

Sil. You cannot fancy me a greater curse, unless your own heart be turn'd against me.

Lin The Princess desires your Company in the next Room; I can stay no longer.

[*Exit Lindamira.*

Sil. I have so much to think on, that I know not what to say; —— the Princess unexpected

favours, with *Lindamira*'s no concern, begets such wonder, as does amaze me —— I will not go;—— and yet I must, or make my self Ridiculous, by judging what I cannot guess at. *Exit.*

< *Enter* Lonzartes. >

Lon. Have I thus long ador'd the Princess? and still approach'd her with the same trembling, I draw near the Altar, for this scorn at last,—— before my face, to court a man, she knows ingaged unto another, a man of so much lower quality then I; this I confess does make my Faith stagger; —— *Silvander* was as much surpriz'd as I, —— *Lindamira* too was out of Tune; —— If *Theodocia* can go less, this change will be more my admiration, then her virtue was.

{ *Enter* Lindamira, *passing in as by him.* }

Lon. Now Madam, whither so fast?

Lin. To see which way the wind blows; —— pray my Lord, where is your heart now?

Lon. In the Princess lodgings, with yours; —— or can you tell me better, where your own is?

Lin. I change my mind so often, that I know not where I left my heart last.

Lon. Are you no more concerned? Suppose *Silvander* change his opinion? Princess have mighty power to overcome mens hearts.

Lin. Why then his opinion will be chang'd? — I cannot value him, that leaves to value me;—— methinks

methinks my Lord, the Princes favour to *Silvander*, should abate your passion for her.

Lon. My desires go no higher, then to look, and wonder at her perfections! my Esteem cannot be kill'd love, beyond what Duty, and Obedience does allow; —— but how does *Silvander* receive his great Honour?

Lin. They are now in private; you may judge by his exalted looks when you see him next; —— I am glad your Lordship is no more concern'd.

Lon. This is a forc'd discourse *Lindamira*, pray do not mock me, who have a true value of your worth.

Lin. The truth is, the Princes often angred at my confidence in *Silvanders* love; onely now tryes if she can shake his faith, by higher propositions; —— and my hope is, that his virtue may beget in her, some better thoughts for men, which will do your business, and confirm mine, for *Silvander* is above temptation; and I think *Lazartes* does deserve what he desires.

Lon. You oblige me to say, your confidence does merrit the greatest faith from man; but is *Silvander* of your Plot?

Lin. No, 'twould then be none, nor I no tryall have of his sincerity.

Lon. These are dangerous sports, and we too late may find them so; —— the Princes and you are both too bold, and do too much rely on your own beauties.

Lin. If *Silvander* can be won, I can smile at such a loss.

Lon. 'Tis easie to say so, when you fear it not;

but I have seen stout hearts fall to pieces by such a blow; —— you have setled my heart again, and I advise you from these dangerous sports, least they blow up your joyes, when you are most secure: we know our present minds, but cannot fore-see what we shall like to morrow: ——

Our Nature with such frailty is indow'd,
'Tis well if present moments be allow'd.

Exeunt Severally.

(*Enter* Theodocia, *and* Silvander, *two Ladies at a distance*; Lindamira *is seen near observing them.*)

The. Is your heart my Lord so fixt on *Lindamira*, that no Person, nor any Argument, can e're prevail with you to change?

Sil. Our Souls Madam, are so united, that I hope death can onely make that separation.

The. Can no Fortune, nor any Quality invite you to Honours, and Happiness, beyond what you can ever hope from *Lindamira*? Nor a greater beauty dis-ingage your heart from her?

Sil. None can ever move me to a thought of change Madam.

The. What if she have chosen higher, and gives way for your preferment also.

Sil. I can smile at all this, when your Highness is so merry; —— *Lindamira* and I Madam, do understand a happiness, can never be dissolv'd; we are above temptation.

The.

The. Suppose my Father be her choice, will you pretend to love, and hinder her advancement, by your claim? —— Suppose my Dear Cousin *Pandora*, have like affection unto you; and puts on this severity to others, in design onely to gaine you? will you let such a beauty, of so high virtue and extraction dye for you?

Sil. Your Highness sure does fancy what is impossible? —— but if all this were so, I could dye in gratitude to serve *Pandora*, but do prefer *Lindamira*'s love, and virtue, above the brightest beauty, or greatest Empire this World has.

The. Can there be such worth in men? how have I been mis-informed? —— Princes who do not converse, know not the World they live in, but take all on trust from others; —— You believe that I am now in jest *Silvander*, and do not deal so freely, as I expect. *Aside.*

Sil. By all thats —— —— I am fixt, past altering; —— if your Highness knew the joyes, which do accompany united hearts, you would sooner undertake to pull down Stars from Heaven, then hope a separation, where true love Triumphs.

The. I am fully satisfyed, that *Lindamira* has what she deserves, a worthy Lover; —— appear now *Lindamira*, and call in *Lonzartes* with the rest: —— I am converted.

{*Enter* Lindamira *with*} {Lonzartes *and Ladies*}

The. Here Madam, you are coupled by the gods, *Silvander* does deserve your confidence; ——

Now wear that Jewel, I before gave you in jeſt Sir, as a mark of my Favour, for your approv'd virtue.

Lin. Has your Highneſs any better thoughts for Marriage, then you had?

The. I have found an honeſt worthy man, beyond my Expectation; — *Lonzartes* you look ſad.

Lon. My heart is not ſo full of feathers as it was, but is of late become a lump of lead.

The. We have indeed been all too ſerious of late; come *Lindamira*, let us find ſome Entertainment to refreſh us on the Sea this Evening; *Lonzartes*, you, and *Clearcus* may go with us, if you pleaſe? [*Exeunt all but* Lonzartes.

Lon. Your Highneſs does honour us; — what theſe various fancies tend to, is above my underſtanding; — As Nature has fram'd Women of a more refined matter, then us men, ſo ſhe has given to ſome, Souls ſo much above ours Excellent, that their Intrinſique purity, dazles our Judgements more then their brighteſt beauty does our eyes;—*Theodocia* is certainly without blemiſh,—yet may have ſome notions of my love, which ſhe thinks not fit to cheriſh, becauſe ſhe likes not me: — And yet may have a virtuous concern for my birth, and ſufferings, ſuch as her good Nature is unwilling to deſtroy; — 'Tis *Theodocia*'s Excellencies makes me thus humbly ſeek my Right, as her Gift; Elſe my Sword ſhould make my way to aſcend this Throne, which is my own; — but no more of that yet: —

— For if I can be rightly underſtood,
My love may ſave the expence of ſo much blood.

[Exit.

Fourth Act.

Pandora *with* Lindamira *are seen sitting on a Couch;* *Enter* Clearcus *to them,* *they rise.*

Cle. MAdam Tis a felicity to love you, though neglected; by what Name then shall I call my Joy? Now you allow my Love, to what height raise my thoughts? —— Shall I dare to enter upon such a state of bliss? —— To be thus snatch'd into so much Light, from the long *Chaos* I have liv'd in, may prove more ruinous to me, then that Hell I came from.

Pan. My Lord, you speak a new Language I understand not.

Cle. Alas Madam, I have this night seen Visions, and do find my passion, growing much above my own command; —— For when I look on your eyes, I forget that there are gods, and shall do such Idolatry to you, as will provoke them, to make me more miserable, then you can wish me happy; —— But when I consider how vast a *Chasme*, your resolves have made between us; I sink into such an abyss of misery, that I can ne're get out of.

Pan. I understand you less, and less; —— The more you say, the more you do confound my Judgement.

Lin. All this Madam, is onely to let us see how he could talk; if any Woman were worthy of his real love; —— pray my Lord proceed, —— I shall take Notes and Edifie.

Pulls out a Table Book.

Cle. Your mirth Madam, is now out of season, when every word I utter flowes from my wounded heart.

Lin. Why do you not speak to me then? who can change my mind as often as your self? I was made for you; this Lady is impregnable.

Cle. I yield *Lindamira*, let not your wit destroy a man that does submit to mercy; I beg quarter.

Lin. Oh! do you so?

Pan. 'Tis enough *Lindamira*, that he does confesse himself o're-come, let it be Registred amongst our Victories; —— And now my Lord, what is your next desire?

Cle. My next Madam; I have scarce begun with this, you do mistake all I say for mirth; Does not my looks and Language shew an Alteration? —— All those *Chymeras*, that did possess my idle head are vanished, and I become a serious man: —— Your Miracle is already wrought, and I now see the onely way to my Felicitie, is to gain what I so much contemn'd.

Lin. Excellently well Acted, this might cozen twenty that did not know him.

Pan. You shall do well my Lord to persue this new path, untill you do obtain a general opinion of your virtue; But I hope you would not have us credit it at first sight.

Cle.

Cle. Though my love cannot yet gain credit in your Esteem, do not deny me the joy to think that you see how much I love, and honour you.

Pan. This is too serious for our Comedy my Lord.

Cle. Nothing can be too serious Madam, to expresse my love, by which the gods are pleas'd to bring me to them; thus by forbidding what might intice me to slight Paradice, by having had you here: —— 'Tis fit then that I submit, and raise a joy from what I am now too apt to repine at, for 'tis a blessi g to be so fixt, as Antidates my *Elizium* here on Earth; this Souls joy will endure like its own nature, unto Eternity.

Pan. You are cured then *Clearcus*, and will unto the Prince confess your conversion, if we call you to it?

Cle. Propose away for my acknowledgement, and try.

Lin. Let us take time Madam to consider of it, least we loose half the Entertainment by our hast, and so spoile the jest.

Cle. Madam, let not this Ladies mirth prevaile with your good nature, to afflict a man, who can live onely by your smiles.

Pan. I must confess I have some pain to hold in my smiles thus long, for this serious way of fooling I expected not from you my Lord.

Cle. Why Madam, do you take all this for jest still?

Pan. Yes indeed do I.

Cle. By all the powers above, I do Adore you, next to them I Worship.

Lin.

Lin. That's no Oath Madam, for he Worſhips none.

Pan. I have the ſame thoughts *Lindamira*, and am ſafe.

Cle. What a Monſter am I grown, give me credit Madam, or give me death? —— If I do not love you, let *Jove* ſtrike me with ſuddain Thunder; or I will gladly ſeal what I have ſaid with my beſt blood, if nothing leſs will ſatisfie.

Pan. Hold *Clearcus.* [*He Draws.*

Lin. Oh! let him alone, he'l not hurt himſelf, he onely hopes to fright us.

Pan. My Lord you fright me now, and ſince you think fit to turn our Commick Scene into a Tragedy; I ſhall quit my part in it; and from this time, admit no farther viſits from you: —— Let us retire *Lindamira*, his converſe grows dangerous.

Exeunt Ladies.

Cle. This had been my fate, had I ingaged a little farther, and this the fruit of chaſt, virtuous love; What a folly 'tis, to give our freedoms up, unto the will of Women, ſo humbly to obey, thoſe we are Created to command: —— But I am ſafe yet, and will now play with 'um, at their own game; and through a ſeeming ſorrow for my rejection, laugh at them, who think to laugh at me.

Enter Lonzartes.

Lon. A good day unto my Friend.

Cle. You ſpeak too late *Lonzartes*, this is a fatal day, and I am ſtudying how I may make it more Eminent

Eminent by death, then by my ſufferings.

Lon. Why what's the matter man? have you viſited the Ladies before they are dreſt, and made 'um froward.

Cle. Thy love *Lonzartes* has ruin'd me; —— yet I thank thee for my converſion, I ſhall now dye a ſober man.

Lon. Thy looks ſpeak ſome diſaſter, tell me the worſt, that I may joyn to find a Remedy.

Cle. In a word then, I do love *Pandora*, as ſhe deſerves, and did ſo to the life expreſs my love; that in ſpight of *Lindamiras* mirth, ſhe did believe it, and has forbid my farther viſits.

Lon. 'Tis not poſſible that ſhe can be ſo fool'd, ſhe forbad thee in jeſt, come let us go to her now.

Cle. I'le ſwear ſhe did forbid me, and in great anger turn'd from me, I dare not go.

Lon This is pretty, would'ſt thou have me believe thou loveſt?

Cle. *Lonzartes*, I am not in humour to be play'd with.

Lon Nor I in humour to be fool'd; what would'ſt thou have me ſay, when thou talk'ſt thus to me? thou in love! H, ha.

Cle. What ſhall I ſay? what do, to beget faith in thee? —— *Pandora*'s reſolution againſt Marriage, which I ſo much rejoyc'd at, is fatally become my ſcourge, and I muſt dye, or have her.

Lon. That's the only way to obtain belief; do but hang thy ſelf, and then a Printed Ballad (*The Dary Maids greateſt Faith*;) will make them ſwear thou dyedſt for love.

Cle. Do my looks agree with ſo much jeſt? does

does not my face declare, my heart does love?

Lon. No, nor ever can do to me, would'ſt thou have me belye my ſelf, that thou mayeſt laugh at me? theſe ſhallow Plots are loſt on me.

[*Exit Lonzartes.*

Cle. This is right, had I been fool'd into the *Platonick* pound; I might have knock'd my head againſt the walls, and never been believed; —— Thus I blow away thoſe bubles, thoſe ayrie Lectures of chaſt love, which lead ſilly mortals into ſlavery; —— Ha *Sanga.*

< *Enter Sanga.* >

Sanga. Your pleaſure Sir.

Cle. Go preſently, and ſummon all that merry Crew, (who danc'd the other day,) to Sup with me this Night; and bid the Muſick come.

[*Exit Sanga.*

Sanga. I go Sir.

Cle. I will retreat while I am ſafe, and be Arm'd againſt my Wife, Virtuous, Chaſt Friends, with their Cob-web Netts, ſo ſubtilly laid to catch me; —— Thus I throw all their Inchantments off; —— And now like the Grand Seignor, after ſome great Victory atcheiv'd; —— I will retire to my *Seraglio.*

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter the Duke, *with* Theodocia, Pandora, Lindamira, Teretia, *and Train:— and* Silvander.

Duke. You tell me a ſtory beyond belief *Theodocia*, *Clearcus* playes with you all this while; he love?

The. If *Pandora* be miſtaken, he will triumph over Women kind for ever.

Pan. I wiſh it were no worſe Sir, tis I who now am to be pittied, who for the common ſport, and for his good, have brought an evil on my ſelf, I cannot bear.

Duke. Why *Pandora*, he is deſcended of our own blood, and his Eſtate proportionable to his Birth? ſo that if you can raiſe his virtues above his vices, you'l have no cauſe to murmur at his love.

Pan. True Sir, if I were not ingag'd to a ſingle life, much might be ſaid, to ſet *Clearcus*'s merrits above mine.

Lin. Is there no diſpenſation for ſuch reſolves Madam? when it may be diſputed, whether the gods approve them? —— They give us Lawes enough, we need none of our own making.

Pan. My heart will ne're conſent to alter my reſolves.

Lin. We ſhall have enough to do then.

The. Let us all agree to laugh him out of it.

Lin. You will find little cauſe for mirth, when you ſee *Clearcus* next Madam.

The. Can ſo few hours alter a man of his temper, ſo much?

Lin. He is aſham'd of his firſt Principles, and is angry at that ſhame; He hates himſelf for loving, and loves ſo much, he dares not wiſh it leſs; This

mixture

mixture of passions, does beget such a confusion of thoughts, that makes him look as if he had fed on nought but sighes, and tears this twelve Month; and I fear we shall have cause to turn our laughter to sorrow for him.

Duke. I'le give him Commands that shall divert him; —— come with me *Theodocia.*

Exeunt Duke and Theodocia.

Lin. Tis great pitty so brave a man should be so lost

Pan. Tis so *Lindamira*, but how can it be help'd? must I become mad, because he is so; —— 'Twas not a rash word, by chance let fall, but on debate and mature judgement, because I saw none so happy after Marriage as before; —— Why may not I then live and dye as free as I was born?

Lin. You see why, because the gods do not allow so great felicity on Earth, as might keep us from ever wishing to be with them; pray whoever heard of a pair of true Lovers, that desir'd to be in Heaven, if they might stay here till Doomsday? 'Tis therefore for our good, that such united hearts are so rarely to be found on Earth; take heed *Pandora*, that you bring not more evils on your head, then you fore see.

Pan. I must now bear my Fortune as I may.

Lin. Though you have not met with many happy Marriages, I have heard of some, who all their lives have had a constant spring of love; their passions so high, and joyes so great, each striving

ſtriving to raiſe the others happineſs above their own; this I believe and hope for; —— Methinks till I am married, I am a thing laid by, as if forgotten by the gods.

Pan Tis not high paſſions, nor great joyes, I doubt to find, but their continuance; —— ſuppoſe the Gallant Lovers to the Wars be ſent, what terrours will poſſeſs their frighted Ladies, till their return? and if miſcarry, what will their whole lives have to joy at after?

Lin. Thoſe who ſtay at home, may have equall dangers, theſe are anticipated dreams of evils, that may never happen; then you conceive not the joy thoſe dangers bring when they are over; this world affords us nothing to reliſh our delights by, but ſuch accidents as love, with ſome fears and dangers bring; Tis ſharps make ſweet the ſweeter.

Pan. But if I am ſatisfied with leſs joyes, without thoſe pains you find ſo uſeful, why muſt I try to gain more happineſs, then I do wiſh for, when I have joyes enough already?

Lin. Joyes enough Madam; there is no ſuch thing in Nature, as enough of what we love.

Pan. I am weary of this idle talk.

Lin. And I know no better Entertainment.

Enter to them Lonzartes, *and* Silvander.

Pan. How think you *Silvander*, is *Clearcus* what he ſeems?

Sil. *Lonzartes* knows him beſt Madam.

Lon.

Lon. I do believe he loves, though I seem not to credit him, and am now resolv'd to play with his passion, as he has done with mine; 'twill entertain the Princess rarely, to see how I shall anger him.

Sil. Is he enough fix't? to be so abus'd, for if neither Men, nor Women have any faith in his budding love, he may fly off for ever.

Lon. I am now going to see what humour he is in.

Sil. I'le wait on you.

Pan. Pray do, and let me know how I must behave my self, that would not hurt him.

Lin. I can direct you best, if you'l trust your self to me.

Pan. I shall trust you as far as any in this affair; let us consult within.

Exeunt.

Enter Clearcus *and* Sanga, *with Men, and Women dancers.*

Cle. Welcome my dear Friends, I will be no more seduc'd by grave *Lonzarres* fooleries; this night shall re-unite us while we live: —— Is the Musique come.

San. Not yet Sir.

Cle. I have broke through their Nets, and now the day and night are ours to Revel in; we will be so merry, that our hearts shall seem much lighter then our heeles.

Enter

Enter Sanga.

Sanga. *Lonzartes*, and *Silvander* are without.

Cle. They are come as I could wish, I'le entertain 'um as they deserve; they are my kind, chast, virtuous, well-wishing spies; — pray retire all

Exeunt Dancers.

into that Gallery, while I dispatch my Court-Friends: — *Sanga* shut the windows close, then call 'um in, and say, that I am grown sad of late,

Exit Sanga.

monstrous sad; — Now for a grave face to suite with my disguise; I have some fear my sides will burst, with holding in my laughter.

He sits in a sad posture.

Enter Sanga *with* Lonzartes, *and* Silvander.

Sanga. Softly pray; — for a strange Melancholy has seiz'd him on the suddain; — He is now talking to *Pandora*.

Sil. She is not here.

San. He entertains her *Idea* in her absence with the same passion, he would her; — the only sure way for a lovers happiness; — hark.

Cle. Blessed Angel, turn not away; — these tears must be my daily Incence, offer'd at your feet; if you refuse this Tribute from my captiv'd heart, you'l turn the *Elizium* I enjoy, to *Hell*: Oh stay! and take my Soul with thee; — that gentle look! that: —

Lon. Why ſo ſad fond lover? let not one repulſe diſmay ſo great a Conquerour; thy next charge may prove more proſperous; —— we come to councel thee *Clearcus*, and to raiſe thy drooping Spirits by new hopes.

Cle Or to laugh at my affliction, whoſe Soul is ſunke ſo low by my diſpair, that all my Spirits are vaniſhed; I muſt ſubmit to my Captivity *Lonzartes*. [*He ſighes.*

Lon. That ſigh had almoſt blown me over, yet I am glad to ſee this, and am now fully ſatisfied thou art in love, in love *Clearcus*; —— let me Imbrace my fellow-Priſoner, we will now ſhake our ſhackles, to the ſame ſad tune.

Cle. I know you came to mock me; —— but I muſt bear it.

Lon. Oh no! who can have ſo hard a heart? we pitty you, and have ſome fears *Pandoras* heart will break, when we relate your mighty ſufferings; —— but if I ſhould ſit thus in the dark, would it create the like *Angelical Idea* in my brain *Clearcus*?

Cle. This is barbarous, to catch a Lion in your Toyles, and bait him like an Aſſe; —— thus to render my paſſion Rediculous, will beget *Pandoras* ſcorn, and may prove my deſtruction.

Lon. If ſhe diſcern not your paſſion, how can ſhe proportion her favours to your merrit?

Cle. Do I deſerve this mirth from you, thus to highten my affliction?

Lon. Do you not? —— all that I can do this Twelvemonth, will not bring me on equal terms

for

for thy abuſes: —— remember how you held me to the Ladies, and made me your mirth, by which ſcandal you deſtroy'd my credit with the Princeſs, this is my revenge.

Cle. 'Twas a great ſcandal indeed to procure you the Princeſs leave to love her; by my means you have obtain'd a happineſs beyond your hopes, which all your whining Poetry, or your Eternall ſighes could ever reach; —— for which ſpeciall ſervice; —— prethee good ſweet *Lonzartes* ſpare

< Hangs on him. >

me; —— by our old Friendſhip I do beg; —— by thy own virtue, and unparalel'd chaſt heart, I do conjure thee not to raiſe a publique mirth out of my ſouls ſorrow, which you have brought me to.

Lon. Well then, if I find you do continue thus humbly penitent, and truly thus afflicted, I will ſhew more mercy then I found from you; —— come chear up; —— we will ſigh, and condole to-

< Embraces Clearcus. >

gether, and if poſſible, ſo order our ſad hearts, that both may the ſame moment break, and infect the world with ſuch a ſorrow, as may fright the female Sex from like rigour unto men; ſo ſhall we become a Noble Sacrifice to love, for the good of a whole Nation; —— or if you pleaſe, we'l ſend for ſome of our old Gang to dance, and drink theſe Melancholly vapours from our hearts, to let the Ladies ſee, their beauties are not ſo deſtructive, as we make them believe.

{Clearcus Imbraces Lonzartes with great joy.

Cle. I marry *Lonzartes*, now thou talkeſt like a Phyloſopher, now thou preſcribeſt the onely remedy for our diſeaſe; —— *Sanga*, —— bid the Muſick ſtrike a chearfull Ayre, and then call in thoſe Friends in the next room; — Nay, if you allow this way of cure, I ſhall ſoon expell loves venome from my heart into my heeles.

Embraces Lonzartes.

Lon. What is all this *Clearcus*, art thou mad ſtill?

Lonzartes ſtarts back.

Cle. I am wiſe, and do not mean to quit my cool, pleaſant, flowry paths, for your conſuming flames of reſtleſs love, who walke on tops of Steeples, and at that height, plead that your chaſt deſires are pleaſing to the gods; —— But I, who know the end of ſuch fair flaſhes, as at firſt appear with ſuch folded Armes, and down caſt looks, are but ſteps to approach the Ladies fingers ends; ——

—— Then by degrees grown bolder, you aſpire,
Till nought but ruine, quench the ſubtle fire.

Enter Dancers.

Lon. What doeſt thou mean by this miſterious language?

Cle. I mean to follow thy adviſe, — to ſigh only when I make love to Ladies, (their backs turn'd) I mean to dance, and ſing as often as I can, that their neglects may pierce no deeper then their eyes

eyes discern; —— here *Lonzartes*, this Girle will cure the bite of a *Tarantula*, and drive the poyson from thy heart.

Lon. Out Hypocrite; —— is this thy love unto *Pandora*? was all thy passion counterfeit the other day?

Cle. *No*, 'twas fairly growing up to equal thine in all sincerity of Noble thoughts; But the nice Lady would not permit it to take so deep root as yours, before she blasted all my hopes, and in a moment let me see, that love is like a bitter potion, which many taste, and flying away, rather chusing their disease, then so ill a relish'd remedy; This made me return to my old *Antidotes Lonzartes*; —— what think you of a heat or two before you go? —— call in the Musique.

Sil. *Pandora* was to blame, to throw him off so rashly.

Lon. Let us retyre *Silvander*, this Ayre is infected.

Exeunt Lonzartes and Silvander.

Cle. *Go whine fond lover, go whine, I say, go whine,*
While we chear our hearts with Wenches and Wine,
I say go whine.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Here they Dance.

Enter Lonzartes, Lindamira, *and* *Ladies.*

Lin. I do not wonder that he is fallen off, twas what I feared, when his paſſion went ſo high, I ſaw *Pandora* was concern'd, but we will bring it on again.

Lon. You are miſtaken Madam, all he ſaid then was jeſt, for he is now as mad as ever; — I left him Incirculed with ſix wild men, and as many wanton Girles, prepar'd to dance and Revel all the night.

Lin. There is no harm in dancing my Lord, unleſs they do catch cold; you judge *Clearcus* by what is paſt; but when I ſee him with *Pandora* next, I'le give my opinion of his concern.

Lon. By what means may their meeting be procured?

Lin. We'l think on't.

Enter Theodocia, *and Ladies to them.*

The. I am ſorry *Lonzartes* that *Pandora* has caſt off *Clearcus*, which has occaſioned his relapſe, when a little patience would have ſetled him in the way of virtue.

Lon Tis every way what I expected not; his love was as ſtrange as his rejection, and his relapſe in the old humour, beyond all the reſt; — I know

know not what to think of him.

Lin. Let us bring them once more together, and I'le undertake to gueſs at both their hearts; —— it may be govern 'um.

Lon. I Madam, but how ſhall they be brought together? when both would rather ſee a *Baſaliske*, then one another.

Lin. You may be miſtaken my Lord, who judge by what you ſee, when tis our buſineſs, and our virtue, not to ſhew our hearts till a full tryal, that men are worthy of them; —— then you forget that *Clearcus* converſion, muſt be by one he cannot conquer.

The. But if he will neither conquer, nor be ſubdued, how can his converſion follow?

Lin. If your Highneſs can contrive an interview, I have a fancy in my head, that may reconcile them, and effect what we all wiſh

The. I will ſend preſently for *Pandora*, and intreat my Father to pretend ſome buſineſs to call *Clearcus* hither.

Lon. He will ſuſpect.

Lin. Let him come, no matter what he ſuſpects.

The. Do you *Lonzartes*, once more ſee what humour he is in. ——

—— We muſt endeavour, and not fear to try,
But truſt the Event, unto their deſtiny.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Duke *with* Silvander *and* *Lords.*

Duke. I ever thought *Clearcus* did but mock, and laugh at their designs; his brains is not yet ripe for serious love: — But how does *Theodocia* look on *Lonzartes?*

Sil. With much neglect Sir.

Duke. That is not well, have you *Silvander* instructed *Lindamira*, that she may inform *Theodocia* of *Lonzartes* Title to this Dukedom? and how much better then a Forraign Prince, her Marrying him, will be applauded by our people, who are not ignorant of his pretence.

Sil. I have Sir, and the Princess gives a serious ear to it, though she yet makes no reply; a little of your Councel and Authority, I believe may incline her to a better value of him.

Duke. That shall not be wanting; *Lonzartes* is all that I can wish in a successor; — and his love looks so without design, that I will cherish it, and try to win my Daughter to comply.

Sil. Your Highness will gain a double interest in all your Subjects hearts by this honour to *Lonzartes*, who has merrits proportionable to your favour, and his birth, all which his love gives Lustre to.

Duke. I see it *Silvander*, and will recompence his Faith, and his Humility, with my advice to *Theodocia*, who yet knows not his story.

Sil.

Sil. The Princeſs muſt needs hear what every body talks, and all do wiſh.

Duke. I ſhall now inform her fully of *Lonzartes* Right, too long held from him: bid him meet me at my Daughters Chamber; I will no longer hide my purpoſe for him: ——

—— *His Birth and Virtue, with his conſtant love,*
Declares he never can unworthy prove.

[Exeunt.

THE

The Fifth Act.

{*Enter* Lonzartes} {*and* Clearcus.}

Cle. NO, I'le never see her more.

Lon. Do you not love at all?

Cle. Nor ever will; methinks love is like a smooth water, that Invites men to Bath, and tumble in it with delight, untill they be destroyed by Serpents, which in the bottom undiscover'd lye.

Lon. What means this similie?

Cle. This Serpents bite, has Metamorphized you into a whining lover, into the shaddow of a man, of late become a shape without a Soul; why must I busie my head with such *Chymeras*, when I can please my self to my hearts wish, my own way? — Prethee sweet suppress'd Prince, do not forsake me thus, for specious shewes of happiness, or vainer hopes of better dayes, then you will ever find in Court; — You are now safe, but when you grow wise, and serious, it will in the Dukes head great jealousies create; and to let him see your virtue, may be dangerous, and your pretence appear worthy of his fear.

Lon. That hazzard is better, then what I now suffer, in the opinion of my best Friends, who believe

believe this wildneſs is my Nature, or ſuch as may beget a habit in me, which I can ne're put off; and thus my ſecurity in this diſguiſe, may become my ruine; —— I wiſh I could perſwade you *Clearcus* to ſhew forth that virtue, all the World would wonder at.

Cle. To what end I pray? if the good Duke would give me imployment fit for his Kinſ-man, and worthy of my Sword, I could ſoon be my ſelf: But now I have nothing elſe to do, and therefore play away my time in folly; and tis a hard queſtion which is beſt, for we know that too much wiſdome does undo more men, then it advances, or elſe begets eternal ſlavery to State Affairs, where the wiſeſt ever walk on needles points; —— I have weighed theſe things, and do believe 'tis better to maintain the peace, and the ſecurity I now live in, unregarded.

Lon. But you will looſe the Dukes favour, and become contemptable to the whole Court, if you continue thus Extravagant, what deſigne can I have, by my deſire to ſee you great and glorious?

Cle. Have I not tryed, and been miſled? yielded to your wiſe Maximes, againſt my own better judgement, and been rejected in the height of my Endeavours, to be (as you call it) great, and glorious, is not this true?

Lon. Yes, in part.

Cle. I will no more of your advice, till you can cure your ſelf.

Lon. I have an Honourable Argument for my love.

Cle. Who has not, untill he be diſpis'd?

Lon.

Lon. Was it not your own desire to be neglected? did you not declare against all women, that you could conquer? you left *Pandora* no way for victory, but by rejecting you; so that I can conclude a good success from what you raise dispaire.

Cle. Ha! think you *Pandora* did reject me, in compliance with my humour only?

Lon. What else? can she be angry with you, for loving her too much?

Cle. You do surprize me with a discourse I look'd not for; — but I will be no more abus'd; — I will not see her.

Lon. How can you be reconcil'd then? shall she make love to you?

Cle. No, I abhor that thought beyond her anger, a woman Wooe, that were preposterous.

Lon. Will you treat by Embassadours, and wed by Proxie?

Cle. Nor so, that's only fit for Princes, who cannot meet to treat.

Lon. Will you have her; if she declares she would have you?

Cle. I shall never like her change of mind.

Lon. Can you tell whether you would have her, or not?

Cle. That's a harder question, then the other.

Lon. Will you have her by compulsion?

Cle. That were a Tyranny, would make her hate me ever.

Lon. Shall the Duke by his Prerogative Power, in spight of both your teeth, compel you both to compliance?

Cle.

Cle. Let me think on this alittle, at first sight, this looks likely to agree us : —— if two impossibilities can make one possible, this might do our busines.

Lon. Well, what do you resolve ?

Cle. Nothing, why do you tempt me to farther evils ? — I know not what to resolve, nor what to say ; — but will no more of love, my heart shakes at the thought of my last tryal ; — I blush to think how much less then man I was, and how much more then woman I created her in those few hours I lov'd ; —

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. The Duke calls for *Lonzartes.*

Lon. I'le attend his Highnes presently.

Cle. I take you for my Friend *Lonzartes* ; — do not discourse me into a Ruine, you will share in.

Lon. I have no Rule for friendship above my desire to see you happy.

Cle. I believe it Sir, and beg your pardon for my distracted language ; —— I must attend the Duke to.

Lon. And I.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Pandora, *and* Lindamira.

Pan. You tire me *Lindamira*, and chide me for a fault I cannot own ; I had no other way to free my self.

Lin.

Lin. You might have check'd his approaches, with somewhat less severity, your rigour may beget dispair in him.

Pan. Dispair of what? my undertaking was only on the Dukes command, to afford him civil visits, which I have done in hope of his conversion.

Lin. You did give o're, before the work was perfected.

Pan. You speak as if the design to set him free, were to inslave me to the humour of a mad man.

Lin. The wildest young men, do often prove the sobereſt at the last; and the truth is Madam, we do all desire to see you and *Clearcus* convert one another; so to beget that unity of hearts, which the World seeks most.

Pan. Do you believe that I who have a prejudice against the best of men, can e're esteem the worst?

Lin. If *Clearcus* were under that notion, I should have other thoughts; but when I consider such men reclaim'd, do often make good Husbands; I have hopes of him.

Pan. If his wildness were his only fault, time, and experience might reclaim him.

Lin. If these be your only Exceptions Madam, I wish you would trust me to mannage this affair.

Pan. You must not talk me into an *Intreque* which I avoid; —— I do not love him.

Lin. You will do, when you have him, I know many have done so after Marriage, who did not before.

Pan.

Pan. That is too bold a venture for me; who have no faith in men; and those Examples you mention so rarely to be found, my courage dares not undertake it; pray no more of this.

Lin. The Princess desires your company at Court this Evening.

I did intend to wait on her.

Enter Duke, Theodocia, *and* Lonzartes.

Duke. I have given you Arguments enough on his behalf, which his dejected looks you see declare; — Your favours *Theodocia* should not be restrain'd, because his adoration is so great, he dares not beg 'um; come near *Lonzartes.*

The. *Lonzarte's* Worth is understood beyond the weak Rhetorick of flattering words; he cannot wish to be more valued, then he is by me.

Lon. Nor will I ever Sue for favours beyond these you now afford me Madam; — may I confirm my hopes, by understanding what you say my own way?

The. You may, for since my Father does so much advise for Marriage, I may alter my opinion when I find just cause to value men, above my resolves against them.

Lon. For Heavens sake Madam say no more, my breast cannot contain these spreading joyes you give me, my hopes increase too fast for my dispairing heart, to comprehend these honours you allow, without an Extacy. *Duke.*

Duke. Theodocia, I ſhall ne're revoke the freedom I have given, to make your own choice, though I direct you to *Lonzartes*, to whom our Anceſtors have done wrong.

The. This your indulgence Sir makes me more cautious how I proceed; —— Marriage is a concern ſo great, I dare not at once reſolve it, and the ſame day chuſe the man: —— I can yet only ſay, that I have alter'd my opinion in favour of *Lonzartes*.

Lon. My Amazement, and my concern are too great to anſwer Madam, my felicity is above the reach of a reply.

Duke. Theodocia, I have given you my beſt councel, and my full conſent to pleaſe your ſelf.

The. I thank you Sir, and will endeavour to Regulate my heart to your adviſe, and to *Lonzartes* wiſh; —— give me but time to examine and approve what I am willing to ſubmit to.

Enter Pandora, *and* Lindamira *to them, with* Silvander.

Duke. How is it Madam, that you quit the field? before your undertaking be perform'd.

Pan. I have done my part Sir, which was on your command to allow him civil viſits, and to entertain the Princeſs, I complyed with *Lindamira* to try how our *Kaleary* would work on him, which did produce ſo unlook'd for an effect, that I was forc'd to quit my part, to ſave my ſelf.

Duke. Were you in danger to be loſt then? —— I did not think *Clearcus* had prevail'd ſo far; but if he be reclaim'd, he will be worthy your eſteem.

Pan.

Pan. Your Highneſs did miſtake me, I was in no danger to be loſt through love, nor at all concern'd; for a man who does declare againſt all worth in women, where he can get an intereſt: pray Sir, make me underſtand what you would have me do?

Duke. We would have you marry *Clearcus.*

Pan. Whether he will or no; —— If I conſent, can you prevail with him?

Duke. Do you comply, we'l try what we can do?

Pan. I would not be Treypand into a Marriage I am ſo much averſe to, in confidence of his old humour, think my ſelf ſecure, and be ſo loſt.

Lin. You may ventute ſafely Madam, you ſee he is ſo great a Coward, that he only dares perſue them that fly him, do but charge and he will run away.

Pan. If I were ſure of that, I would ſeem any thing to be freed from farther trouble.

Lon. Truſt me Madam, he is now worſe then ever.

Duke. *Lonzartes*, pray uſe your intereſt to bring him to us now. [*Exit Lonzartes.*

The. Do you think Couſin, we have a deſign to harm you?

Pan. No, but your Highneſs diſputes me into a condition your ſelf does not approve; pray ſhew me the way to this felicity, that I may credit what you ſay, by what you do.

The. Will you then ingage to marry *Clearcus*, the ſame day I marry?

Pan. Shall I chuſe your man, as you would mine?

The. Suppose I have already chosen.

Pan. I thought your Highness had been of my opinion; But if provided, I give you joy.

The. Now you run too fast the other way, I am onely towards marriage.

Pan. That journey seldome proves long Madam, when we look towards it.

Lin. That was said like a sage *Sibell*, the quintessence of truth in few words, tis but a willing mind, and then.

Pan Prethee *Lindamira* help me to be rid of this uncertain man.

Lin. I know no better councel, then to be in love with him, or to seem so; for if he should take you at your word, and marry, that may do your work; for I once knew a Lady, who chose to marry an importunate Sutor, that she might be rid of him, and was so; for soon after marriage they parted, and never met more.

Pan. You are alwaies in jest, I would have serious councell now.

Lin. You have had my store twice over to no purpose.

Duke. By all my observations, I cannot judge, whether *Clearcus*, or you *Pandora*, be most extravagant.

Lin Your Highness may do well to put them into the Colledge of half mad Folks, where they will either cure one another, or become quite mad together; when their disease is known, some remedy may be found; 'tis now past judgement what either of them ayle.

The. *Lindamira* saies well, 'tis very strange you will

will not declare so far, as to let us see how we may serve you.

Pan. Do but leave me to my self, and I am well Madam.

The. Many sick people are of that opinion, when in most danger, and must therefore by their friends be govern'd.

Pan. As many healthy people, think themselves sick when they are not, and by seeking remedies for nothing, do create evils, they never can finde cure for; — such high passions as *Lindamira*'s, do never let us rest in peace, but do create perpetual storms.

Lin. You argue well Madam, if a dull calme, were the onely happiness appointed us on Earth, then one degree from being asleep, would prove our greatest bliss; — sure no age did e're produce two such Icy-hearted Ladies, as the Princess & you.

Enter to them Lonzartes *and* Clearcus.

Lin. Here comes a Homely, and a Jigg hand in hand; — now for the second part to the same tune, *Of love me, and love me not.*

Duke. Clearcus, it troubles me to see you delight in a retired darkness, or else to walk in such clouds as we cannot see through; I would perswade you to regain *Pandora*'s good opinion.

Cle. Is the mistery of love to be discuss'd in publique Sir?

Duke. With us, who are so near ali'd unto you both; I think it may, because we all know what you both profess in private, and now desire to

hear, what you will face to face avow; and we intreat you *Pandora*, first to shew, why you threw off *Clearcus*.

Pan. You do amaze me Sir, to examine me as a Criminal!

Duke You have no cause for this displeasure *Pandora*, but mis-judge our love and our respects; we know your worth, and would to the World Illustrate that virtue you design to smother by a single life; I allow your purpose did become your younger dayes, and did express an Angelicall Innocense; but I question whether now, on mature judgement, you may not do better for your self, and us, to reclaim *Clearcus*.

Pan. You demand impossibilites from me, for if I should change my mind, he will change his too; Pray shew me a rule to reclaim him by, before you do condemn me.

Duke. We onely desire you will afford him the same civility, as did first induce him to adore that virtue he dispised before.

Pan. I have done this.

The. You did begin, but you gave o're too soon.

Lin And all her kindness but in jest too Madam, which he discern'd.

Duke. How do you answer this? *Lindamira* was of your councel.

Pan. I undertook him but in jest, and was by him injoyn'd to such severity as I perform'd, and 'twas then thought the only way to vindicate our Sex, and to work his conversion, which he at first did counterfeit so well, as to deceive, and fright me from his farther visits.

Lin. Was his love so terrible? *Pan.*

Pan. To me it was, who thought him uncapable of ever having Noble thoughts for any of our sex.

Duke. But when you found him growing worthy, why did you not cherish that virtue, as your own Creation.

Lin Because she fear'd her Virgin-vow might be defil'd, by owning such a Man-child of her own begetting; for he began to aske her blessing, till she laugh'd him into so great anger, that one day he proffer'd to kill himself, which gave end unto our Comedy.

Pan. If his cure had lain within the reach of *Raleary* I had gloried in my p rt, but never shall consent to inslave my self unto the humours of a man, who cannot be a minute in one mind; his imaginations are beyond the Moon, and would have he knows not what.

Duke. Clearcus you have heard your charge; — Guilty or not Guilty?

Lin. Guilty Sir.

Cle I shall never want your good word Madam;-- *Lindamira* tells you true Sir, I am guilty.

Duke. Of what?

Cle. Of all the crimes, that offended Lady does object; pray Sir pronounce my doom, and put me out of pain.

Duke. Will you submit then, and obey it?

Cle If it can put me out of pain, I will?

Duke. I doubt it not; — my Sentence is, that you revive that love you shew'd unto *Pandora* lately.

Cle. Oh Sir, the very name of love, puts me into a shaking fit; for Heaven sake, give me Halters, Poysons, Daggers, any means to let out life, ra-

ther then renew those torments which I felt that hour I lov'd.

Lin. Pray Sir, give me leave, to put him some *Interogatories.*

Duke. Do so.

Lin. Your Lordship has confest, that you have lov'd one hour, and must have some reason why you lov'd no longer; shew us that reason, or for ever hold your peace, and submit to judgement.

The. How *Clearcus*, nonpluſt by a Judge in Petticoates?

< Clearcus *ſtands mute.* >

Lin. Why Madam? many of our Sex have puſsled the wiſeſt men; — give him leave to think a little; — but if what I have ſaid, has ſtruck your Lordſhip dumb, hold up your finger, —— 'tis

< *He holds it up* >

enough; — He has nothing to ſay for himſelf, but ſubmits unto the mercy of the Court; — I underſtand him Sir; — and have now found a remedy for both their evils; — If you will truſt me with your hand my Lord, I will not harm it: — and

< Clearcus *gives his hand.* >

if I have credit enough Madam to be truſted with your hand too, pray lay it without fear on mine, that I may try a charm I have, to conjure out the evil Spirits that poſſeſs you both; — you may at your own pleaſure, take back your hands; — only let me hold 'um, while I pronounce my charm within.

< Pandora *turns away.* > *Duke.*

Duke. Pandora I intreat you to try *Lindamira*'s charm, give her your hand, she deals not with the Devil.

< Pandora *gives her hand* >

Lin. The Devil I work by Sir, is truth, dreſt in her rich robe of Innocence; — if truth do not convince both theſe Delinquents, my charm will have no power on them; — My Lord you have in this great Aſſembly, often ſaid, that you could never value any woman you could win; — if now you have found this Lady as impregnable as you can wiſh, ſhe is your fate; — hold Sir, remember

< *He proffers to ſpeak.* >

you are dumb, till I have done; — Now Madam, I muſt ſpeak ſerious ſence to you, who ſtand here the expectation, and the wiſh of all the Court; — yet I know you muſt not conſent to give your hand to him, nor in a look, or word comply, with what I ſay; for if you yield, *Clearcus* will forſake the Field; — I ſhall therefore onely put your hands together, no marriage, nor no contract make, only deſire that you will thus hand in hand retire a while with me in private, to apply my charm, who now do pray, that all the evils which ever did befall the moſt unhappy lovers, may light on him, or you, that ſhall their hand remove, before my charm does work; now come with me.

[*Exeunt hand in hand.*

Duke. What the iſſue of this will be, I cannot gueſs; — Now *Theodocia*, I muſt remind you of *Lonzartes*, who dares not approach you on his own behalf, who is, what you can wiſh, to make

you happy; and I do again invite you to Crown his unparalell'd humility with a bliſs, he preſumes not once to mention, leaſt it offend you; I have alſo a State Argument you underſtand not *Theodocia*, your two intereſts in this Dukedom, thus united, will make it flouriſh; — *Lonzartes* has been wrong'd.

The. I know his wrong Sir, and have obſerv'd his ſufferings, or I had never dallied with his love; *Lonzarte*'s clear ſoul is adorn'd with more glories, then this Crown will bring him.

Duke. If then your hearts agree, give me your hands; — here *Lonzartes* is the beſt reward I have, to incourage modeſty and worth, when they do in one heart combine, as now in thine.

Lon. Great Sir, I am ſo much ſurprized, ſo overloaden with my joyes, that I have nought but bluſhes to expreſs my gratitude: — nor know I how to welcome this unlook'd for honour from the Princeſs, who dains to raiſe her humbleſt Servant from her feet, to ſet me on a Throne, incirculed with more joyes, then that you now reſtore me to. [*He kiſſes her hand.*

The. Keep ſtill your Character *Lonzartes*, as I will mine, high tranſports in love are not long liv'd I fear.

Lon. I ſhall be Madam, whatever you direct, though this unlook'd for happineſs, do raiſe my heart above my own command, for ſuch an exceſs of joy, is hard to mannage. [*Kiſſes her hand.*

< *Enter* Lindamira. >

Lin. I may now wiſh your Highneſs Joy I hope

hope, now your Fannatick love, conforms to the Law of Nations; — Now you may talk your pleasure against high passions Madam; — and methinks you Sir, do look as if you lik'd this better then that wise Sect of ayrie lovers, whose Phylosophy doth teach not to desire, what they can never reach.

Lon. You are Madam the best Phylosopher I ever met, and do deserve to have a Golden Statue in Loves-Temple set.

Duke. But how have you disposed of your Fantastick couple? 'tis that great work must Crown all your undertakings *Lindamira*.

Lin. That goes on excellently well Sir, I have left them sitting on a Couch, with their hands still fixt, eagerly gazing on each other eyes, as if through them they could discern the inside of each others hearts; by their no motion, and their stedy looks, I can foresee they will be of one mind suddainly.

The. Why could not we see this Experiment?

Lin. Oh Madam, my charm will not work in company; lovers will seemingly dispise, what they like most, onely to deceive observing eyes; I believe they held off thus long, for shame to owne what they had so publickly declar'd against, and to themselves will hardly dare to let their hearts appear these two dayes; — they must look themselves into an Argument, for no words can ever reconcile their first Principles.

If their hands, do not their hearts discover,
I'le no more pretend to charm a lover.

The. May we not peep at the hanging, and stand unseen.

Duke.

Duke. Let us not turn this ſerious work into a jeſt, unleſs *Lindamira* do approve it; none ſhall ſtir that way.

Lin. I can place you ſo, as you may ſee and hear too.

The. Pray Sir be pleas'd to look on them, our Teſtimony may be of uſe.

Duke. Come then.

Lin. Your Highneſs muſt ſtand ſilent, or you'l hinder my Projection.

The. We will, we will. [*Exeunt.*

They all Re-enter behind the Couch, and ſtand on each ſide of the Stage; then is diſcover'd Pandora, *and* Clearcus *holding hands, and ſitting on a Couch, a while ſilent, looking on each other; then* Clearcus *proffers to kiſſe that hand he holds, ſhe puts him back with her other hand, and turns her face from him,— He ſighes:* ——

Cle. Turn not away thoſe beautious lights have guided me to Heaven, nor look as if you were in pain to ſee my heart thus chang'd from a rude Deſtraction, to an Extaſie of bliſs; from a deformed Satyr, with a confus'd *Chaos* of dark thoughts, and blacker actions, by your glorious beauties, and brighter virtues, new form'd into the Figure of a man, Emulating thoſe Excellencies I admire in you: —— Oh turn this way, and own what is your own Creation, by your perfections rais'd from what was worſe then nothing, to ſomething now, too worthy to be caſt away; I ſhould this happy hour believe my ſelf were in in *Elizium*; did not this fair, ſoft hand, and thoſe bright eyes aſſure

assure me I yet live; from whence some divine instinct teaches my rude nature to adore, what I never understood before.

Pan. I do not like to be thus long left alone, to be expos'd unto your passion, and the worlds censure; *Lindamira* has deceiv'd my trust; — I now see your plot, and her design discover, but will no longer suffer the abuse.

[*Offers to rise.*

Cle. Be not so cruel unto your self and me, think on the curse hangs over us, if we remove our hands till she return.

Pan. 'Tis too much foolery, to give faith too.

Cle. Remember we complied to what she said; by which her words are Regist'r'd in heaven, and have ingaged the gods by our consent.

Pan. 'Twas rashly done, and I repent; — when will this subtle Sorcerress return? my innocense will justifie my blind consent, to which I was misled by my fidelity and trust, and will no longer fear to take away my hand. [*Offers to rise.*

Cle. Oh take not your hand away untill the holy Charm have rectified your heart, and therein created so much charity, as in a moment may remove your scorns, and teach you love; for I, who so long slighted your neglects, and fled all civil favours from your Sex, do now tremble at the thought of parting hands, untill our hearts like them, become united.

Pan. Do you believe *Lindamira* Mistris of such Magick? that her words have power to reconcile dissenting hearts, like ours.

Cle. Yes, I find them work on me, and hope the

ſame effect on you, elſe why ſit we here obeying thoſe commands ſhe left? why fear we to offend thoſe powers ſhe did invoke? —— when you conſider this, I hope you dare not ſtir a finger towards ſuch impiety.

Pan. Though *Lindamira*'s virtue be approv'd, I was ſurprized by her inticing words, and by the Duke compell'd to do, I know not what; —— and therefore will no longer now obey.

[*Offers to riſe; He holds her.*

Cle. Stay, oh ſtay, and let the fatal curſe ſtrike me alone; my guilts have merrited what e're can fall on me; —— Do but command me to remove my hand, and I'le obey; that you may ſee how much your power prevails, above my fear of *Lindamira*'s threats; if ſo, I may divert your harms; I will againſt my Nature and my Faith deſtroy all hopes of future bliſs, to pull this ruine on my ſelf, which elſe may light on you; —— Say, muſt it be?

[Pandora *ſits ſilent awhile.*

Pan. If I command your hands remove, and her curſe ſhould after follow you, my unblemiſh'd Innocenſe may ſuffer more then all your crimes can merrit; —— I have no faith in charmes, nor cauſe to apprehend her curſes can reach me; and yet; ——

—— My doubts and fears, my reaſon does diſmay,
I know not what to do, nor what to ſay;
The Wonder is ſo great, I am afraid, [Aſide.
Some god this Serpent, has an Angel made,
And now indow'd him with Cœleſtial Art,
To force obedience from my ſtubborn heart.

Cle.

Cle. 'Tis worthy your consult, before you do destroy a body and soul; here a ready Sacrifice to set you free, for now I find that *Lindamira*'s charm does higher work.

And now again, that dazling light display,
Which did my heart inflame the other day:
Ye gods, I do implore your power to move, [Aside.
The bright Pandora, *to allow my love;*
'Twill be the same, if now Clearcus *dyes,*
By Thunder struck, or by Pandora's *eyes.*

Pan. Lindamira's virtue, and her wit, are much more powerful, then her charms; —— (which I contemn,) but you my Lord, have now by chance thrown out such words, I shake to think on; —— Your body and your Soul are now at stake you say; —— and by your looks I read, you think our Fortunes and our Fates, depend on my reply; —— and so do I; —— this is then too great a work, for so few minutes to dispatch; we must look up *Clearcus*, and from above seek ayde: ——

'Tis piety, when we our hearts submit,
To undergo, what e're the gods think fit.

Cle. 'Tis so, let us hasten to the Temple then, there Celebrate: ——

[*They rise up.*

This happy issue of so strange contest,
Wrought by the gods, must by the gods be blest.

{*He Kisses her hand, three or four times in Joy.*}

Cle. Where is this powerful *Sibell* gone? whose Sacred

Sacred Charms do diſ-inchant fantaſtick hearts.

Lin. I am here Sir, with witneſs enough, to hold *Pandora* to her word.

Cle. Let me adore thy Divine virtue *Lindamira*? who hath ſhew'd ſuch skill, to raiſe dead folks to life; for we were dead in follies, and are now become true converts Sir.

Duke. This is great News, you are both well come to your wits again, which does declare *Lindamira* a great Artiſt.

The. What ſayes *Pandora* for her ſelf?

Pan. I have both waies done too much, either to excuſe or juſtifie my ſelf; ſilence becomes me Madam.

Lin. Let the clock ſtrike twice, before we credit what they ſay, or elſe make all ſure, by I *Clearcus* take thee *Pandora*, *&c.*

Duke. *Lindamira* is my Oracle; — give me your hand *Pandora*, and yours *Clearcus*.

May they moſt wretched live, and curſed dye,
Who ſhall this knot endeavour to untye.

The. My prayers concur with yours Sir, and now dear Couſin, what I wiſh'd is come to paſs, that you and I might on the ſame day be Married.

Thus for our good, we ſee the Gods fullfill
What they deſigne, though much againſt our will.

Pan. Your great Example Madam, is ſufficient to lead me from all my own reſolves to follow you, and if now *Clearcus* be reclaim'd, we muſt own all our happineſs to *Lindamira*'s wit, who has conquer'd both, when neither of us could ſubdue the

the other; And now *Clearcus* I hope will seek occasions to shew the World by his own actions the Noble Stock he is Descended from.

Cle. By your permission Madam, I shall set my heart towards my Prince his, and my Countries Service; —— I beg imployment Sir, on the next Gallies you send out, least idleness corrupt my busie brain.

Lin. Mark that Sir, he is already wavering; Madam take heed how you take the spirit of uncertainty, (in the habit of a man.)

Pan. You speak too late, the uncertain man, is now my certain fate.

Cle. Some diversions are necessary Madam, to look on the same objects ever, dulls and tyres the best eyes; but *Lindamira* can say nothing, I dare contradict.

Duke. You shall command in Chief *Clearcus*, to shew the world the vigour you have too long hid.

Lon. Joyes on joyes, light on *Clearcus* head.

[*They Imbrace.*

Cle. May those joyes be Multiplied on yours Sir; my Redeemer, and now become my Prince.

Duke. We must conclude this happy day *Lindamira*, by joyning *Silvanders* hand with yours, if your mirth will give us leave to be so serious?

Lin. That is a serious jest Sir, I have long look'd for.

Duke. Come near *Silvander*; —— which of you two is most pleas'd now?

Both. I Sir.

Duke. Who spoke first?

Both. I Sir.

Duke.

Duke. This is a good Omen to a joyfull life; may you be both as happy as ever love made any.

Sil. We are happy to our wish Sir.

Lin. He speaks for himself Sir, on hopes of more then he may find.

Duke. We'l Celebrate these weddings suddainly, and see that *Lindamira*'s praise be in loud *Hymeneall*s sung through all the City, to incourage the like Virtuous, and Noble undertakings.

Lin. I thank your Highness for your good opinion, but shall love you for this gift of my *Silvander*, above all your other favours; Now *Silvander*.

Let us dwell Arme in Arme, and dayly show
Our loves increase, that all the World may know
Our hearts: Now the fair Princess does confess,
That Wedlock may afford True Happiness.

EPELOGUE.

LADIES, our Author has so great Respect
To Your Fair Sex, he fears some gross Defect
In his best Characters, may prove so short,
Of Your perfections, he needs pardon for't.
If such sad fate, do now attend his Play,
In's Cloak, thus muff'd, he will sneak away;
But You like't, he will on tip-toe go,
That all the World, may the proud Author know.

FINIS.